

PROVINCETOWN

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LONG POINT GALLERY

"I've never been with a group where there's been such sustained respect and understanding for each member."

— Robert Motherwell





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August, 1990

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Provincetown Arts is pleased to announce that Susan Mitchell's poem, "Sky of Clouds," which appeared in the 1990 issue, has been selected for inclusion in Best American Poetry 1991.

Print magazine's 1990 Regional Design Annual awarded Provincetown Arts a Certificate of Design Excellence for its 1989 cover featuring Joel Meyerowitz's portrait of Annie Dillard.

Varujan Boghosian
Fritz Bultman
Carmen Cicero
Sideo Fromboluti
Edward Globbi
Budd Hopkins
Leo Manso
Robert Motherwell
Paul Resika
Judith Rothschild
Sidney Simon
Nora Speyer
Tony Vevers



Above:
 Tony Vevers
 from the
 "Mexican Series"
 1990

Right: Judith Rothschild
 "Summer Idyll"
 1990

Below:
 Sideo Fromboluti
 "Summer Rain"
 1988

Far right:
 Paul Resika
 "Fresh Morning"
 1990

Courtesy Salander-O'Reilly
 Galleries, New York



LONG

thirteen

Robert Motherwell's art is an art of isolating a feeling, so that it stands liberated within the frame, free of the dross from which it has been selected. Motherwell reminds us that "to abstract" means, among other meanings, "to select from." The issue of choice, including the context in which choices are made, is the essential drama for the artist, and this is why Motherwell could be the speaker in this stanza from Wallace Stevens' poem, "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird":

I do not know which to prefer,
 The beauty of inflections
 Or the beauty of innuendoes,
 The blackbird whistling
 Or just after.

Leo Manso is a collagist who can make an old carburetor look beautiful. He honors the nobility of the painting tradition, yet he knows that the golden age was really too goddamn yellow. This is why Manso could be the speaker in this stanza from Stevens' poem about blackbirds:

I know noble accents,
 And lucid, inescapable rhythms;
 But I know, too,
 That the blackbird is involved in what
 I know.

Except for Giobbi, who sold his house in Provincetown several years before the Long Point group had formed, each artist owns a house in one of the three towns on the Cape tip. In this respect, the group may say in unison another stanza from the Stevens' poem:

I was of three minds,
 Like a tree
 In which there are three blackbirds.

POINT GALLERY:

ways of looking at an artist

by **Christopher Busa**





Long Point Gallery, 1978. Standing, left to right: Leo Manso, Sidney Simon, Rick Klauber, Robert Motherwell, Sideo Fromboluti; sitting, left to right: Judith Rothschild, Fritz Bultman, Varujan Boghosian, Nora Speyer, Budd Hopkins, Carmen Cicero, Tony Vevers.

IN THE 15 YEARS OF ITS EXISTENCE, Long Point Gallery has had five directors: Rick Librizzi, Edys Hunter, Elizabeth O'Donnell, Robert Gill, and Mary Abell, who is the current director. This spring she received a master's degree in art history from New York University. Doing research on 19th century villages that became known as artists's colonies—Barbizon and Pont-Aven in France, St. Ives in England, and Worpswede in Germany—she learned that they were seldom as idyllic as the ideals which inspired them. She cites a recent book by Michael Jacobs, *The Good and Simple Life*: "The history of artist colonies illustrates the extent to which the sentimentality about rural life is based on an illusion. It also points to the difficulty of achieving a harmonious integration between artists and country folk. Both worlds remained essentially separate, each maintaining preconceived notions about the other. Moreover, in the case of the artists, personal differences proved much stronger than shared ideals, and often made life in the colonies unbearable."

During World War II, Peggy Guggenheim thought to sponsor an artists' colony in the south of France. She wrote in her biography, *Out of This Century*: "I conceived a wonderful scheme of forming an artists' colony for the duration of the war, and inviting all the artists who wanted to join us to be my guests, and to receive a small allowance. In return they would give me paintings for the future museum. Had I known more about artists at that time I never would have dreamt of anything so mad as trying to live with them in any kind of harmony or peace. They not only could not have lived together, but did not even want to come to dinner with each other. There were so many little feuds and jealousies, it was unbelievable."

Provincetown Arts asked Mary Abell what

she, as the director, could tell us about the sociology of the Long Point artists that explained their rare ability to cooperate, in contrast to other utopian experiments among artists seeking control of their own lives and careers.

She said:

"As the director, my role differs considerably from other art dealers. Long Point is an artists' gallery that grows out of the Provincetown tradition which itself embodies many of the characteristics typical of late 19th century European and American artists' colonies: it is idealistic, egalitarian, non-commercial, and largely apolitical. The terms facilitator and coordinator are more appropriate descriptions of my position. One feels like a participating member, instead of a director in the usual sense.

"In a typical New York gallery, the mechanics and economics of sustaining the enterprise take such monumental effort that there is little time for relaxed exchanges between people. By contrast, Long Point is run in an almost casual way. There is an absence of dogma. I have seen extremely complex, potentially explosive situations talked out and resolved to everyone's satisfaction without petty squabbles.

"Fifteen years ago when the gallery was formed, none of the artists could have anticipated the degree to which the friendships among themselves would grow through group activities. I have seen art historians rehearse the entire history of art in order to talk about a single work that inspired a thought in the first place. It's very refreshing to be around painters. When they talk about art, they go right to the core, the essence, and dispense with all the pretty words. I find I enjoy reading the journals of painters, because of that quality."

During the winter, as Cicero points out, they hardly ever think of Long Point. Boghosian is off at Dartmouth where he is the George Frederick Jewett Professor of Art. Vevers remains in Provincetown, Giobbi and Motherwell live on small estates north of New York City, while the rest live in Manhattan. Bultman, who died in 1985, continues to be represented by the group. They are all veterans of the New York art world, and with the exception of Resika, they all say that Long Point is the kind of gallery that could never exist in New York.



WHEN LONG POINT began, Resika (the exception who nonetheless typifies this group of 13 individuals) did not take it too seriously. He was about to embark on a rich decade in which his

paintings received widespread acclaim. But he loved the spacious rooms upstairs at the American Legion at the corner of Howland and Commercial Streets, across from the old icehouse on the water. The space was the size of a tennis court, divided into two through the middle where the net would be. The ceilings were 10 feet high. It was space to breathe in, and it was, besides, an opportunity to show with the most distinguished artists in the community. Resika realizes that other artists, such as Gyorgy Kepes, Jim Lechay, or Jim Forsberg, might have been selected as arbitrarily as those that were. "One of the inhibitions of club life," he said, "is that you might not say what you mean. You dissemble, which adds pretense to the artist's life. Usually artists try to cut out the pretense. There are artists in this gallery whose work I would not look at, but do, out of good manners and appreciation for exhibiting with them. It's unnatural for artists to join a club. That's one of the drawbacks: you're under a club. But obviously we stayed together, so the gallery appealed either to our base or our noble natures."

Resika has reached a point in his career where he is spending longer seasons on the Cape, painting in the landscape late into the fall, and sometimes returning for Christmas. When he is in New York in his studio on the upper west side, he thinks that if he were on the Cape he would hear the sounds of birds instead of the radiator knocking and the sirens screaming down Broadway. But in truth, on the Cape he finds himself spending more time attempting to contribute his

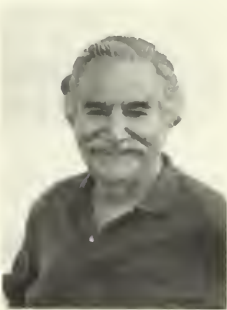
painter's point of view to two institutions, the Fine Arts Work Center, where he sits on the visual committee, and the Provincetown Art Association and Museum, where he is a member of the exhibition committee. He has evolved into a mode of living a little more than six months in New York and a little less than six months on the Cape, going back and forth at various intervals between two geographically separate places where he has sunk deep roots. Manso also is thinking about spending more time here in the off-season. Resika warns darkly that the local politics can be confounding at first, because "once you evolve, and find out, it splits you."

When he was 16, Resika studied with Hans Hofmann at the winter school Hofmann ran in New York. He had his first one-man show of Hofmannesque paintings at age 19, then 16 years passed and he was in his late 30s when he had his next one-man show. After studying with Hofmann, whom he remembers as being "unable to relax," he went to Italy "either to learn to paint or to hobble myself with tradition." Before he left, someone asked him at the Cedar Bar, "You think you have a strong enough back for the weight?" He laughed at the time, but now he understands the wisdom of the fool who persists in his folly. To get to the Venetian mode that typifies his mature painting, he had to absorb the Venetian tradition.

Raised by an idealistic man in a family that expected him to save the world or be an artist, Resika said that he did not find it hard to go against his early, Hofmann-inspired work, nor against abstract expressionism, which at that time was the triumphant ideology. "If someone had said I had to have a classical education, I probably would have become an abstract painter." Instead, after beginning with abstraction, and rejecting it, he returned to a mode that is more elemental in its directness than it is realistic in its references. Corot was an important guide. Resika responded to "Corot's earthy values, his classicism, then his soul. I don't think much of him now, but for years I did."

He does not remember how he got involved with Long Point. Logically, it would have been Sidney Simon who asked him to join, since it was Simon who had invited him to come to the Cape 25 years ago to meet a beautiful girl, Blair Phillips, an opera singer, who lived nearby in the Wellfleet woods in her father's house on Horse Leech Pond where she was born. She eventually became his wife. He remembers that Blair's father, a painter, used to draw mermaids from life at Horse Leech Pond. But Resika suspects that the Long Point

invitation was extended to him by Fromboluti, who, with his wife Nora Speyer, had just built a house on Higgins Pond, surrounded by a woodland garden and thousands of naturalized Oriental lilies.



BY 1976, LEO MANSO, who had just joined the faculty of the Art Student's League in New York, calculated that he had spent 18 years running his summer art school, the Provincetown Workshop. He noticed that he was no longer getting enough serious students, who were driven away by the increasingly high costs of summer rentals. When his partner, Victor Candell, became ill, Manso decided to kill the school. His gallery, Tirca Karlis, where he had exhibited along with Fromboluti, Speyer, Hopkins, and Giobbi, suddenly folded as well. However, he still held the lease for the workshop, which he rented from the American Legion. The Legion, which had always been very supportive of artists in Provincetown, wished to continue leasing to artists. Manso thought it would be a good idea to start a gallery.

"I called Budd," he recalled. "Budd suggested I get hold of Tony and Fritz. They came to my studio in Provincetown and we decided that we would each invite a couple of people into the group. I invited Resika, whom I knew through Henry Rothman. Boghosian and Giobbi were old pals. Budd, as I remember, invited Motherwell. I may have invited Cicero, although I did not know him, because I had seen his early small collages which I liked. Fritz was ill at the time, but he was a force."



TONY VEVERS HAS been the gallery's president for nearly its entire existence, presiding coolly over artists trained to free associate rather than follow Robert's Rules of Order. He doesn't know if any of the members remember how they joined. He knew Manso, Motherwell, Hopkins, and Rothschild. He first met Bultman in Italy in 1951, who encouraged him to move in 1955 from New York to Provincetown, where, living yearround, they became close friends. He didn't know Resika very well, and had met Simon and Cicero only a few times. All of the artists knew the work of the others, but only a few were initially

close. "Fritz and Bob Motherwell were old friends," VEVERS said. "Fritz knew the Fromboluti's. Fritz was sort of the center of things."

Somehow, in 1977, after a year's discussion, Long Point opened. The roster also included Rick Klauber, age 27, who showed with Cicero the first year and had two more one-man shows before he dropped out of the gallery after five years. Although Hopkins said that they all teased Klauber for being their token young artist, Klauber fondly remembers that being part of the gallery was an enormous honor. Only recently graduated from Bard College, he had spent a year as a studio assistant for Motherwell. Bultman was also a mentor. At the time he was invited to join Long Point, Klauber lived in a cottage on Bultman's Miller Hill property, next door to Bultman's studio, a white tilted near-cube designed by Tony Smith, the minimalist sculptor who was also an architect. In front of the studio, in a small valley below the main house, was a large garden, so fecund the plants grew as tall as the people who tended them. Above, on one of the highest hills in Provincetown, Bultman's house commanded a view across treetops to the spiraling tip of Cape Cod, where tiny Long Point Light is surrounded by an immensity of blue water. Jeanne Bultman, who kept minutes at some of the gallery's initial meetings, recalled that her husband was "adamant to get young people into the gallery. He wanted three or four younger artists, including Rick and Bert Yarrowborough. He didn't win that one." Without explicitly knowing where it came from, Klauber began to feel pressure from the group to commit to returning seasonally to the Cape for the rest of his life. One summer he simply went to Maine.

In 1935, before he had finished high school, Fritz Bultman left behind an opportunity for a career in his family's funeral home in New Orleans. He was 16 when he arrived in Germany to attend preparatory school in Munich. By chance, he boarded in the apartment of Miz Hofmann, the wife of Hans Hofmann, who had been living in the US since 1932. Bultman did not know who Hofmann was when he arrived in Germany. He learned that Hofmann was exactly the kind of artist who painted the kind of pictures, a fauvist/cubist hybrid, denounced by Hitler in a speech in Munich: "Pictures with green skies and purple seas. Paintings which could be explained only by abnormal eyesight or willful fraud on the part of the painter." A severe art critic, Hitler said he "recommends sterilization to prevent them from passing on their unfortunate inheritance." When Bultman left two years later, he carried portfolios of Hofmann's



drawings with him, among Hofmann's few works that survive his previous lifetime in Europe. When they first met in New York, Bultman was 18; Hofmann, 57, was already the embodiment of his belief that if the artist were totally devoted to his or her art, the art in turn would support the person in difficult moments. Bultman also remembers that Hofmann "placed no condescension of age or barrier of experience between us." Indeed, Hofmann's general idealism and optimism was so unshakable that, almost until the time Miz could safely leave Germany, he said Hitler, whom he called "that rascal," was merely a plot to sell newspapers.

Prior to marrying and moving to live year-round in Provincetown in the mid-'50s, Vevers lived in New York, where he attended the debates of the abstract expressionists at the Artist's Club and the Cedar Bar. He had a one-man show at the City Center Gallery, which was largely backed by Hudson Walker. He exhibited at the Tanager Gallery and was friends with many of the young artists who showed at the Hansa Gallery, all former students of Hofmann, who were struggling with rebellious urges toward figuration. In retrospect, Vevers thinks that abstract expressionism was more figurative than one realized then. He cites de Kooning, who never let go of the figure, Pollock, who went back and forth from abstraction to figuration, and even Motherwell, whom Vevers feels has a figurative element, "especially in paintings like 'The Hollow Men,' which represents an idea about a figure, the essence of a figure."



WHEN MOTHER-
well was a young
man first beginning
his career in New
York, he met the
Pope of surrealism,
Andre Breton.
Motherwell was
struck by the sur-
realistic idea, attrac-

tive to a young painter like himself without a body of work behind him, of creating works without esthetic or moral preconceptions. He and several other young American artists were invited to show with the surrealists in 1942 at the huge Whitelaw Reid Mansion in New York. "Half of it was empty," he recalled. "Duchamp wound five

In color, from top: Renate Ponsold and Leo Manso at exhibition installation; Tony Vevers and Rhoda Rossmore at exhibition opening. In black and white: Long Point openings, including Bess Schulyer, April Kingsley, Joel Meyerowitz, Lee Falk, Ray Elman, Neccee Regis, V. Henry Rothschild, Mary Abell, Berta Walker, and Edys Hunter.

or 10 miles of string through the galleries so that you had to climb through this coil or that to get through. Picasso got the worst place and myself and Baziotes and the other youngsters got the best place. The surrealists did everything in reverse from what museums do. Because the known are known, the most unknown were given the places of honor. It would be typical of the surrealists to put *Guernica* in a corner. Their attitude was really quite marvelous, generous toward each other and generous especially toward young artists. I have never seen this in an established group of American artists. They are much more apt to regard youngsters as coming rivals."

Paradoxically for a group that valued originality so highly, the surrealists' practice often took the form of joint projects. After a lunch of "good bistro food" on 55th Street, Motherwell would accompany a dozen of the surrealists on a walking tour of the flea markets and eclectic antique shops located on Third Avenue. "We would go in," Motherwell said. "And out of the heaps of old beds, strange furniture, fragments of sculpture, porcelain, whatever, each of us had to point out what was surrealist and what wasn't. If you were wrong, then the Pope said you were wrong. In all my life, and I have spent my life looking, I must say I have never looked as hard as during those moments where I had to pick out what was surrealist from a given mass of junk."



"DATED THOUGH it may sound, and it surely is," Judith Rothschild said, "we all came to be artists knowing that the real thing had nothing to do with financial gain. We did not start out

pragmatically to make money. It is hard to describe this dedication to idealism without sounding pompous. I grew up with the modern movement. I translated Arp for myself and a few friends. I hung out at Steiglitz's place, An American Place, when I was in the ninth grade. He slept on a cot in the back and I would wake him up. I met many artists who expected to battle the rest of their lives, yet they were sure of a small

Top: Robert Motherwell

"From the Studio Wall," 1990

Center: Robert Motherwell and Judith Rothschild aboard the *Hindu*, 1982, celebrating the 10th wedding anniversary of Motherwell and Renate Ponsold.

Bottom: Edward Giobbi, *Exhibiton*, 1990



audience."

Resika said that Long Point may have such a small audience, which he calls a "hidden audience," such as exists in New York, where there may be 500 people "whose madness is Paul Klee." Here, with a century-long tradition of artists working on the Lower Cape, producing children and grandchildren who are often artists themselves, the audience has grown like a family tree, pluralistically complex, yet vitally interconnected. "It's a fantastic idea," Resika said. "Painting is no new thing to Provincetown. There may be some taste, without anyone saying so."

Normally it is younger artists who form cooperative galleries. The artists who formed the New York cooperatives in the '50s, such as the March, Hansa, and Tanager galleries, were beginning their careers and were without dealers to represent them. They were critical of the artist-dealer relationship anyway, and in the idealistic attempt to elude this relationship they banded together to form cooperatives. On Tenth Street in the later '50s, galleries blossomed because there were no uptown galleries showing avant-garde art. Today the commercialization of art has become so hyperbolic, it may be breaking down. The Long Point artists, because of their seniority of experience and their general desirability to commercial dealers, have an opportunity to choose a mode of organization usually adopted by the young out of necessity. Hopkins, who showed on Tenth Street as a young artist, said that the Long Point impulse is different: "In Provincetown, it was partly an idea of wanting to do it right. Now we know how to do it." Fromboluti felt that being older made a difference: "When you are young, you have a lot of

battles, and 90% of the time you are breaking up. But having lived through the cycles of art over 60 years, we understand. There is no fighting. We never have a fight at Long Point." Rothschild, who showed at the early Jane Street Gallery, has, like the others, a "real hunger" for making the gallery work. "Maybe," she said, "the cooperative will take a new form in the next 10 or 20 years."

As a woman making her way through the male-dominated art world, Rothschild wonders if she has the politically correct female attitude: "I really do believe women have had a great advantage in a field where the problem of being successful has been the undoing of so many artists. The commercialization of art, between the time I was a student and what students are experiencing now, was made possible by the terrible pressure for success in America. Women were free of that pressure, because everyone with any brains knew that women had a harder time. In a way, we were off the hook." She remembers Sam Kootz telling her that he loved her paintings, but that he would never take on a woman artist in his gallery. She asked him why. He told her, "They cause a lot of trouble in a gallery. I don't think you can rely on them. You seem very nice, but that's my position."

No one has ever become rich or famous from an artist's coop, where there is no dealer to attend to the sale and placement of one's work. For someone like Vevers, however, who is not represented by a New York gallery, the coop is a very good alternative. He remembers that in 1973, after working abstractly with earth elements collaged onto canvas, he wanted to show in Provincetown, but he had no gallery. He approached Nat Halper, who had closed the HCE gallery and was using it as a store-

room. He rented the space for two weeks in August and put on a one-man show. Rothschild, and a few other people, bought work. In 1975, borrowing Halper's lights, he put on another one-man show upstairs at the Tennis Club in the space now used by the Group Gallery. As he had done the first time, he sold enough to pay for the space and the advertising. Bultman, although he was ill, also came to the show. Vevers feels that Bultman, like other artists, was attracted by the idea that the artist can control his career.



MANSO TOLD THE Long Point group that, with the approval of the Legion, they would be responsible for making the structural changes to make his old school into their kind of gallery. The

asphalt paper, which the Legion had laid down to protect their floor from the spills of turpentine, had to be removed. The floors would have to be sanded. Walls for storage would have to be built, windows covered, and lighting installed. No provision was made for office space where a director might conduct the gallery's business. The lease only denied the gallery use of the parking lot on Friday nights when the Legion held a weekly bingo game.

In the fall the artists removed the asphalt paper, discovering the worn hardwood floors, trampled upon by generations of schoolchildren, a richly crinkled soft brown the color of drying tobacco. Large areas of the floor were deeply stained with dark splotches where the black paper had soaked into the wood. The stains spread across the floor like the wings of a huge Rorschach blot. Being of 13 minds, the artists made a decision to do nothing to the floor, to let the stains remain "like blood in the sand of the bullfight arena," as Manso once put it. Besides, the stains were too deep to be removed without sanding away most of the wood.

An article by B.H. Friedman appeared in the Christmas issue of the *New Boston Review*, heralding the gallery. Friedman argued that such artists as Bultman and Myron Stout were American masters whose work had commanded too little attention, even in Provincetown: "There, since the demise of Sam Kootz's gallery which thrived in the mid-'50s and lingered into the early '60s as the HCE under the direction of Nat Halper, most exhibitions have been a hodgepodge of professionalism dragged down by amateurism, serious work adulterated by



Members meeting in Long Point Gallery, summer 1982.

trivia. Kootz and Halper showed such artists as Avery, Hofmann, and Muller (all now dead) and Bultman, Motherwell, and Stout—in short a representative selection of some of the best work then being done. At the end of last summer the last three joined with almost a dozen others in planning an artist's cooperative."

Something of a hero to the artists of Long Point, Nat Halper was a James Joyce scholar who, besides being the owner of the HCE Gallery, was also a chess master and a translator of Yiddish poetry. In an interview with Robert Brown for the Archives of American Art, Halper confessed that he slowly became "sort of semi-accepted by various dealers as a very low-grade comrade of theirs." Loved by the artists because he was as eccentric as they were, Halper was the subject of several tributes by Long Point artists, including Motherwell, who is also a passionate Joycean. But perhaps Halper was most loved by the artists for his Duchampian attitude about business. When the mystery of how to sell a painting was not revealed to him in the early years of his gallery career, he approached Miz Hofmann, who was respected for her effective handling of Hans' business affairs. "Miz," he asked, "how does one sell a picture?" She explained, "Well, you show somebody a picture. You talk to them. Let them look at a few other pictures. Then, at the right moment, you say to them, 'I think you should buy this.'" Halper replied, "Yes, but how do you know when it's the right moment?" "Oh," Mrs. Hofmann said, "That you have to learn."

Present at the first meeting in which minutes were taken were Boghosian, Bultman, Giobbi, Hopkins, Klauber, and Manso, all of whom had already committed to joining the group. Not present but committed were Cicero, Fromboluti, Rothschild, and Speyer. Those under consideration included Motherwell, Resika, Simon, and Ververs. Jack Tworikov, Nassos Daphnis, and Myron Stout were asked to join, but they declined. Tworikov was loath to exhibit during the summer, guarding his time closely between work in the studio and social life at the beach. Stout was chronically short of work, most of which was promised to Richard Bellamy, his dealer in New York. Daphnis was in the process of getting a divorce and giving up his commitment to Provincetown.

The artists had a long discussion about the name of the gallery. They could only agree that it should be suggestive of Provincetown. They considered making a name from the numbers of its street address, Gallery 492. They considered Ark, Icehouse, Wave, Atlantic, and Ryder, the last

generally liked for being an old Cape name "totally unconnected with anything" they could think of. They realized, after writing a rent check to the American Legion, Morris Light Post No. 71, that Morris Light sounded like a good name for a gallery. Herman DeSilva, the cordial Legionnaire with whom they negotiated, told them that Morris and Light were, respectively, the first soldier and the first sailor killed in World War I. None of the artists wanted a gallery named after a person, nor after numbers, and they finally chose Long Point because several of them had heard rumors that the building once served as a schoolhouse for the 19th century settlement on Long Point, and was later floated across the bay to its present location.

From an official blue rectangular plaque placed on the building several years ago, we learn that the building was once a one-room schoolhouse. But it never stood on Long Point. The Long Point settlement was built so that the fishermen would be closer to the fishing grounds, not because the barren sand dunes were a fine place to learn Shakespeare. At that time, the town's economy depended on fishing, so much so that the fisherman with the lowest catch of the year was obliged to spend the following year as schoolmaster.

In forming the gallery, the artists agreed to limit membership to artists of distinction who were committed to living at least part of the year on the Lower Cape. They agreed they were forming the gallery to satisfy their own needs for sharing their art with an audience of their peers. They agreed to form a hanging committee whose "foremost responsibility was to be fair and beautiful." They agreed "to spend the minimum necessary to make a decent

gallery." They agreed to try to work within limits and not go over the \$500 assessment charged each artist. They agreed that if anyone could not meet the assessment, it could be met by the others. They agreed they would not only show themselves, but would show "good will" and "be open" by extending invitations to show to other artists in the community.

They agreed to disagree.



IN 1948, A FEW years after meeting as students at the Tyler School of Art in Philadelphia, Speyer and Fromboluti married and moved to New York. They joined in the swing of

abstract expressionism, but were never abstract expressionists. Their closest friends, all abstract artists, sympathetically turned their paintings upside down so they could look at them without regard for the human figure to which the Frombolutis were committed. But Fromboluti remembers seeing a painting by Raphael Soyer at the Whitney of a beggar with his legs chopped off sitting on a doorstep. Soyer had painted the beggar as if it were a still life by Renoir, lush with beautiful color. Fromboluti saw an inconsistency between Soyer's soul and the sordid world he conveyed. Abstract expressionism destroyed that inconsistency, defined the difference between illustration and image, and went beyond the image into the sensory world where one could feel what heat was like on one's skin, what dampness was like on a leaf, or how the untouchable mystery of light itself is experienced as a



MONA DUKESS

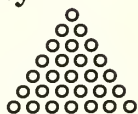


"Yellow Light"

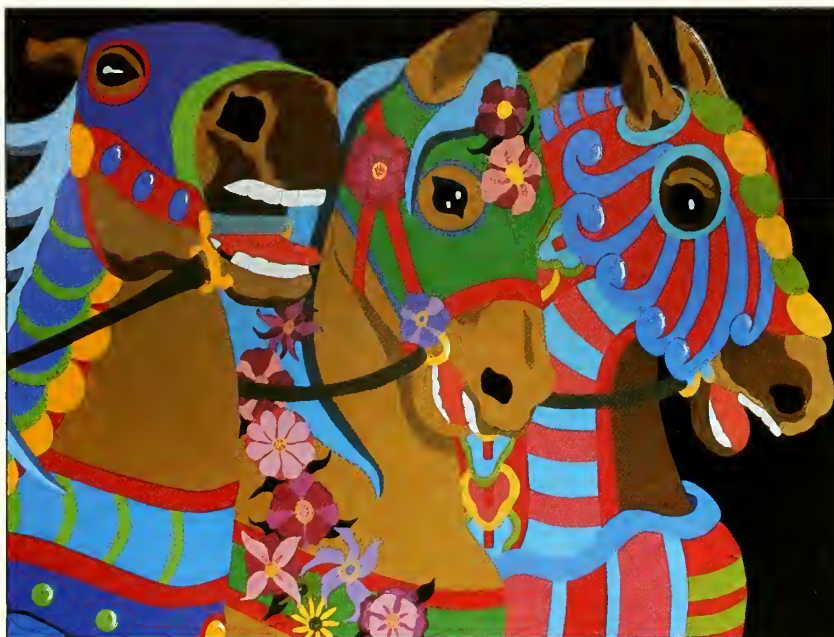
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Below: Nat Halper before one of Motherwell's paintings exhibited at the James Joyce Symposium held in Provincetown, 1983.

Bottom: "75: A Celebration," 1989, Long Point invitational to celebrate the 75th anniversary of PAAM. Pictured left to right: Mervin Jules, Lily Harmon, Boris Margo, Chaim Gross, Elise Asher, James Lechay. Absent from picture: Will Barnet, Xavier Gonzalez, Mary Hackett, Henry Hensche, Gyorgy Kepes, Bruce McKain, George Yater.

Photos by Renate Ponsold



sensory glow.

Resika said that he used to accuse Motherwell of being ideological, but he admitted, "Of course, so was I. I had just as much trouble seeing his work as he would have seeing mine. I only say this because he once remarked to me: 'Isn't it wonderful that we get along with each other's pictures without ideology?' I was shook up. I shouldn't have been. It was a very intelligent remark. Those of us who were opposed to the reigning ideology were just as ideological, even if we tried not to be."

Perhaps it is fortunate that the gallery exists only three months of the year, during the season of vacations, the very months which we have become habituated since childhood to think of as a suspension from the effort of learning. The long summer, suffused with baking sunlight and cool salt breezes, is the tonic we take to renew us for the fresh start of the fall. In an interview three years ago with Ann Lloyd, Motherwell put it this way: "You see, I have been self-employed nearly all my life. Basically from childhood on, I have lived on a school year, where June, July, and August, you go somewhere else, and the other nine months you go about your business. I was thinking the other day that it is sort of ridiculous to follow a school calendar, but on the other hand, one of the joys of my life is Long Point Gallery. All these years there has never been a mean word, never anything but mutual respect and fun. For 14 artists, as there were in the beginning, to enjoy each other and never fight about anything, I think is a kind of miracle. Usually after two or three years group galleries split."

Over the years there have been few moments of strain. Fromboluti said that, though they all have deep affection for one

another after 15 years, the bonding could have reversed itself. Through time, if one sold more work or got more attention, two people could learn to hate each other, which, he said, is what happens in most galleries. When Fromboluti started to talk about the "large feeling" and "sense of pride" among the artists at Long Point, Speyer said he was getting too damn sentimental. She said she didn't have to love her peers, just respect them. She does not think artists are any more noble than anyone else, but that "the reality of your work becomes important to you when you are testing it against an audience that is as involved as you are. You are coming across higher critical faculties than if you just throw it out to the public."

Each of the artists identifies with certain other members of the gallery, but no one is asked to be thrilled with every work exhibited. Cicero admits that there is some friendly competition among themselves, and as a result he has seen some of the others grow spectacularly in the 15 years they have been in the gallery. He knows especially that when he puts his own work in the gallery, it falls under some very knowledgeable eyes, sharply observing from a highly individual point of view. In certain issues concerning the primacy of the medium of painting, Resika will identify with the Frombolutis while Hopkins will identify more with Motherwell and Bultman. Motherwell once remarked that Hopkins uses geometric forms with the same enthusiasm of a figure painter modeling legs, breasts, and jawlines. Hopkins, in turn, remarked that Bultman's lifelong preoccupation with principles of organic growth was a spiritual source for seeing the same volume-defining curves in the human form as he saw in the sea or the wind-formed sand dunes, a particular "melodic edge, equally able to define a wave, a breast, or an antelope's horn, yet which approaches a kind of regularity that belongs almost as much to geometry."

One night in the early '70s, Hopkins woke in the middle of the night and made a "painful" little sketch of the painting he had just dreamed. In the morning, working from the sketch, he started painting "Mahler's Castle," a triptych of architectural proportions, with a large central circle. His first fully symmetrical work, it became a key painting for him. Blocks of hopped-up secondary hues, wine reds and smoking lavenders, are stacked like radiant stones in a Bermuda moon gate. The colored bricks of the edifice seem baked by a strange heat, vibrating equivocally and intensely like colors seen in twilight. Shortly before this shift in his work, and intermingling imaginatively with the transitions of his

work up to the present, Hopkins met a man who told him of a UFO sighting on a New Jersey road. This triggered a response to the significance of his own sighting earlier in 1965 and led to a relentless documentation of individual claims involving UFO abductions. Hopkins' deftly written dramas, which lead us to the navel of mystery, and, like good mystery novels, lead us compulsively forward as we puzzle out something from the past, were published as two books that became best sellers, *Missing Time* and *Intruders*. Under hypnosis, many of the abductees told of surgical implantations performed on them inside an alien space ship, lasting one or two hours, with a return to normal life that left them disturbed by a sense of missing time. If this continuous engagement did not exactly influence Hopkins's work, it allowed him "to be more frank in the face of my own innate mystical curiosities." When people ask Hopkins whether he entertains doubt about the existence of extraterrestrial life he shakes his head sadly, realizing, "I no longer have the luxury of disbelief."

If, 30 years ago, someone had told Hopkins that he would be making paintings and large wood constructions that are essentially temples, altars, and other sacred spaces, he would have protested that he was not a religious person. But, one could speculate that his slight limp, which, acquired in childhood from bouts with polio, and which still bothers him today, has inspired some of his sturdiest paintings, although Simon's comment shows some cracks in the wall: "Budd's symbolism has its limitations because it must always be symmetrical. It's crazy to say it, because words lie, but his work is ceremonial, and anything that pretends to be religious or leans toward religious philosophy will always be symmetrical. One of the biggest affronts to Christ on the Cross was when Cimabue came along and bent the Christ figure. Even worse was when Delacroix painted it from the side looking up at the Cross. All the things I've ever done for any church or synagogue have ended up being symmetrical."

for exhibitions, such as honoring a poet or a composer in the community, were instrumental in shaping the direction of the gallery. As the only member of the original abstract expressionists who has produced a significant body of graphics, Motherwell is also knowledgeable about the ethos of print-making, often unfamiliar to painters, including the Long Point group. (They have now done four collaborative print projects.) Although every artist contributes, Manso felt that Motherwell contributed the most intellectual force. "He is essentially a very private person," Manso said, "and he is also tremendously generous with his involvement in the gallery. 'He probably kept us in line. It was reciprocal.'"

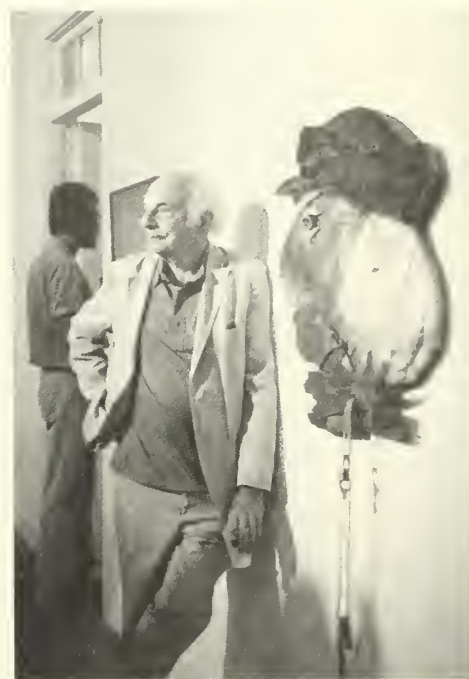
Fromboluti pointed out that when Long Point began, they weren't even sure they wanted public exhibitions. "Take Motherwell," he said, "he needs a gallery like he needs a hole in the head. He's got about 50 or 60 shows a year going steadily. Another gallery could not have interested him less. But we wanted an idealistic situation, a community of artists only involved in painting, showing, and discussing our work, without one word about selling." Speyer, who helped run the cooperative Landmark Gallery in New York for a decade beginning in the early '70s, echoed the words of her husband. "It had nothing to do with sales," she said. "It was based on idealism, like Stieglitz had, an artist's place. I think that was where we got the idea." By learning how artists live richly on little money, one could also learn about the compensatory satisfactions of symbolic thinking. Picasso once remarked, "How often when about to put blue on canvas I found I had run out of that color. Well, I got hold of some red and put that on instead." Artists

Continued on page 143

Below: "A Tribute to Stanley Kunitz," 1985. Stanley Kunitz beside Sidney Simon's sculpture of the poet.

Photo by Mary Abell

Bottom: "Tribute to Arthur Berger," 1986, the composer, left, with Blair Resika, singer, and Bernard Greenhouse, cellist.



MANSO IS NOT the only Long Point artist who said that Motherwell, who spends long summers in Provincetown, often producing three-quarters of his annual work in three or four

months, has had the profoundest influence on the gallery. Many of Motherwell's ideas



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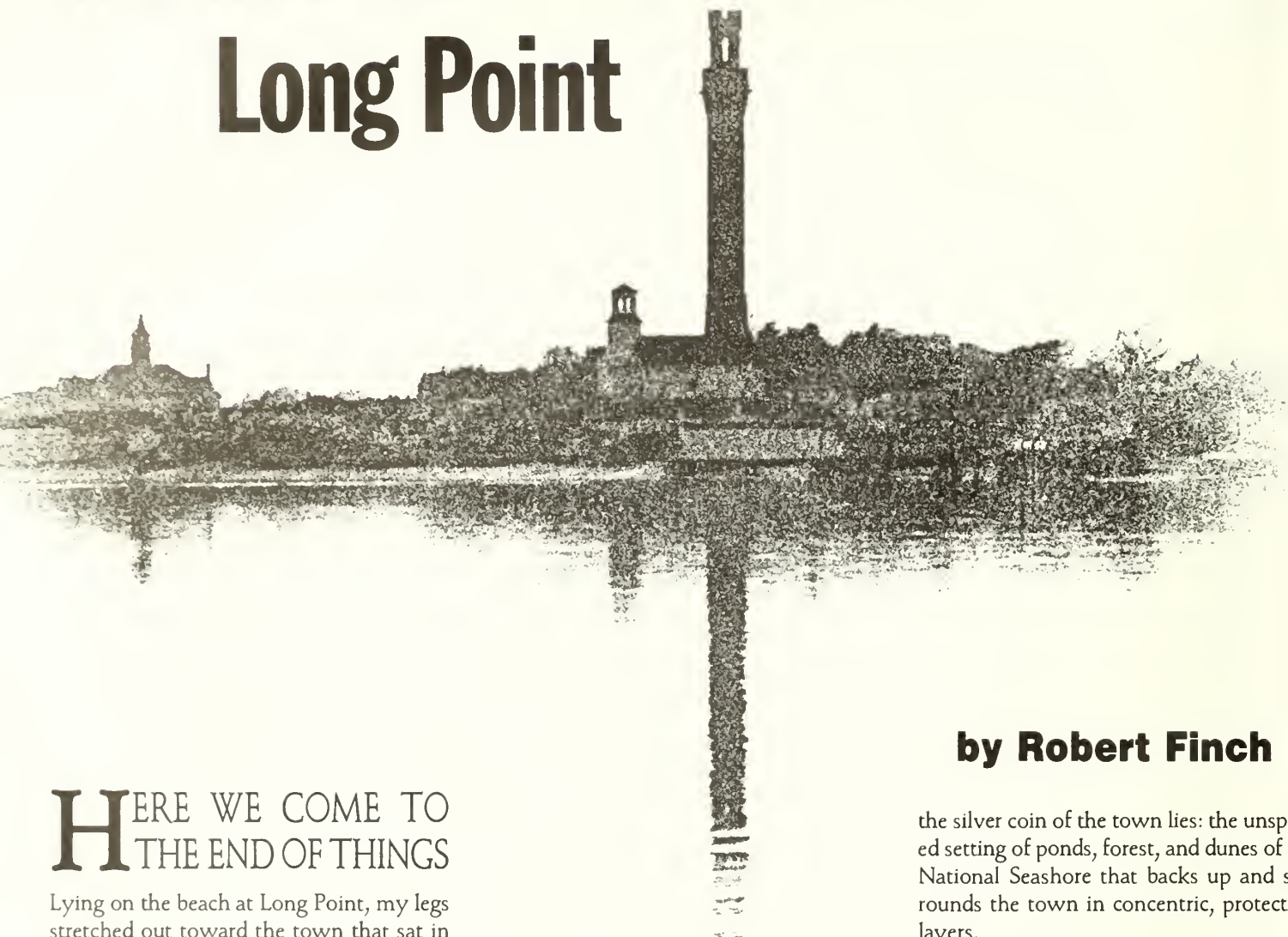
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the view from Long Point



HERE WE COME TO THE END OF THINGS

Lying on the beach at Long Point, my legs stretched out toward the town that sat in unmistakable outline across the Harbor, I had, as it were, Provincetown at my feet. This is surely the best vantage point from which to view it, nestled, in Joseph Berger's sly image, "like a piece of silver that has just crossed the palm of Cape Cod."

It is true that Provincetown is generally considered the most commercial of any Cape town, even advertising that fact in the name of its main street. But the gaudy human carnival that swamps its streets each summer is essentially a veneer, and at most dominates a small stretch of the town. More than any other Cape Cod town, I think, Provincetown has managed to remain a community, in the traditional sense of that word—an identity unto itself. It is still primarily a collection of distinct neighborhoods, full, even in summer, of their local residents, tending gardens, painting chairs, walking dogs, riding bicycles. It strikes me, in fact, as a kind of poem, not in any sentimental sense, but rather as fit-

ting Robert Frost's hardnosed description of himself as "a unity of bursting opposites." It contains a greater—and more notorious—ethnic and social diversity than any town over the Canal (not the least part of which is its high-level dosage of seasonal tourism and money), yet its diverse parts manage somehow not only to coexist, but to form a recognizable and vital identity.

Much of its visual appeal—that random compactness which is one of the few genuine examples left of the "Rural Seaside Charm" marketed like saltwater taffy by the Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce—depends, of course, on a certain consistency of architecture over time, marred only at its edge by ill-conceived high-rises and condos. But it also depends, as much or more, on the broad blue apron of the harbor that sets it off in front, and on the "palm" in which

by Robert Finch

the silver coin of the town lies: the unspoiled setting of ponds, forest, and dunes of the National Seashore that backs up and surrounds the town in concentric, protecting layers.

The Provincelands, what the old Provincetowners always called "the outback," has defined and shaped the character of the town as much as anything else. Ironically, its public ownership—or public confiscation, depending on your point of view—has long been and continues to be a bone of contention. The people of Provincetown have always used the outback for their own purposes—cutting wood, pasturing cows, drying fish and fishnets—though it has been under public ownership—first colonial, then state, and now federal—since before the town was founded. Local inhabitants have always bristled at what they consider unfair and unnecessary restrictions. It is a question of suitable use that has been going on now for almost three hundred years, and it is not likely to be resolved soon.

But however enforced its preservation, it is Provincetown's unspoiled surroundings that also make it the last Cape example of the traditional New England village; that is,

a tight cluster of houses surrounded by a preponderance of open space. It is the nature of that open space—the freely moving dunes, and the bright blue blade of the inner harbor, turning the eyes of the inhabitants around, curving us back to look at the rest of the Cape spilling down the inner shoreline of the Lower Cape, up the Sandwich Moraine, across the Canal, and finally around to the floating hills of Manomet across the Bay—that gives Provincetown its special position, its unique environs and perspective. Here we come to the end of things, standing at its tip and staring back to where we have come from, discovering that place anew, a “presence among us,” as Archibald MacLeish said of the earth as seen by the first moon astronauts.

•

From Long Point the blue, wrinkled, shining waters of the harbor lay peacefully spread out before me. A large blue-hulled dragger, whose name I could not quite make out, was moored a few hundred yards off the beach. The entire crew of seven or eight men were standing in a line on her port side, nearest me, shucking sea scallops and throwing the gurry over the rail, much to the delight of the raucous gulls swarming below.

The men stood at the rail in large yellow rubber overalls and short sleeves, with the intermittent sun beaming down on them and small flocks of winter eiders scudding by. They deftly slipped their knives into the yielding shells and flipped out the large “eyes,” or adductor muscles. There was a rhythmic competency and camaraderie to their work, almost as if they were a band performing out there for their own pleasure.



Charles Darby memorial cross
at Long Point Light.

Photographs by Ralph MacKenzie

But I knew, if only vicariously, the mortal seriousness of their work, whatever calm and even festive moments it may include. The ship's flag was lowered to half mast, in memory of the *Patricia Marie*, another scalloping vessel that had sunk with all four hands off the back side in Truro the previous week. Yet I could understand, in part, what has been termed the “irrational adherence” of New England fishermen to their ancient and (in the world's eyes) unprofitable profession and inefficient methods. They have outlasted this country's explorers, its hunters and pioneers, nearly all of its cowboys and most of its farmers. And if they survive oil rigs and factory ships, they will probably outlast our astronauts as well.

THE ADULT WHO KNOWS THINGS

Last evening I went down to the landing to see if any marsh grass for the garden had been blown ashore by the recent three-day blow. There was surprisingly little grass, but the sun, a raspberry balloon, hung on the horizon, fretted with slats of smoke-blue clouds, at the end of a long tongue of sand running out beside the creek. The front row of the parking lot was already full for the display, and several families were out wandering on the exposed bars and newly greened patches of fringe marsh. Dark cries of yellowlegs pierced the gathering dusk as once again, on this spring night, people were discovering their own capacity for fascination here.

At the end of the long tongue of sand, well over a hundred yards out, I made out the figures of three adults—two women and a man—and five children, all young girls. As I walked out toward them the man was bending over a shallow embayment of water, holding onto the tail of a large female horseshoe crab which, bent at right angles, looked like a large dark-brown hoe with a ridiculously small and thin handle. He was a young man in his late twenties or early thirties with a light beard and glasses, and was being bombarded with questions by the girls about the piggy-backed crabs plowing through the sand. He had that look of good-natured exasperation on his face that comes with having to play the role of The Adult Who Knows Things.

“I don't know—maybe the little one is sucking milk from its mother . . . nurturing, that's the word I wanted, *nurturing*.”

“David would say they're having sex.”

“Well, all right—I guess so.” The two

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women chortled as he tried to herd everyone back to the parking lot. Another girl protested, "No—this is good for our culture."

Then another: "Maybe he's having sex with his mother-in-law."

"Mother-in-law! C'mon girls, give me a break! Even crabs have some morals! C'mon now."

But three of the older girls, in bright yellow and pastel pink jackets and sweaters, ran back to the edge of the pool, their shoes thoroughly wet, but not quite willing to go into the water with the crabs.

"Let's stay and watch them marrying—let's watch the wedding!"

"Yeah—I now pronounce you man and wife. You may now kiss the bride. You may now kiss the bride!"

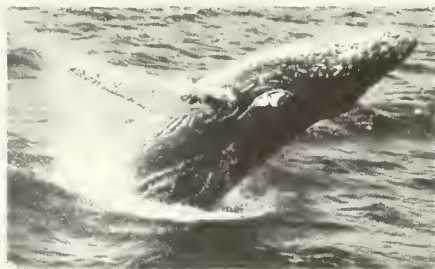
They stood, watching over the breeding arthropods, innocent of natural history, but reaching out to them in an instinctive desire for contact, shoveling sand over them with their hands, catching in the four hundred-million-year-old ritual they watched something of the universal currents and the fire that will touch them in a few years, here on these darkening sands.

And still they stayed, called by the receding, darkening figures of the adults. Finally two left, then the third, kneeling down to the crabs, murmured something over them, threw one more handful of sand, and ran after her companions. ■



ROBERT FINCH is an essayist who has traveled extensively on Cape Cod. He is the author of three books of nature writing and is co-editor of *The Norton Book of Nature Writing*. This article is excerpted from *The Cape Itself*, with text by Robert Finch and photography by Ralph MacKenzie, published by W. W. Norton in July, 1991.

WHALE WATCH Dolphin Fleet OF PROVINCETOWN



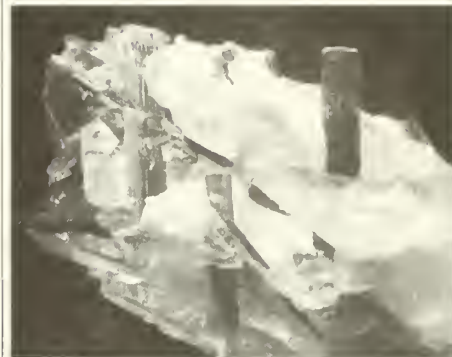
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RAYMOND DUARTE: a fisherman



Gillian Drake

From Alec Wilkinson's new book *The Riverkeeper* (Knopf), a collection of three profiles about men who live their lives on water.

The majority of fishermen in the fishing fleet of Provincetown, Massachusetts, are clannish, irascible, and devout. Aboard many of their boats is a crucifix or a religious medallion or a plaque with a picture and a pious inscription. "O Lord, My Boat Is So Small, and Your Sea Is So Big" is a popular inscription. The better part of the fishermen are Portuguese or of Portuguese descent. They imagine conspiracies. They are frequently solemn and deeply cynical; they are fond of saying, "Life is a bitch, and then you die." They believe that a hatch cover placed upside down is a portent of trouble, that a knife stuck in a mast invites evil, and that whistling aboard a boat calls the wind.

Some are the descendants of men from the Azores and the Cape Verde Islands; during the middle of the nineteenth century it was the practice of Provincetown whalers to stop at those islands and augment their crews. Some are the offspring of men who in the late nineteenth century and the early part of this one spent months at a time aboard Portuguese schooners fishing the Grand Banks. The schooners launched fleets of dories, which spread out over the banks in a line. The sailors who manned them were known as Grand Bankers. Now and then, a Grand Banker would intentionally row off in a fog and ship his oars and wait to be rescued by a Provincetown or a Gloucester or a New Bedford boat.



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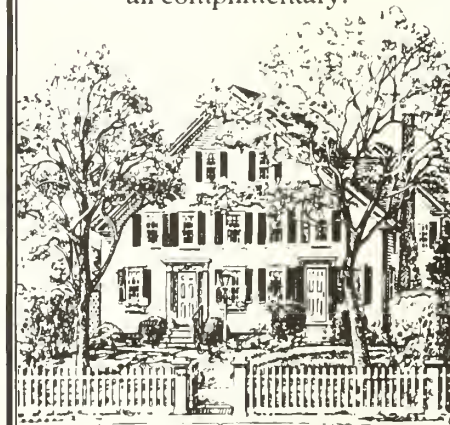


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Some of the fishermen were born in Portugal but arrived in this country as children and have never been back; a visit to the town of their birth is often the ambition of their retirement. Some are a generation or two removed from Portugal but consider themselves Portuguese, and look unmistakably so, because their bloodlines are pure. Some have been in Provincetown only a few years, and speak almost no English, and have no intention of learning any. They spend most of their time on the water, and when they stop on land they tend to remain within the Portuguese community. When they have a piece of business to transact—a tax form to answer or a credit application to complete—they find someone who can translate.

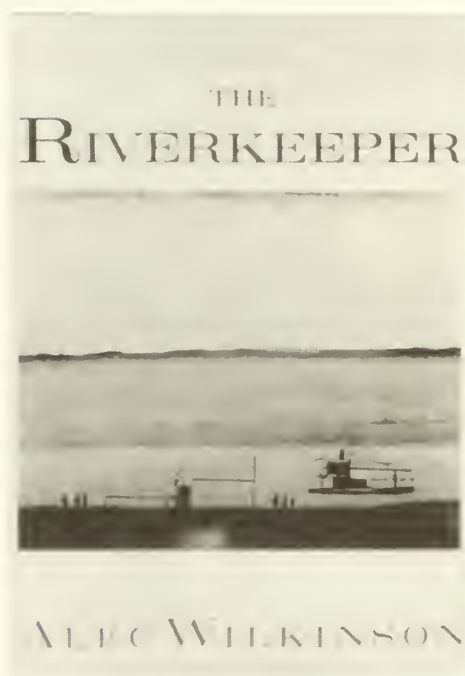
Raymond Duarte, a fisherman: "I was born in Portugal, in Viana do Castelo, in the northern part of the country, in 1946. We lived on one end of the Lima River, and on the other end was Spain. I was two when we left. I remember very little—the shape of a room, certain sounds. I have seen pictures of the house I grew up in. They look familiar, and I think I can just figure out something about them, but I can't. In Portuguese, my name would be Ramao. I'm fifth in line in the family. There's Adelia, Joaquin, Manuel, Maria, Raymond, Jimmy, Vinnie, and Candy. One's a banker, one's a nurse, one's a carpenter, one's in health foods in New York City, one's a vice-president of an insurance company, one's a pharmacist, and one has a retail store in Connecticut. Out of eight, I was the only one who decided to go into the fishing business.

"My father came to Provincetown in 1948. Arthur Duarte, my great-uncle on my father's side, was fishing here, and he sent for my father. My father fished with him a season, then brought the whole family. I learned English in school. They put me in a classroom and I had to figure it out. I wasn't allowed to speak anything but Portuguese at home, and that made it awkward with my friends. In Portugal, my father had been a fisherman, using hand lines and gill nets mainly. Gill nets for herring and hand lines for octopus in the rocks off the shore. My mother would help tar the nets and stretch them out in the sun to dry.

"There were no engines on the boats—only sails. My father would go out before dawn with a piece of bread and an orange and stay out all day, and if there was no wind he'd have to row home. In Provincetown, my father worked with my great-uncle on the Josephina. After a while, he was made captain of the Sea Fox, and then

the Charlotte G., which the owner had built for him in 1952. Later he bought it, and he still has it. It's registered at fifty-six feet, and it was built in Blue Hill, Maine, out of oak. My father is sixty-three, and has fished for fifty-two years. My great-uncle is eighty-three, and has fished for fifty-two years. My great-uncle is eighty-three, and he just bought a new boat, the Guardian Angel, a steel Western-rig, forty-two feet. He was retired five or six years, and it drove him foolish not to fish. He's having a hard time these last few weeks. I heard from him on the radio this morning. He said he's been out four days and he can't find enough to eat. And he's been all over the ocean.

"I started fishing summers on the Plymouth Belle, where I stayed until a place opened up full time on the Charlotte G. Later, I ran the Reneva and the Cathy Joe, and I also owned one, the Jenny M. I didn't



name her. I bought her from somebody in Hyannis, and that was the name she had on her. When I first had her, I fished the grounds I learned from my father. Often the two of us would be out there sweeping them together. I also found places my father didn't like fishing. Not for any reason—he just didn't like to go there. How you find new grounds is you throw out the nets and see what comes up; you ask questions.

"In 1973, I was being passed a basket of fish down the fish hold—you carry them on your shoulders—and the boat rolled and I went up in the air and came down backwards like a horseshoe on a pin board, which is what contains the fish in the hold; we pile up the pin boards in slats, like a fence, and each time the level of the fish rises you put in another. My back hurt, but I kept on fishing. I thought I had only bruised it. But it got so I was always the last

man on deck, because the pain was so bad. I fished that way for months, and then I finally discovered from the doctor that it was a ruptured disk. That's when they told me I couldn't go fishing as a crew member anymore, and that's when I bought a boat. I was captain then, and I didn't do any of the heavy lifting. I went two or three years like that before, with all the constant yanking and pulling, my back started bothering me again. Then I was in real trouble. When you have no education, and they tell you no more fishing, you feel like your legs have been cut from under you. I did what I could. I opened a fish store and ran it a couple of years, but I lost interest and told my wife I wanted to sell it. She said, 'What do you want to sell this money-maker for?' I just missed fishing. I would drive down to the wharf and hear the racket, and see the gulls, and the boats landing fish, and the water all stirred up, and I would want to go fishing.

"I quit school to go fishing. I learned to splice wire, I learned to cook for five men, I learned about the engine room and how to change oil. I learned about the nets. After a while, I knew enough that if a man was sick I could take his place for the day. If the engineer was sick, I would go out as engineer. If it was the cook, I would be cook. Those were in the days when boats had five-man crews. Nowadays, the cook and the engineer have been eliminated. Used to be there were so many fish that the boats couldn't handle them. All the fish now are getting caught outside, way offshore, by big trip boats out of New Bedford that are gone ten and twelve days at a time. You could put a Provincetown boat on the deck of a New Bedford boat. My father was a hard, hard man for a teacher. Anybody but me could make a mistake. He's all the time tinkering with his nets. He likes to add twine to get the shape he wants, and they regularly need repair. It's incredible to see him, he works so fast. It's like a sewing machine to see his hands moving. I would be holding the twine while he was mending, and if I wasn't going fast enough he would whack me with the mending needle across my knuckles and say, 'Pay attention!' I would go home with my knuckles bleeding. I once fished with him thirty-eight days. Several times, day and night, just coming home to unload—eat, sleep, get up, and go right back out. After a few weeks, I said, 'Captain, I need a rest. When are we going to take a break?' 'When the prices drop, we'll take it easy.' Come near the end of the thirty-eight days, I say, 'Captain, the prices have dropped,' and he says, 'I know—now we need to catch twice as many.' Another time, the back of the pilothouse caught fire, so I went

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to him and said, 'Captain, you know the back of the pilothouse is on fire' and he said, 'We're only going to make one more tow.' I've worked with him in a hundred-and-ten-mile-an-hour breeze. The wind was off the land, and we went in close to the beach to anchor. We put out two anchors and they didn't hold, so he decided to let out the nets—if we couldn't anchor up, then we'd fish. The sand was blowing off the beach and it felt like nails. We had a helicopter from the Coast Guard come over the top of us and they opened up their door and held out a big sign and it said 'Hurricane,' clear as a bell you could read it, and my father said, 'What do they want?' and I said, 'They say it's a hurricane,' and he said, 'Well, I know that.'

"My father is very knowledgeable about fishing and about the water. He told me never to lose my respect for the water or I would be lost. He told me never to worry about the white water—only the green, because that's where the weight is. Fishing with him, I learned to watch the sky for signs of weather. If you see birds rotating way up—turning small, tight circles and not flapping their wings—you're going to get a blow. If you come down to the pier and you see sand floating on top of the water, or lights reflecting off the water in the dark before dawn, or you are on the water and the land looms up—it looks twice as high as it usually does, and things you don't normally see, now you will see them—all of these are signs of an approaching easterly wind. He is also forever looking for sun dogs—little rainbows way up in the sky in the early morning, streaks of two or three colors, and wherever you see them that's where the wind is going to come from the next day.

"In my time, I've seen squalls, waterspouts. I've seen the water flat as a table, a beautiful day, sun was out, come a squall, come with that squall hail—it took us four hours to get to the grounds and twelve to get home. One time, my father was fishing at Great Round Shoal, off Nantucket Sound, and he was waist deep in fish. It was flat calm. My father was in the pilothouse watching the barometer. He said, 'I don't like what I see. Bring in the nets.' The crew said, 'But we're waist deep in fish.' They had a deckful of cod. They were getting rich. 'I don't care. I'm captain here. Bring in the nets.' By the time he had hit Highland Light, about seventeen miles from port, the winds were sixty to sixty-five miles per hour and from the northeast with high seas, and when he hit the harbor they were a hundred and fifteen miles per hour. The trysail, which is used to steady the boat, was ripped to ribbons. He was fishing the shoal

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with the Redstart, out of New Bedford—a big steel-hulled boat, a beautiful boat—and she said, ‘There’s a lot of fish out here, we’re going to wait it out.’ I don’t know what she did—if she ran into shoal water, or what—but to this day they are still looking for the Redstart.

“The problem with fishing is that your life is not your own. You get up at three or four in the morning. You’re constantly away from home. My first son I didn’t even see grow up. My wife figured it out—one week, I was home twenty-four hours. The rest of the time you’re forever waiting by the phone—you never know when you are going to get a call. My father called one time at Thanksgiving. If he got the weather report in the evening and they gave him bad weather for the next two or three days and he thought he could get the night out of it, he would go out and fish the night. The only thing that stopped him was Good Fridays. We would fish until Thursday midnight, and then the net would come out of the water. He was a fanatic about that. Add to that, when you have the responsibility of a boat you are never comfortable at home. You can’t rest. It’s on your mind constantly. The harbor master will call in the middle of the night and say you parted lines, or you’re taking on water, and you have to race to the pier to correct it.

“When I first went fishing, I got seasick for two years. It got so bad sometimes that I wanted to jump overboard. ‘This business is not cut out for you,’ my father said, and I said, ‘Yes, it is.’ I hung on, and then one day he came down to the wharf and let the lines go and said, ‘I’m not going fishing. You are.’ He must have called about fifty times that day on the radio, checking up. One time, he called and said ‘Where are you?’ and I said, ‘Off Nauset,’ and he said, ‘How deep?’ and I said ‘Twenty-seven fathoms,’ and he said, ‘You’re in a bad, bad place.’ I said, ‘What do you mean?’ He said, ‘You got a wreck at twenty-five fathoms, you got one at twenty-six, you got one at twenty-seven, and one at twenty-nine.’ So I rang the bells and raised everyone up on deck and hauled the nets and steamed the hell out of there. I fished the rest of the day outside of the wrecks and came in with about eleven thousand pounds of yellowtails and blackbacks, and he was tickled.

“Why I put up with the seasickness I don’t really know. I just liked fishing, ever since I was in grade school. My mother always knew where to find me—down at the wharf, or at the trap sheds, where the trap fishermen kept their boats and their nets. I see three or four kids hanging around the pier now that are hooked. They can’t stay away. They are going to be fishermen.”

ALEC WILKINSON is the author of three other books: *Midnights*, *Moonshine*, and *Big Sugar*, for which he received a Guggenheim Fellowship and a Robert F. Kennedy Book Award. For the last eleven years he has been a writer on the staff of *The New Yorker*, where “The Blessing of the Fleet,” from which this article is excerpted, first appeared.



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The sea would be smaller without them



by Arturo Vivante

The sea would be smaller without them; they are living proof of its vastness, I thought as I looked at the humpback emerging out of the deep, eight or nine miles north of Provincetown where Cape Cod Bay meets the open Atlantic. So too land would be smaller without the elephant, the sky without eagles. Smaller and poorer without them.

And it was beautiful, splendid to see the great shape rising, leaping upward, breaching, blowing its warm misty spout above the cold sea, then diving, submerging, its fluked tail waving in what seemed a farewell or a somersault before it too disappeared as the whale sought the cool, dark deep, its home and its birthplace. But again it rose, this sea creature that seemed in love with the sky, leaping up with ease it dived down, light, buoyant, weightless in water. There was grace, ease, joy, size no matter. It was life heaving, the embodi-

ment of the sea's mighty swell, of its ebb and its flow, its rhythm, its pulse, now swift, now slow, rocked by the roll of the ocean as the sequoia is rocked by the wind in the forest.

It ventured up once again and didn't reemerge. The ship—the “Dolphin VII,” Captain Avellar—stood still in waiting. But it eluded us. So the captain sped us to a more promising site. Birds flying around, ready to seize whatever escaped the mesh of the whale's cavernous mouth, and rings breaking as from a bubbling spring, told that something was near. The ship stopped. Long it waited, its engine idle. Then suddenly the water darkened beside it, the blue turned indigo as if a shadow had been cast, and a whale gained the surface and went past like a mountain.

Our guide, Karen, a slender young woman in blue jeans and windbreaker, with blond hair cropped short, stood on the

forecastle like a figurehead cleaving the wind at the bow, and, using the hours as symbols, pointed the whales out whenever they appeared. “There at 11 o'clock you can see a mother and calf,” she said, and we watched the pretty pair cruising past us a hundred yards away.

Earlier, on the open deck, after we had got well under way, she had spoken to us about whales. “No one has ever seen them mating,” she said. “No one has ever witnessed the act of conception. Somewhere in the secret of the sea they go down, seeking a loneliness. It is a complete mystery to us.” I was happy to hear this, happy that no one had been able to pry into their intimate life, and happier still of their hiding away. No exhibitionists they. It was evident that this charming guide, from the Center for Coastal Studies in Provincetown, loved whales—she spoke with

the eloquence that love lends to one's words. She seemed their sister. There was a sea-freshness, a sea-clearness, something of the mermaid about her, as she stood in front of us with her legs close together and her feet united, talking to us about love in the sea.

"Before that," she continued, "in the mating season, the males splash about in a rowdy group while the female just lingers and contemplates. The males churn the water, cavort, thrash about in a riotous, feverish scene; they create a foaming tempest. It is an indescribable sight. Out of this upheaval one is chosen, leaves the group and swims away with the female to be alone together.

"Their birthing too," she continued, "is something of a mystery to us. From here in the fall they go down to the Caribbean, and in the shallow waters of islands like San Domingo, a year or so from conception, the little one is born." At the word "little" she raised her hands for quotation marks. "The baby humpback is 15 feet long. In the spring they undertake the long journey back here, the mothers nursing their young as they go. It is very wearying for the mothers and they lose much of their weight. They are fiercely protective of their young and will not abandon them, not even in extreme danger. It was without a doubt for this reason that a whale in the Pacific Ocean in 1820 twice went for the whale ship *Essex*, struck it head on and staved it and sank it, as you may read in the accounts of two of the few who survived. Don't worry, they never get mad at us here. They know us and we know them and respect them. They are very good-natured."

It being early May the sea was still cold. Man could not last an hour in that water. But whales span the oceans from the Arctic to the Antarctic and swim under icebergs, their warm blood never cooling. Wellsprings of warmth. I tried to picture their passionate embrace underwater, the flippers at first waving in softness, caressing, the feverish hold, the great fluked tail urging an ever closer union, the coupling, their delighting each other, locked in love, transmitters of life, and finally their coming to the surface to breathe, to blow triumphant hot breath and mist ten, twenty feet skyward.

"It is thought that some 50 million years ago," our guide said, "they came to the sea from land, perhaps from a horse-like creature. Through the years they underwent a sea change; the forelimbs became flippers, the tail, flukes; of the hind limbs barely a trace remains. And then, in sickness or danger or for other unknown reasons, whales, as they sometimes do, beach

themselves; it has been suggested that they do so in a primeval instinct to find safety on land—the distant hope or illusion that what was once safe to them might still be.

"Sound," she continued, "travels through water better than through air, and whales can communicate across long distances, probably hundreds of miles, and—before engines interfered—even a thousand miles. Their songs are often heard in the Caribbean."

It was an overcast day, but one with good visibility. The coast of Plymouth could be seen to the south-west, the blue color of distance. Slightly more to the north, a faint glow above the horizon told that the sun was setting. The boat was now on its way back to port. Our guide again spoke to us seated on deck. "When the Pilgrims left Provincetown and sailed to what is now Plymouth, one of them wrote in a letter that They met with so many whales they could almost have walked across on them. And now they are so scarce that several species

"Wails and bellows and gurgling sounds, calling across who knows how many miles, over chasms and valleys and cliffs underwater, lined by coral and wavering weed, to be heard by another whale in the distance"



are in danger of extinction. And still there are nations who hunt them. The unequal chase, not powered by muscles as in the old days, still goes on and so does the slaughter, though the hunters call it a harvest, as if they'd had anything to do with the seeding—most unlikely since whales can live to be over a hundred. I have here a petition. If you care to protect whales please sign it, and you might want to buy a button. They are two dollars each. The proceeds will go to a good cause, believe me."

With this little speech she made us so keen to sign that she could hardly have kept us back, and immediately a line formed. I don't think there was a passenger who didn't sign and buy a button. I asked her if I could also buy a tape of a whale song.

"Not on board," she said, "But you can get one at the *Green Peace* store, down Commercial Street to the right a short way."

Later, I went there and got the tape. Lying in bed in my room I listened to it. One side had the song of a single whale; the other a chorus. I listened to the single whale first. Wails and bellows and gurgling sounds, and low notes and high notes alternating, calling across who knows how many miles, over chasms and valleys and cliffs underwater, lined by coral and wavering weed, to be heard by another whale in the distance whose response, if there was one, was too far for us to hear or to capture. Or perhaps there was no response, perhaps it was calling a lost one. Whatever it was, it longed to be heard. Oh, not by me! It was ironic indeed that I should hear it so clearly and in the most artificial of circumstances—on land, in bed, through air, on a tape, years after and 2,000 miles away from where it was voiced. Still, the longing, aqueous, subaqueous sounds surely reached me: I was fathoms down in the gulfstream, drifting from island to island, rocking and rolling and drifting, then suddenly regaining direction with one strong flail of the flukes. The strange, mysterious voice from the deep that I never before had heard continued telling secrets that we shall never decipher. What did it whisper? What did it shout? It sounded at times like someone blowing a conch. Such a variety of sound! One almost a ludicrous snort, and whistles and grunts, and sounds of huge bubbles escaping. Other sounds swooning, pleading, cajoling. Oh, who could resist them? Who wouldn't be swayed? Then again the bass and the treble, the bassoon and the reed. But why compare? No instrument, no windpipe could approach them. The mechanical, monotonous purr of a boat's engine superimposed itself on a particularly mellow whale sound, then faded, and the mighty voice sounded again, but more distant. The melody reached a new height, a new depth, then there was silence for a minute or two before the tape ended. Had another whale harkened? Had it been found?

I turned to the other side of the tape, to the chorus. Such a mingling of voices. It told of company and of communion. A crowd, a throng in which I couldn't take part. I was still with the lone one. Had it doubled a headland? Did it not want to be heard?

It stuck me that it didn't want to be heard, that it didn't want us to hear it, that its rhythms weren't meant to be aired, and I didn't play it over. Its voice belongs to the deep, to other wavelengths. I could never tap its currents of thought. ■

ARTURO VIVANTE's latest book is the collected *Tales of Arturo Vivante*, published last year by Sheep Meadow Press. He lives in Wellfleet.

Photos courtesy of the Center for Coastal Studies, Provincetown.

JIM FORSBERG

Today I thought of life and of death

The other day an artist friend, Jim Forsberg, departed. Last Sunday a memorial was held at the Beachcombers here in Provincetown. Many artists and friends paid tribute to Jim with flowers, food, drinks, and especially by the expression of shared memories that evoked both laughter and tears.

Jim's daughter was there, and she remembered me from long ago, the '50s and '60s. Jim was the first friend I ran into when I returned to Provincetown, in spring of 1963, desperate to find a place to live and work for the summer. After a few words on the sidewalk in front of Jim's art materials store, the Studio Shop, he agreed to rent me his

house. It was a large place on the way to Race Point with a pond and ducks that I fed. I painted some of my best works of the '60s there at Jim's place. Later, in 1970, Jim and I had a two-man show together at the Group Gallery.

Last Sunday, we walked across the street from the Beachcombers to the Provincetown Art Association, where a survey of Jim's paintings was displayed, lent by his friends and admirers. The works were adventurous, resolved, beautiful. Images of birds and flight predominated.

Perhaps it is only coincidence, but in Jim's last large paintings, this spirit of flight becomes ever more vivid.

— John Grillo, Wellfleet, April 15, 1991



sketch by
John Grillo

Jim Forsberg's death this spring was as poignant with "sensitivity" as one of his late collage-paintings; its timing, poetic. His recent work had just been favorably received by the art world after his exhibition at the Stuart Levy Gallery, his first New York show in over 30 years. His life had seemingly come full circle, and like the stage-wise actor that he also was, he left us delighted and clamoring for more.

From a promising, high-profile beginning, through a "character-building" mid-career that was lower-keyed, Jim coursed a life's work in his return to the kind of gifted innocence that every artist seeks. The last few years his collaged and painted "essence of bird" canvases seemed to pour out of his studio, despite his perennial winter slumps. These paintings are joyous things, caught at the moment they slipped from abstraction into images, like caged birds just released. They are lush and full even as they are pared to essentials. The best of them contain a slowly revealed aberration, a subtle discrepancy that keeps them from being too beautiful, thus uniting them with nature's own disorder. Birds can be messy and annoying; they too are mortal.

The first Forsberg works I encountered were immediate precursors to these late works. There were soft, pastel-hued explorations of geometry, simple forms in nature, like disks and square and horizon lines, embodied through his developing technique of torn, painted papers and washed, dripping paint. Invited into his studio for the first time in the early spring of 1988, I tactlessly suggested that his work had a feminine quality. To my relief, he was pleased. Evidently he had already embraced Jung's synthesis of dualities known as the state of

A lifetime of elements flocking together

hieros gamos, or, as Jim put it, the “coming to grips with what is, for a man, the anima.”

“I believe,” he explained then, “I’ve become much more dimensional, I can accept the softer side. For any kind of understanding on a human level, you have to have this duality.” In retrospect, these lovely but somewhat tenuous works were probably the proper interim between the later, trenchant bird images and his mid-1980s series of architectural images—arches and portals and solid structures that stood beautiful and mysteriously closed and distanced from the viewer. These were elegant and very formal; they bordered upon the designed. Nearly everyone has heard the story about how he was asked if he didn’t want to know what lay beyond those thresholds. The question obviously triggered a turning point, judging by the stratospheric content of his subsequent work. In the process of finding out, he stepped into life, in general, a little deeper; and into his work more fully.

Of all the legacies Jim left, it was this clear, late example of renewed human spirit—the just reward, after all, of adhering to a code of esthetic morality—that carries the most portent. He reduced it simply to “minding my own business,” and his consciousness of it seemed to have its roots in one of his many Hofmann stories. He discussed, during that first studio visit, how he had abandoned New York nearly 35 years ago and moved to Provincetown. We talked about regrets and vicissitudes and roads not taken—that sort of thing. I asked him point blank if he was happy now. He grinned his disarming grin and answered, “Yeah, but I don’t know what happy is. I have joyous moments. I don’t have any sense of mission, except to do my work and mind my own



by **Ann Wilson Lloyd**

"Coastal Flyer," 1989
acrylic and paper on canvas, 50 x 42
collection of Alan Dinsfriend

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Shabbat, 1973

Chaim Gross



Duo

Jim Forsberg

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Gyorgy Kepes

Photography:
Members Juried,
Joel Meyerowitz juror

August 23— October 27

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business—not only butt out of other people's business, but think of my own business."

Getting sidetracked is easy, we agreed. "You do it when you're not really working from your own center," he continued. "I wasted an awful lot of time and energy on what somebody else was doing, just because they were being more successful than I was. Hofmann told me one day, when I was really down, talking about the art world, and what it was doing to me. 'Force-borg!' he said, 'That's not your business! Your business is Force-borg! You do *your* work!' And I listened to him, you know."

Birds and flight, those ancient symbols of the soul unbound, appear often in late masterworks, as if in preparation for the lift-off: Rene Magritte's *La Grand Famille*, Georges Braque's *Blackbirds*, Joan Miro's *Personnages*, *Oiseaux dans la Nuit*, and Van Gogh's famous flapping crows over the wheat field. Brancusi, always working on "the bird," said when he was very old, "It is not a bird, it is the meaning of flight. I have not yet found it." Klee and Matisse, two constants in Jim's personal galaxy, both worked with bird images, Matisse particularly in his late cut-outs.

Any prescience about these images as symbols of mortality was outweighed in Jim's work by his irrepressible *jouissance*. His paintings were celebrations, not *vanitas*; his birds, even his black ones, seemed closest in spirit to Klee's childish, fanciful creatures. The obvious technical comparison, of course, is with Matisse, but Jim added a dripping, saturated, tactile messiness to the collage technique with his runny paints and torn edges. I like to think his life in Provincetown, at the edge of nature, was directly responsible for this organic turn. Like both Klee and Matisse, Jim has an affinity for line and color relationships. With his torn, collaged papers, he was able perhaps to hinder his own facility with those formal elements and open up an unpredictable frontier. "Just that tiny thickness of the paper itself that lies over another piece of paper, gives you an edge that would be extremely difficult and tedious and stupid to try to paint," he once said. The very process of using collage, cut, torn or pre-formed in found objects, prompted him to suggest that an added material-as-image quality provided a dimension of assemblage, and thus enlarged one's "sensibility." The papers may also have stemmed from his ever-present flirtation with making sculpture, his way to bring an ever-so-slight dimensional relief onto the picture plane.

Speaking of assemblage and collage, he once said, "This sort of work challenges the artist; it moves his sensibilities over just a

Jim Forsberg: from a sketchbook, no date, but probably 1990

*Hail to thee, Blythe Spirit
Bird thou never wert
That from heaven or near it
poorest thy pure heart
in profuse strains of unpremeditated art.*

Higher still, and higher . . .

This wonderful romantic metaphor by Shelley has visited me often in recent months—a mantra unannounced singing through my head and a prayer that stimulates the forming of my work, the "birdness" of what the blank canvas will be today.

How do you color this promised

realization? What intervals support it? Can it ever be unpremeditated? Or pure? I am not that Skylark. As I say Shelley's lines, I am paying homage to a free Blythe Spirit. I am trying to be it, to lift up, out, and away. But it is not that easy.

The possibility intrigues, holds out against stress, reinforces desire, and promises a fulfillment that eventually erodes as time passes. And then, "if only I could" begins a round of working through.

[Editor's note: In "To a Skylark," Shelley's fourth line, "Poorest thy full heart," was slightly misremembered by Forsberg.]



"Elemental," 1989

acrylic and paper on canvas
collection of B. J. and Robert Lifton

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notch or two. It is different from using materials and making those materials bend like carving or modeling. When you pick up these materials there's an edge to challenge you." He likened it to seeing images in clouds or ink blots or in ordinary, everyday patterns. Thus, as a symbol, his birds were mitigated by this random, subconscious phenomenon and lumped into an overall summation of his many stylistic trials. Jim, who "never called himself anything," did say one time, "I suppose for want of a better kind of slot, I am an abstract expressionist, but abstract expressionism has gone through so many modes. I've done a lot of different stuff, but there are echoes of all those periods that maybe aren't that celebrated, that keep coming back and reformulating themselves." Just before the bird imagery occurred, he made this rather equivocating attempt to pin it down. "Definitions are very hard. In a broad sense, in a very privileged kind of way, some of this is Impressionism. It's somewhat symbolic, too, but then everything is a symbol in a way. This is almost a kind of an action painting, even though underneath there is some control." He did feel, though, that his later work was more connected with his early prints and drawings than with what had happened in between.

When the birds first appeared in his work in the spring of 1989, Jim expressed a slight bewilderment about them. He even worried that he might be trespassing on the already declared territory of other artists. The birds asserted themselves however, and ultimately became an unofficial theme—standing for everything he knew about the spatial-resounding nature of color, analytical line and other formal concerns and how they all interacted on the picture plane. But, as importantly, they became symbols and evidence of the artist's own renewed energy and spiritual growth. There was in them, I noted at the time, a sense of a lifetime of elements flocking together, milling around and then rising in concert as one synchronized motion of poetry, sense and balance.

Aside from a resurrection reference in his triumphant *Phoenix* series, Jim's only really somber bird image was "The Visit." The colors were mostly dark, there was a row of rectangular stone-like shapes along the bottom, a black flurry of birds and a misted, phasing moon. The rising flock seemed headed toward an unknown expanse represented by bare canvas. It was a worrisome image, and in retrospect, was perhaps the one subtle aberration, the prerequisite discordant note, that kept this last body of ebullient work rooted in the real. Otherwise, these paintings seemed to have reached a

state of grace; the birds and other images, occasionally a fish and even a lamb, did not seem summoned. Contrarily, they seemed to tear themselves out of his color-soaked papers or off his brush of their own accord.

Jim's studio at the Beachcombers waterfront building was a bright haven on the most oppressively grey day. Down those cement steps the world shifted from black and white to full spectrum. The last time I visited him there, in mid-March this year, he told me he had taken advantage of recent sunny weather to dye and dry a new batch of collage papers. He and an assistant had painted them and hung them outside in the courtyard, where the Beachcombers, coming and going, teased him about hanging his laundry in public.

We had a long, satisfying chat. Besides art,

we often discussed such things as the looniness of living with either teenagers or cats, and our common midwestern roots. The midwesterner's reputation for stoicism, we agreed, stemmed from heartland cuisine, based on things like phony coffee creamer, canned mushroom soup, and Jell-O "salad" with Cool Whip. He showed me all his latest paintings, a succession of canvases in the same vein as the recent ones, but frequently more complex.

One was still in progress. It was a departure, even more strikingly Matisse-like in that there was no dripping paint on it—yet. Its imagery was both more whimsical and more complicated, almost resembling ethnic textile patterning. It had a half-finished border of identical blue cut-outs, marching along the canvas edges in a single file. They looked like elephants to me. He thought so too. He had just started to play around with



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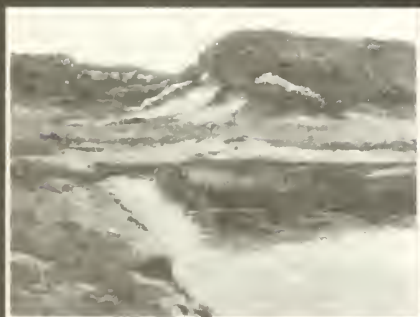
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Chaim Gross, handcrafted plate, Auction 1990.

photo: Carlotta Junger

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Lois Griffel "Leaf Patterns on Porch," oil, 20 x 24

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the shape, he said, and the border seemed to make itself.

Playing around with things, painting and cutting and pasting those silky, rich papers, it was child's play, he would point out with a shrug. After all, he would say, "Who wouldn't want to do it?"

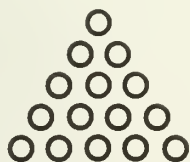
It's full, bursting, spring now, Jim. Your winter ennui would be over, your paintings cooking at steady simmer. Everywhere energy and color remind me of you; rollicking birds, dandelion yellow, dripping sky, wet-black bark. You, who were so tuned into seasons, should have one for your monument. I pick spring. It is the proper metaphor and it has the essential slow, soft, lyrical spirit. ■

ANN WILSON LLOYD, a frequent contributor to *Provincetown Arts*, writes for *Art in America*, *Art New England*, and other publications.

For a catalogue raisonne of the work of Jim Forsberg, in preparation, owners of work by Forsberg are asked to contact the artist's daughter, Carol Forsberg, 199 Auburn Street, Cambridge, MA 02139.

A Jim Forsberg memorial exhibition will be held at the Provincetown Group Gallery, August 11—24.

Photographs of Jim Forsberg by Jim Zimmerman.



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THE CROSS at LONG POINT

by Amy Whorf

As a girl, summering in Provincetown, I knew of the wooden cross. It was always there on the dune, weathering seasonal gales, blistering heat, numbing cold. When I first saw it, the hand-wrought, inscribed bronze plaque had been filched, and I took the cross to be a tribute to an anonymous fisherman lost, or to all those in peril on the sea. Until one afternoon, sitting on the waterfront patio of Sal's Place, a West End restaurant, looking across the harbor to Long Point where the cross stands, I heard it come up in conversation. Sal Del Deo explained that it was a memorial to Charles Darby, a fellow Beachcomber who was killed in action during World War II.

The Beachcombers, a male fellowship of artists, were, in Darby's time, a somewhat acerbic group, prone to cynicism and bombast. They took their motto from R. L.

John Whorf, received a telegram from the father of Charles Darby: "My son died on the 17th somewhere over Holland. William R. Darby." Within days, a more detailed letter from Mr. Darby arrived at the Hulk, containing a request, written in pain, for a memorial to his son. "I only thought," wrote Mr. Darby, "it would in some small way tie Charles more closely to his beloved Provincetown."

No man should have to bury a son. At the next meeting, the Beachcombers moved that a cross be made for Darby. Phil Malicoat, Roger Rilleau, and John Whorf built a cross from an old railroad tie and attached a plaque fashioned in bronze by William Boogar. At six bells, on a clear afternoon in October, 1946, the dedication took place on the grounds of the Provincetown Art Association, across the street from the Hulk. Among the small group of members



Stevenson's *The Wrecker*: "For the Beachcomber, when not a mere ruffian, is the poor relation of the Artist." Sequestered during their Saturday evening shindigs from wives, daughters and girlfriends, they wallowed in libation and sophomoric libidinousness in a dilapidated fish shed they used as a clubhouse, which they called "the Hulk." They drifted in during the afternoon, disposing themselves about the Hulk, a few in this corner passing around sordid versifications of their own composition, Dickinson and Malicoat in a corner playing rematch chess, a few waiting their turn at billiards. The evening meal was communal, as were the after-supper sea chanties, anacreontics, and the inevitable expiations for the triumph of modernism over the traditionalist point of view.

In early November, 1944, the Chairman of the Deck Watch of the Beachcombers,

who gathered were Bruce McKain, Jerry Snader, Manny Zora, and Reeves Euler. The Rev. William Bailey spoke a few words. George Yater snapped a few pictures. Still in apron, Bill Boogar strolled over from his forge next door to the Hulk.

The war years were a dreadful leveler of all men, including the artist who was displaced by the soldier as social and cultural prophet. Though some diligent artists rode the crest of the bullish wartime economy, the world wasn't waiting for news of the summer exhibitions but rather, news from the front.

In the late '50s the Darby Memorial was removed to the terminus of Long Point, the sea-girt strand that is the very Cape end. It was set into a sand hill, liberal with wild roses and sundry impervious dune vegeta-

tion, facing Provincetown a mile across its beautiful harbor. Mr. Darby's wish for his son had been fulfilled.

Every summer, two or three Beachcombers, too young to have known Charles, take a small boat to Long Point, climb the loose dune, and reposition the cross in the shifting sands. Like the Beachcombers, the cross is about continuity, about keeping a memory from being toppled. It is about the significance of each life, the brevity of life. If the Beachcombers do not remember Charles, who will?

Charlie Darby was probably too handsome to be a disciplined and productive painter. Though he did not set out to become the gallant soldier, he achieved that by dying in his country's service. In being too often romanticized, the life of the vagabond artist is not unlike that of the fallen soldier. And there, in the picture of Darby



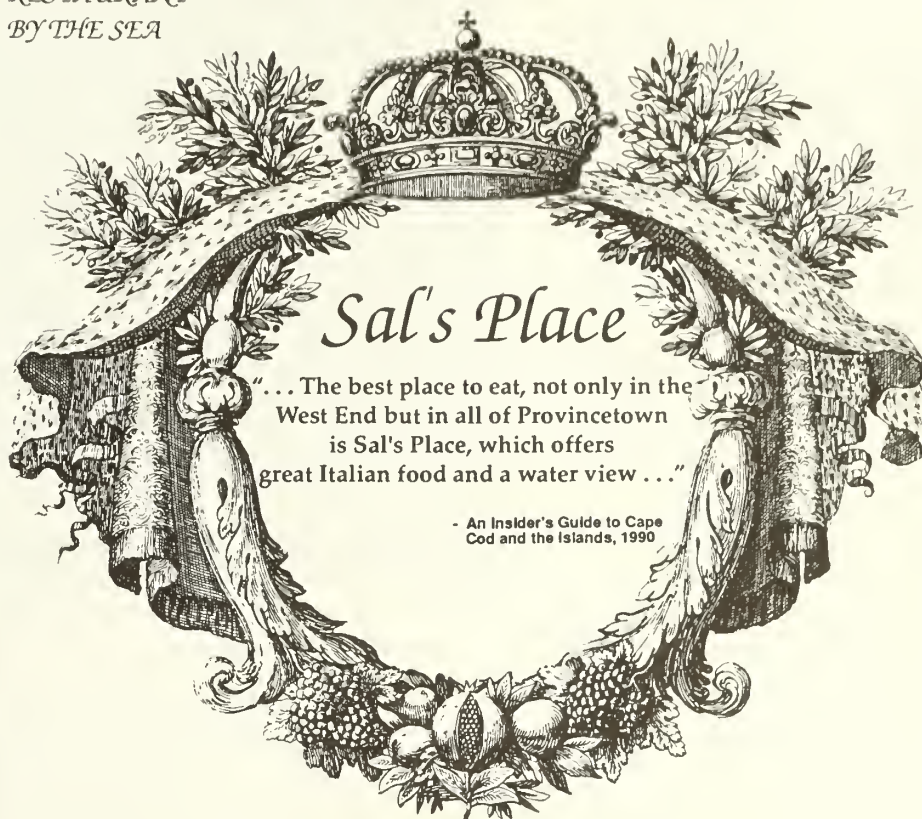
in uniform that hangs in the Beachcombers, is that ultimate romantic notion—the artist as *soldier*. In the end, we all may be remembered as circumstances have made us. ■

AMY WHORF, a granddaughter of the watercolorist John Whorf, is a writer and photographer from Hingham, Mass. This article was excerpted from a longer manuscript. Microfilm records of the Beachcombers were provided by the Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution.

Photographs by George Yater, courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution.

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Ivan Karp and the Story of the Blueberry Jam

In 1961, the first time I ever stayed in Provincetown, I spent the weekend at a house on Railroad Avenue with my friend Bill Frank, a fellow student from the University of Illinois. New to New York and new to the Art World, I had no idea who Ivan Karp or Henry Geldzahler were. In fact, perhaps in those days they weren't such big deals. Anyway, I happened to be staying in the same apartment as Henry, while Ivan was renting the place downstairs. I remember we had a picnic and Ivan sent me out to buy the ice cream. A neighborhood dog ran off with the meat that was being barbecued in the garden. This was before I became a vegetarian.

The next summer I spent all three months in Provincetown at Connie and Danny Banko's. It was a shack, \$220 for the season. It had no furniture, a bare light fixture and a water tap in the garden. Don't even ask if it had a toilet. I roamed the shore for driftwood and made my own furniture. It was so good that after finishing my abstract expressionist period I made constructions of burnt and painted driftwood. I didn't either burn or paint it. I showed it at Taro Yamamoto's gallery. It didn't sell, of course, but Taro announced that I would be successful.

It must have been the next year that Ivan opened the first O.K. Harris Gallery in Provincetown, a prelude to his successful New York gallery. I showed some work there but the only success I had was with my blueberry jam. I used to get up early and go out to pick blueberries and make jam. Ivan put it in the window of his gallery arranged in the shape of a pyramid and sold it all at \$2 a jar. Somebody asked him if I was a hot artist and he replied that I was luke warm.

— Peter Hutchinson

William F. Smith



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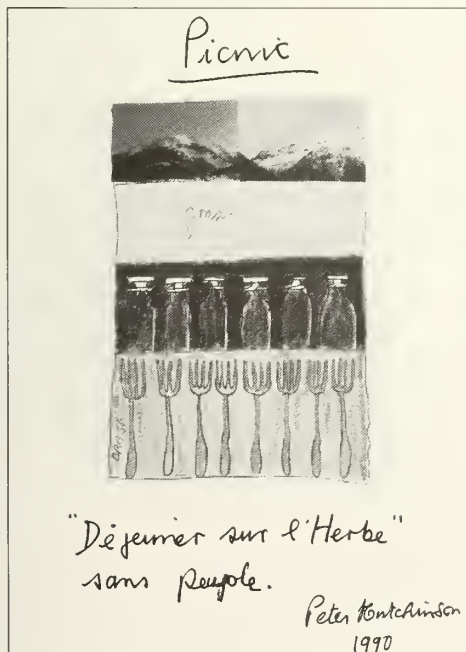
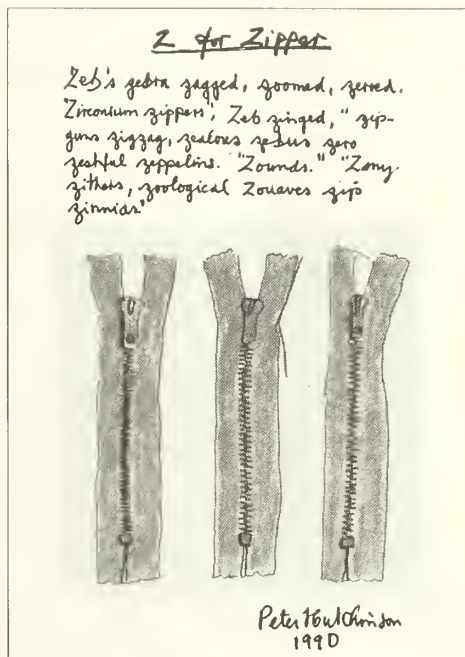
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art
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extraterrestrial art

While it is true that no extraterrestrial culture has been found without some approximation of our art of painting, none of these cultures has ever been able to understand Earth art. This is not to say that Earth art is ignored in the universe at large. Quite the contrary.

Betelgeuse III uses Earth art as currency (style being of no discernible importance; size being the criterion of value.) It has been noted by one Betelgeuse historian that these paintings increase in value with time, again with no importance being given either to style or artist. Import has, however, been severely limited. Profiteers on Earth became aware that Betelgeuse III inhabitants could not tell real from fake paintings. They exported fake paintings to that planet. It completely disrupted the economy for a time and almost led to a return to the gold standard. This would have been ruinous to the



extraterrestrial art really was art. One of the most difficult was the art of the Monarians. At first the historians thought they had found a genuine case of a culture without art. The Monarians, as you may know, have no sense in the ordinary way. They live confined in small metal boxes and conduct their business with the material world by thought control. Their bodies show no signs of eyes, ears, etc., except for one much-atrophied organ, like a very sharp toenail. This toenail may once have been an ambulatory organ. Microscopic inspection of the insides of the boxes (which eventually become their coffins) disclosed minute scratches. This was their art. Unseen by its creators, this art flourishes eternally, itself atrophied from who knows what magnificent art periods of the past when they walked on and experienced the surface of their beautiful planet. ■

*This sentence was quoted in Robert Smithson's article "Entropy and the New Monuments."

Peter Hutchinson is an artist who also writes about art. He has just returned from France where he installed an environmental sculpture for Le Centre d'Art Contemporain, Ile de Vassivière.

economy since gold is a common by-product of the Betelgeusian digestive system.

On Cimco (Antares system), great prices are paid for Earth masterpieces. Experts burn these paintings in small sections, analyzing the spectrum of light given off. By this method they produce passable reproductions. So good are these reproductions, in fact, that they are often sold back to Earth and Earth colonies each pretending to be the original. Apart from this purely speculative enterprise, Cimconians place no aesthetic value on Earth art.

Tromerians consider anything blue extremely pornographic.* Their government never allows blue to be imported. The one exception to this rule is in works of art. Blue art is much sought after and hung in certain rooms.

It was only after careful social analysis that Earth art historians realized that much

Staying Over Nature

In memoriam: Myron Stout (1908-1987)



"Untitled, No. 2," 1956

Even, in the last year, the wool bathrobe plastered over his clothes, Greek rug layered over the knees, flannel capped, four days of white stubble and skin grown translucent as parchment, he had it—the urbanity Robert Frank fixed in his photo-collage from the fifties, *The 10th Street Painters*, each caught in their various funks of t-shirt, smoke and smudge.

Red Grooms
goofing off, Aristodimos Kaldis,
parade marshall at a happening,
Oldenburg, Kline, Jan Muller and the rest
disarrayed by their art and matted
around Frank's handwritten homily:
MORE SPIRIT. LESS TASTE. REMEMBER. KEEP GOING.
But Myron wears a recherche herringbone,
collar upturned, behatted (yes, a fedora),

cigarette propped in his lips, a genteel Belmondo, while he studies something out of the frame.

He knew more
about the seven ice ages—now thought to be ten
from cores dug in the ocean floor—
than most know about any seven Presidents.
He'd know about the Presidents too,
or how pepper contributed to the fall
of Rome. A landlocked Darwin
devoted to seeing and never, apparently,
disdaining the intricacies of evolution,
though who could know better,
nature's no scenic vista, inventing,
along with asphodels,
the gene that made his retinas
melt away. Was he

worse off
than Beethoven, never hearing the Ninth Symphony
performed, who had to be turned in the concert hall
to see the applause? *At least he could work,*
Myron said, on one of the afternoons
he hired me to read for him
in the poverty and hyperactive light
of two Provincetown winters. I wondered then,
still wonder—could he have made a painting by touch alone?

•
Hans Hofmann was the teacher who unlocked
the Provincetown painters. A painting *is* energy—
that's what he taught them
with his primate body, gripful of brushes,
a hulk lunging into canvases
that took names, only the names, from nature—
Equinox, Prey, And out of the caves the night
threw a handful of pale tumbling pigeons.
He called it *staying over nature*
when a painter would stick with landscape
after knowing space
goes clear through the terrain—
the phrase only one of the derailments
from Hofmann's native German. He didn't mean it
to convey contempt for a landscape.
Just that, then, artists believed in science,
the headlong train that promised everything
and everyone was excited about unity.

Some things
the mind isn't good at, like trying to picture
the proto-universe—that everything's-nothing
tumble of stars, baboons and symphonies—
as a speck one billionth the size of a proton.
The mind's better at a fractured view,
though, little satisfied, keeps hunting
for what it can't see. The way Myron would
when the macular degeneration left him
only peripheral vision. He'd lean
over magazine reproductions, circling close
with a convex glass to gather a series of fragments

ne had to imagine into a probable whole.
When I asked could he see me, he turned sideways—
I see a sweater, hair, your knees. And turning—
But this way, I see nothing, a grey blank.

He saw nature straight on
when he made the graphite of Tiresias—
the head a featureless black oval
in a field of lead shading,
mouth opening perfectly white,
a pure cry against
the nest of blackness it inhabits.

•
What we read were magazines, stacks elbow-deep
lining the tables—the ones read, face down underneath,
and facing up, topping each pile, the issues that remained.
A year and a half behind, he wanted to keep up
on all he admired in nature, human and otherwise,
now remembering some lines of Chaucer and the way
to pronounce “holpen” which Chaucerian word
he was surprised to have heard
on a bus in west Texas, now saying,
Oh yes, let's read the one about assassin bugs.

He never could get
enough of learning, as if to know the fractured world
well enough were to make it complete.
So we read about the warzone
where insects inject prey with poison
dissolving tissues into soup
they sip through the same syringe.
Still, life seems good at adapting to limits—
Kenya's yellow baboons which know when to hightail it
to new groves of acacias
to outpace the hatching of their parasites.
And it was good to Myron
that the parasites too would change
if it meant they'd survive.

•
Once, reading about the Cro-Magnons—
Myron correcting my pronunciation
back to the French—he scoffed
at the journalist's take
that the late Ice Age people
dressed up with strung seashells,
lion and bear teeth *for social reasons.*
That's not it, he interrupted. It was because
they found the materials

objects of beauty. As he did, admiring
their huts of stacked mammoth bones—
ninety-five jawbones balanced on skulls
weaving a herringbone pattern, tusks vaulting over
to frame the pelt-thatched roof,
the tallow-scented
twilight they lived in.

Our afternoons
had an architecture. At four we broke for tea,
came back from whatever story into his darkening room,
a little stunned at how much space there was
outside the reading lamp's reach. We sipped
his smoky tea and I would ask him
about the old parties, who was in love with Marisol,
or what the painters then were reading.

Then.
Always then. Because the past mattered
and the present felt frail as an eggshell.
Once I looked up to find an abalone moon had risen,
its light leaking through the shabby walls,
plastic and masking tape
tightening them against the cold,
risen over the frayed Asian carpets
layered one over the other, the books
zoned by topic throughout the apartment—
classics, atlases and reference, art history,
the westerns and the mysteries.

I caught glimpses of liquid pearl
spreading across the Bay and Myron said
he used to be able to tell when the moon was full
but he could no longer. Stepping to the door—
there it was right over his walkway—he craned
sideways—*Yes.* And then we were quiet.

•
Months later. I read about clay
flutes and ocarinas unearthed in Belize
along the foothills of the Mayan Mountains.
Myron would have liked the story—how these ancient
instruments, buried for merciless centuries,
were found, scrubbed up and glued,
and their shapes still remembered
how to channel a breath through chambers
where the air swirls into vortexes
that unwind into a few true notes.
What he would have liked best is how
the music made it back from oblivion,
how the energy one mind gives off to another
is one sweet mystery without end. ■

ALISON DEMING is a former fellow and
Writing Coordinator of the Fine Arts
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received a Stegner Fellowship and an NEA
grant, and is currently director of the
Poetry Center at the University of
Arizona. Her poems have most recently
appeared in the anthology *The*
Forgotten Language: Contemporary
Poets and Nature (Peregrine Smith).



Lee Krasner, Untitled, 1954
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forsaking both for a future
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shaped like ears. Their ears
note every trend as bids
twist toward eternity.

Dealers

In Amsterdam or Antwerp
looking at light through a loupe
they traded in diamonds,
learned the worth of little things.

In New York their vision spread;
facets flattened on the walls.
Each brush stroke was a jewel.
Each pencilled line had its price.

There were small choice paintings first,
works signed or documented;
later, those that filled a room
became inflated signatures.

Like the art, the market grew,
enhancing its inflation.
Even rolled, the works were huge,
and no one thought of emigration.

•
B.H. FRIEDMAN spent the winter at
the Camargo Foundation in Cassis,
France, where he completed a play as
well as a book on l'art brut.

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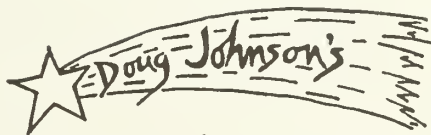
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HENRY GELDZAHLER

famous curator



Renate Ponsold

BEFORE HENRY GELDZAHLER became a famous curator, there was no such thing as a famous curator. "Famous curator!" he says, shocked less by the oxymoron than by the fact that, after 18 years of producing exhibitions of contemporary art at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, and winning new appreciation for the curator's role, his salary was a disastrous \$28,000. All the while Geldzahler was one of Andy Warhol's closest friends, a first-hand witness to the pop way of thinking. "Pop took the outside and put it inside, and it took the inside and put it outside," Warhol said. Pop saw that the popular media we are most saturated with, to the point where its obviousness has become banal, had become the new unconscious. In one of Warhol's films, *Henry*, Geldzahler sat on a couch and smoked a cigar for 90 minutes. While the camera ran, Warhol went off and played rock and roll. "The

film gives me away entirely," Geldzahler said, providing a minute examination of his "entire vocabulary of gestures."

Oddly, this death by tickling the ribs of boredom is related to the painstaking work of Myron Stout, a painter Geldzahler knew at the beginning of his career when he was spending his summers in Provincetown, where Stout lived yearround, quietly working on small adjustments especially to the edges of his black and white paintings. Many of the artist's few works took over 20 years to complete to his satisfaction. "We used to say about his graphite drawings and his paintings that he would 'tickle them to death.' With the drawings, he almost wore through the paper."

Following his tenure at the Met, Geldzahler served as Commissioner of Cultural Affairs for the City of New York under Edward Koch. For the past five years, he has been curating a series

by Christopher Busa



S. Schapiro, Life Picture Collection

of small exhibitions at the Dia Art Foundation in Bridgehampton, not far from his house in Southampton where the following interview took place. Recently at the Dia he showed early work by Stout, and two New York galleries, Kent and Flynn, participated in a dual Stout show this winter. In his essay for the exhibition catalogue, Geldzahler attributes the uncanny staying power of a Stout image to its endless adjustment, a method intended "to engage that rarely considered and more rarely discussed sense, the haptic." "By haptic," Geldzahler explained to me over the telephone, "I mean what your eye intuits what your hand would feel if you touched what you see."

Christopher Busa: When you were 15, you saw a show of Arshile Gorky's at the Whitney. You stayed three hours, came home, threw up, slept for 18 hours, then, two years later, announced your ambition to become a curator. I'm curious about your visceral response, at that early age, to those otherworldly paintings.

Henry Geldzahler: I was dizzy and disoriented because I saw things swimming. I didn't know Matta at the time. I didn't know underwater photography. I didn't even know about his Armenian background. I knew the concept of surrealism, but I never thought to associate it with the living dream I felt. There was also an element of sickening nightmare in the sense that I was no longer standing on two legs looking at a flat surface. I felt as though

I was falling down a coal chute backwards. Maybe you are too young to remember when they used to deliver coal down a chute. My horror was always going down one of those things backwards.

CB: A coal chute dates you.

HG: Everything has to do with being five years old, I'm sure.

CB: I'm not so sure, myself.

HG: For me it does. Recovering innocent feelings: that's the basis of the way I experience art.

CB: Looking at the Gorky, you passed through a looking glass that was like an aquarium and suddenly you weren't standing on *terra firma*.

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HG: That reminds me of crossing the ocean on a boat, which we did when I was five. We left Belgium, where I was born, to come to America. Everybody was ill. My mother is very easily seasick. We used to do this terrible thing when we were little kids, standing in front of her and swaying ever so slightly. I would laugh when she began to get dizzy, but what goes around comes around. I do it to my mother, and Gorky does it to me.

CB: What other artists have made you sick?

HG: There was a particular painting by Robert Irwin called "Mint Condition," mint-colored in the background and pink in three parallel lines. It came out of Rothko, I was aware of that, and predated minimalism which didn't become a phase until two years later. It was an attempt to strip down, rather than complicate, which was the preferred abstract expressionist impulse. I was looking at a unified surface, evidently harmonious, while at the same time there was a visual struggle. The feeling I felt was not of swimming, but of floating. This color, that was me, was floating within color. I must have internalized it immediately. That's the leap. I don't understand how it happens. I'm looking at something and being it at the same time.

CB: Where did you see the painting by Irwin?

HG: In California, my first trip, in '62. At the airport, Frank Stella gave me a little drawing with an inscription that said, "The Green Hornet goes to Los Angeles." I came back and John Chamberlain met me at the airport. I was reeling when I got off the plane. He asked me what was wrong. I said that something happened in California and I won't get to the bottom of it until I can live with it. Buy it on my Met salary? Unlikely! So John called the gallery, trading a work of his own in exchange for the Irwin, which I lived with for five years until I gave it to the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. It ceased to feed me and I gave it away. When a painting ceases to attract your attention, it must give up its spot on the wall.

CB: So you are a collector but you're not possessive?

HG: I was possessive until a Lichtenstein and Oldenburg were stolen. They found the Oldenburg, a big and beautiful plaster shirt, thrown away in the garbage in Brooklyn. I refused to get sick over it. Since then, I've trained myself to give things away. This year

I gave a big painting by Noland and a photo-collage by David Hockney to the Tel Aviv Museum in Israel.

CB: Sometimes keeping a collection whole is interesting, because the total collection shows the vision of the collector.

HG: I have these glimmers of leaving my collection to the town of Southampton. But I realize, having been on the boards of institutions, that they would have to keep it up. I think the best thing is to let the world re-collect it, reshaping the record of what there was.

CB: What comes to you as a gift must go out somewhat blindly, like a gift.

HG: In the middle, somewhere, economic reality obtrudes and you sell something once



Marianne Barcellona

in a while. That also is not a scandal. The things that I loved I've given to the Metropolitan, to Yale, to Princeton, to Israel. My name is chipped in the walls of the Met because I gave them so much stuff, even when I was a curator there making nothing. Often the artist gave it to me and I would turn around and give it to them: Reinhardt and Warhol and Kelly and Hockney.

CB: Despite this mix of names, you made your reputation as a pop art curator.

HG: By now it's an old story, but I first became well known in 1963 after the Museum of Modern Art asked me to participate in a symposium on pop art. I was to defend pop against its many outraged detractors, some on the staff of the Modern itself. Duchamp, John Cage, and Rauschenberg were in the audience. Most

of the other panelists—Dore Ashton, Hilton Kramer, Peter Selz—were fulminating. Stanley Kunitz, sitting next to me, was kicking me under the table. I liked pop art, but I said that I was not there to say that pop art is dominant, just that it was art. It's not either/or; it's and/and. When I was asked to be the U.S. commissioner of the Venice Biennale in 1966, I took Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, Helen Frankenthaler, and Jules Olitski. That was a rather balanced mix, if you can be balanced with four artists.

CB: The older artists I know who were formed by the values of abstract expressionism have a distinctly negative visceral reaction to pop art. They feel there is no transformation of the image. They feel the real artists are the promoters of pop art.

HG: I'm afraid that strikes me as an un-

provoked insult. Let me say something about that. I sit here in Southampton at my desk and think about all the artists I have known and know and have liked. I realize that in my various incarnations, all my life as a worker, I've been interpreting, being a middleman. In our society, with regard to the arts, my role is necessary. We're not an aristocratic Italian Renaissance society of 2000 people. In a democratic society, we are always trying to expand the audience and raise the level of awareness. I'm a teacher. For me, life is about learning, then sharing the knowledge, communicating it.

CB: Why did you leave Warhol out of the 1966 Venice Biennale? For six years you spoke to him every day.

HG: I had to do it. I was about to succeed Robert Hale at the Met as curator of 20th

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century art. I thought I could do more for everybody else, including myself, if I continued on that track. Andy would have brought the Velvet Underground and Chelsea Girls, and it would have been wonderful and awful, and I wouldn't have gotten promoted. Andy, in a sense, never forgave me. I understand that too. I was pusillanimous. I was thinking of myself. Yet it's true that I was honestly thinking of remaining effective. Andy, God bless him, survived.

CB: In *Popism*, Warhol says that your real sin was not not choosing him, but rather not telling him before he read it in *The New York Times*. These conflicts bring up a basic question: should the Met have a contemporary department for living artists?

HG: When James Rorimer came to me in 1959 and offered me a job at the Met, I said I would prefer a job at the Whitney. I loved the contemporary art that was missing from the Met. He went grey with rage. A few months later he perked up and asked me to visit. I told him, "Your giant encyclopedia is missing a volume." Years ago I wrote a memo outlining the new 20th century wing at the Met. It's clear in retrospect that in the competition between Thomas Hoving and Carter Brown, it was our plan for the new wing that helped motivate the National Gallery to build the East Wing. The big enemy of the National Gallery, the Met, is also their greatest ally. We forced the National Gallery to rethink their policy about buying only artists who've been dead for 50 years. If we had not proceeded that way at the Met, other major museums of the world would not have become as eager to show the art of their own moment. I don't think I'm the most significant character in the history of museums, but it's definite that Hoving and I, by emphasizing the possibility of contemporary art being important to an encyclopedic museum, made a difference. Staying on at the Met made that possible.

CB: During the '60s some of the best work was done by artists working outside the public eye.

HG: If you went back to the '60s and tried to say who were the greatest artists, you would have to mention Picasso, David Smith, Hofmann, and others, none of whom were '60s artists. If the artists who emerged in that decade were not producing the greatest art, they were the ones who were speaking to the moment.

CB: The '60s were concluded with a huge

show you did at the Met: *New York Painting and Sculpture: 1940-1970*. After summarizing three decades, what was next for you?

HG: There was a change in the art world. There was conceptual art, minimal art, earthworks, art that did not proceed from a love of the material. If you look at most everything I've supported, it's about *stuff*. I was at a distance from the new art. I felt there had been a retreat from a competition with the School of Paris to a kind of pre-war ambition, more regional, less exuberant, less ambitious. I was made curator when I was 28. Ideally a curator should not stay all his life with the decade he began with, the way an artist almost always does. So when Ed Koch asked me to be cultural affairs commissioner for the City of New York, I said no, then called him back the next day and said I meant yes.

CB: Soon you became enthusiastic about new artists: Basquiat, Clemente, Haring, Schnabel.

HG: I remember the day I bought my first Basquiat. As commissioner I had a staff that was at least 50 percent black and Hispanic. I called the whole staff into my office and held it up. I said, "This is a painting I just bought. It's by a black artist who's 23 years old. He's a genius, and he can change the way we look at art in this decade." Everybody looked at it with a long face, then went back to work.

CB: Here where we sit, hanging on the wall, is a trio of unusual Warhols.

HG: They were made in '78 when I was commissioner. I asked Andy to do posters in the subway and buses, advertising the fact that we had free opera in Central Park. I said I wanted summer. We took a walk to where the women's house of detention used to be, now a garden. I said, "Let's do some flowers." He said, "What do you like?" I pointed to some flowers.

CB: Warhol loved to say, "Henry gave me all my ideas."

HG: He made paintings of these flowers on different colored paper. In order to minimize that I framed them in dark wood in the middle and light on either side. If you look at them for a long time, you are so confused by the frame that you don't quite realize they are changing color. It's like throwing pepper in your eye. I think it works.

CB: It dizzies me.

HG: It's why your eye tickles.

CB: You like work with a lot of optical intensity.

HG: I like things that continue to tell their story. Clement Greenberg says that abstract art has narrative just as much as any other. If you think it through, that narrative is in your consciousness. When you look at something again and again, you see more and more, whether the work is abstract or realistic. The narrative is not in the way the work changes, but in the way you see it over time. It accretes, gets added to.

CB: While you were at Harvard, according to the *New Yorker* profile of you by Calvin Tomkins, you were brilliant in coffeehouse conversation, "moving with the flow" of rapidly shifting thought, without connectives. On the other hand, your lectures were overly earnest, even pedantic.

HG: In my early lectures, the voice wasn't there. I've since learned to talk and to write in a voice. I talk now on the phone like I do on the lecture platform or like I write a letter. Facing an audience is an acquired talent, and I was trying to get it right while having stage fright. Which one doesn't get anymore. I also learned how to tell jokes and anecdotes, and to twist history and contemporary mores into each other. So it's never strictly a lecture. That's what people like and I've learned how to do it. They love especially the "I was there" business.

CB: What do you remember about the seven summers you spent in Provincetown, in the late '50s and early '60s?

HG: The first three summers I was studying for my PhD orals at Harvard. Suddenly I was in the middle of something I had never known about. Mostly because it had never happened. For instance, I wandered into Red Grooms' first happening at the Sun Gallery one night. There was a whole crowd, Dody Muller, Bob Beauchamp, Tony Vevers, that I became friends with. After that I was this young brat from the Met coming down to have a good time. Tom Hoving once said to me about curators: "A good curator is always at work. If he's at the Copacabana in Rio, he sits down on the beach next to an artist or a collector." It's true. If you are obsessed, vacationing and working are the same thing. For me, the best part of being in Provincetown was meeting the artists, Motherwell, Kline, Hofmann, Frankenthaler, and so on, but also Ivan Karp, when he was working at the HCE Gallery. I got to know Molly Cook and Mary Oliver down at the bookstore. Norman Mailer was a great ally of mine at that time. We had

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apartments on the waterfront next to each other the summer of '60. We looked at each other, started laughing, and became friends immediately.

CB: You saw things eye to eye. Do you remember who was taller?

HG: Mailer, maybe by a microinch. He tried to teach me how to fight, but I told him he was the only person who ever tried to hit me. He was one of three people who trumpeted my coming to New York to the Met. It opened incredible doors for me.

CB: Irving Sandler was there at the same time. He remarks that his initial notes for his book *The Triumph of American Painting* were made in those days. Were you conscious he was recording?

HG: Sure. It was obvious he was both living it and archiving it at the same time.

CB: What is your attitude about such ethnography?

HG: I think it's incredibly important to get the bird's eye view as well as on the ground battle reports. Not only is it history, it's the raw material of future history. I love the idea that Irving lived through it and recorded it.

CB: Just as war is too important to be left to the generals, do you think that art is too important to be left to the artists?

HG: I think a more complicated discourse is more interesting. The primary source has to be the artist, but artists tend to see things from their own studios. Other points of view are as interesting. The artist has to have his feet somewhere in order to stand firmly enough to paint, whereas a curator doesn't have to have his feet anywhere. Instead, he has to reach a wide audience with the best, which exists in a multitude of positions. Even an artist with a wonderfully open mind has a fixed point of view. My responsibility is rather to prepare a menu of the best for people with different needs. Taste and need are correlated.

CB: You had an early need to look at pictures.

HG: Once, over the telephone, I asked Jim Rosenquist, "What are you doing?" He said, "I'm painting, you know, pushing minerals around on a flat surface." I am convinced that by doing this, by pushing minerals around on a flat surface, it is possible to effect a re-fashioning of our very selves. ■



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Paul Bowen



In 1988, as a result of a coincidence, I returned to Provincetown after several years absence and met Paul Bowen. I had received a letter announcing a memorial fellowship in honor of Myron Stout at the Fine Arts Work Center. I offered to donate a painting. When I delivered it in the spring of 1988, I saw one small piece of Bowen's, hardly enough to form a judgment.

Bowen was one of a number of Provincetown artists whose work I got to know in the months and years since that 1988 visit. I particularly came to admire the work of Richard Baker, Polly Burnell, Pat de Groot and Jim Forsberg. I had the feeling from these artists, and others, that Paul Bowen was the most important of the "younger" sculptors now working in Provincetown.

At first I was put off by the driftwood and found-object aspects of his work. In seaside resorts there are many second-rate artists making third-rate objects out of things picked up on the beach. But I found an appealingly poetic handmade, craft-anti-craft aspect to his work. His sculptures have a pictorial, chromatic complexity that reflects his knowledge of painting. His training as a painter is also reflected in his drawings, which can be both realistic and mystical.

In the summer of 1989 I bought two of Bowen's sculptures and a drawing. The larger of the two sculptures had no title, although Paul's letter of July 10, 1989, suggests the "name" "Open Heart":

Incidentally, the provisional title (I prefer *name* over title) was "Open Heart" but that sounds a bit sentimental. Sometimes I give work simple Welsh names. I may do that with this one. Actually, I think "Open Heart" would be "Calon Lan"—the name of a famous and very popular hymn. In the sculpture the black cowl or covering—which is stretched over the wooden ribs—is turned to the wall, "exposing itself." That form and technique (tarred cloth over wood) I used years ago, in about 1975, I think. I was making "boat" sculptures. The Welsh *coracle* and Irish *curragh* are traditionally made of tarred canvas and wood frames. Both boats are ancient. I've loved them since I was a boy.

I read everything I could find on these traditional boats. I found them most interesting. (My two loves—art and history!) A few months later, at the Jack Shainman Gallery in New York, I saw one of Paul's early (1978) boat sculptures, a shell-like form called "Curled Curragh." It was a wonderful object and I immediately made arrangements to buy it.

I enjoyed living with Bowen's sculptures so much that I thought of having him do a commission for a space in our house which I had tried for two decades to fill without much success. I have found com-

missions chancy. In my almost 50 years of collecting I have commissioned work only three times. The results varied. Two were satisfactory, but a bit unsatisfying. However, one commission, a wall sculpture Claes Oldenburg made for me in 1961, remains first rate—a brilliantly painted plaster *Sandwich*, an early pop art icon, possibly a masterpiece.

I approached Paul about a commission with some trepidation. I wanted him to make a piece for the fireplace wall of our family room. The space above the fireplace opening was about four by seven feet. Over the years I had hung a number of objects in the space, but had found nothing that was completely satisfactory. Early in the 1970s I had talked to Richard Stankiewicz about a piece for the space and, although he agreed and presented a couple of ideas, nothing was ever made. I had also talked to Ellsworth Kelly and he seemed interested, but nothing ever came of that either.

Paul had started the sculpture in mid-1990. I heard about it from others who had seen it, but since it was not finished, I put off going to Provincetown. After waiting several months, curiosity got the better of me. I visited Paul's studio to see the work in its unfinished state. He was not particularly anxious to show it to me. I tried to make no judgment. A couple of months later, I saw it again. Changes in the piece made it look better to both of us, but we agreed it was still unfinished. A few weeks later I talked to Paul on the phone and he told me of a major change in the piece, which he was very enthusiastic about.

The progress involved a series of changes and inspirations, some of which happened easily and quickly, and others with difficulty over a period of time. I admired Bowen's insistence on the absolute integrity of the work, his clear sense of "rightness," his fear of cuteness, and his reticent sense of beauty.

When I saw the finished sculpture early in May, 1991, I was astonished. It was so much more complex. Many will find it difficult, with its battered pieces of wood and odd, asymmetrical composition. To me, it is very beautiful, formally satisfying and filled with references to the sea and wind-battered seashore shacks. I look forward to living with it. ■

CHARLES CARPENTER, a former vice-president of a Fortune 500 company, is the author of three books on decorative arts, including *The Decorative Arts and Crafts of Nantucket* (Dodd, Mead). He has been collecting contemporary art for over 40 years.

From a Collector's Journal

by Charles Carpenter

Left: "Open Heart," 1987
wood, cloth and tar
35 x 19 x 9

Right: "Curled Curragh," 1977
wood, cloth and tar
28 x 25 x 9

Below: Untitled, 1990-91
wood and tar
41 x 53 x 18½





MIRA SCHOR

on shoestring publishing, feminist phallic power and gender revenge

I started *M/E/A/N/I/N/G*, a journal of contemporary art issues, in 1986 with Susan Bee, my co-editor. We had come back to New York City from a summer in Provincetown and felt more than usually repelled by the prospect of re-entering the art world. And it seemed that everyone we knew felt the same way. By the mid '80s the art world was completely overtaken by its forms of Reaganism. There was a totally materialistic atmosphere; it was the height of Neo-Expressionism and Neo-Geo; a cool, ironic, media- and language-oriented "postfeminism" had overtaken the feminist ideas we'd been involved with. There seemed to be a sudden invasion of theory into the language of art criticism. Many artists, particularly artists who had come of age in the late '60s and early '70s, felt excluded and estranged by this approach to art making and art writing. At this time I retooled myself, schooled myself in the language of theory in order not to feel intimidated and victimized by it. I began to write, just for myself at first.

My first essay was on the depiction of women in the work of David Salle. I went to school with him at the California Institute of the Arts. In fact I was on his graduate admissions committee! I can't remember if I voted for him, but I think so. Obviously, he got in.

I was in the Feminist Art Program at Cal-Arts, run by Miriam Schapiro and Judy Chicago. It was the first of its kind in the country, and, looking back, I realize that it was not just boot camp for feminists, which is what I've always called it, but also a leadership training program if one wanted to take it that way. We received focused political training within an art framework. It set me on a path of trying to intervene, first, into the way visual art is taught.

Mira Schor: *Bridging the Gap*, 1989

40" x 112", oil on canvas



Recently I've gone back over some of my experiences as a student and a teacher to write about gender abuses in teaching ("Authority and Learning," M/E/A/N/I/N/G # 8, November 1990).

I'm also interested in studying the way art history is written, and women and artists of color written out of it. Since Salle was at CalArts at that time, I knew that the way he depicted women in his paintings was not accidental or unconscious, that he was perfectly aware of how his works could be read, and that there was an element of gender revenge, in his work, against feminism. I was outraged by Salle's work and a lot of people I knew felt the same way, but we couldn't find our views anyplace, so I began to write about it. That essay took about two years and was a real learning experience in writing.

It had a long dossier of rejection. Journals either wanted the more typical "balanced" article: "some people say this but others say that," or journals such as *October*, for example, who didn't like Salle any more than I did, didn't approve of my point of view and my methods. I wasn't very theoretical and I was more annoyed at content than media: in other words, the problem for me was *what* he was doing, not that he was doing it in painting. For *October* it was more offensive that he was painting.

Well, it is taking me as long to tell this part of the story about starting M/E/A/N/I/N/G as it did to write the essay. Susan and her husband Charles Bernstein, who is a poet, both encouraged me to write and then tried to help me get the essay published. They both have a lot of experience with publishing. Charles was one of the editors of L=A=N=G=U=A=G=E and Susan has had experience in every aspect of book production, from proofreading to copy-editing to book design. She is a painter and, just as I've supported myself mostly through teaching and various labor-intensive, non-remunerative activities, that is how she supported herself. At first, Charles suggested that I put out the essay as a pamphlet; he said that was a time-honored format, but I had this vision of myself handing out hate literature at the corner of Canal Street and West Broadway so I didn't do it.

Susan and I met in Provincetown when we were children. Our parents, who are all artists, knew each other. We met again as adults in the mid '70s in Provincetown. Her parents, Sigmund and Miriam Laufer, stayed at the Windswept Inn, and my mother, Resia Schor, had bought a house on Anthony Street, so we used the same beach. We made friends over a book on Arthur

Dove. In a sense, M/E/A/N/I/N/G was hatched on various Cape beaches. Finally that fall of '86 we had lunch at Magoos in New York and said let's do it. In two months we put out our first issue. That was five years ago and our 10th issue will come out in November.

We try to return the discourse on art to considerations of the art object, to have language flow from the object rather than have the object be an illustration of a theory. We can't afford reproductions, but that has turned into an advantage, because the writer has to really attend to the art object, and the reader has to pay attention to the text, instead of just checking out the ads and pictures the way one does with the glossy art magazines. We also want to return art criticism to the hands of visual artists. We've tried to provide a forum for voices and ideas not heard in mainstream art magazines. My

through the samizdat system of xeroxing.

It has been both difficult and energizing to do M/E/A/N/I/N/G. The real difficulty is in doing everything else that I have to do to make ends meet. I teach, give lectures, write articles on art, and, occasionally, proofread. M/E/A/N/I/N/G is a part-time job for which I don't get paid. But I feel my painting has developed synergistically with my writing. Just as M/E/A/N/I/N/G was my way of reaching out to my community, my work has become more connected to a large discourse within the art world, and more accessible, although perhaps more disturbing also.

I'm not all that militant. But I won't say that something is black when it's white. Or I won't say anything, but I won't lie. My work says to patriarchal culture, "I see you." It is really simple, but apparently threatening to some. Right now I'm working on a

Regardless of one's age or degree of knowledge or personal authority, the role "teacher" gives power. Abuse follows. Some of the abuses of authority which I found as an art student, and which I have seen and heard of being perpetuated to this day, can loosely be grouped under the category of gender abuse, with a gendered imprint, as well as actual gendered narratives and players.

— from *Authority and Learning*
M/E/A/N/I/N/G # 8, November 1990

ideal is for visual artists to extend themselves beyond their own work to engage with other art works and broader issues, which relate to their work of course. That is what I've tried to do myself.

We do most of the production ourselves, without a staff. M/E/A/N/I/N/G gives meaning to the term *shoestring* (we're partially funded by The New York State Council on the Arts). Unfortunately, we can't pay our writers. But we do provide a forum for ideas which don't fit into market-oriented magazines, so people have responded warmly. We immediately felt we had answered a need and we get a very gratifying response from our relatively small but devoted readership. M/E/A/N/I/N/G is used a lot by art teachers, particularly at the level of senior and graduate seminars, and it gets circulated

large work influenced by images from the Gulf War, adapting the sexualized images I've been working with to deal with endless, self-perpetuating aggression. I'm working in modular sections and the work will be long and narrow, like a frieze which optimally would go around a room without a break, representing totally circular militarism.

I hear that some people think I'm one of the Guerrilla Girls. People think that because I wrote about them in *Artforum* and was on one of their posters, along with 499 other women artists! Since their identities are secret, even if I told *Provincetown Arts* that I was, I could be lying, and if I say I'm not, I could really be. But I'm not. It's great to be thought of as a Guerrilla Girl, without actually having to go out in the middle of the night with a glue pot, dodging guards in SoHo.

I love Provincetown; it is integral to my

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Larry Gagosian	0	0
Gemini G.E.L.	2	1
Marian Goodman	2	0
Jay Gorney	2	—*
Hirschl & Adler Modern	1	0
Kent	1	0
Knoedler	1	0
Koury Wingate	1	0
David McKee	1	0
Pace	3	1
Tony Shafrazi	0	1
Holly Solomon	3	1
Sperone Westwater	1	1
Stux	0	1

SOURCE: ART IN AMERICA ANNUAL 1990-91

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aesthetic in terms of color and texture, and I treasure the time I have here to paint, read, and write, uninterrupted. I remember the art scene here in the '50s and early '60s very vividly, although I was a child. I can still visualize Friday nights in the late '50s, with openings up and down Commercial Street. My father, Ilya Schor, showed at the HCE gallery, so I particularly remember Nat Halper. We lived next door to Henry Rothman when we first came here. He was such a type, a true bohemian. I miss seeing them walking down the street. And of course I miss Jack Tworokov tremendously. This was really an art colony in the sense that the people who came here for the summer were active participants in the art community in New York. There was a living link to the broader art world: Hans Hofmann is a genuinely important part of the history of American art and he attracted interesting students; Jack was one of the original abstract expressionists, and he was the chairman of the Art Department at the Yale School of Art & Architecture in the '60s. Red Grooms and Mimi Gross, Jim Dine, Alan Kaprow, and other pop and happenings artists worked here.

This continuity with a broader art activity has been eroded, partly because younger artists can't afford to come here now since Provincetown has been condominiumized. The only way I can be here is because I spend my summers with my mother. It is perhaps an unusual choice on my part, but it suits both our needs. When my sister Naomi isn't upstairs writing at her desk looking out on the bay, I write there, and I paint in a small room with starched organdy curtains which I love. My mother works downstairs.

Yet being an artist who loves Provincetown and either lives or summers here is somehow different from being a "Provincetown artist" and isolating oneself from the broader art scene. I'm not talking about careers but about ideas. I haven't found enough people who are involved in the issues which engage me at the moment: the status of painting at a time when other media predominate, the role of language in the visual arts, problems of racism, sexism, and censorship. But in a sense, in the summer, school is out for all of us, and I live for the cool swim in the bay at twilight after a rainstorm.

My parents came to America in 1941. As a result of their traumatic displacement from Europe, I crave roots and continuity. I was born in New York and I imprinted on Provincetown in my childhood. Put together, these two different environments have framed the tempo of my inner life, and one tempers the other. ■

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MEN IMAGINING WOMEN

by Christopher Busa



Each October for 17 years, a group of men who enjoy dressing as women have appeared in Provincetown. They have come to spend more than a week attending Fantasia Fair, where they are encouraged to explore a need to cross a social boundary, the gender line. One may be a dentist from Virginia, another an airline pilot from Texas. Some arrive with their wives. They stay in a dozen small inns and guest houses scattered within walking distance of the center of town. They attend morning workshops in voice training or cosmetic application. They make many appointments at the beauty salons. After lunch at local restaurants, they listen to guest speakers discoursing on legal, sociological, and psychological aspects of crossdressing. They go whale watching, have pyjama parties, or practice the song or dance they will perform in the Fan Fair Follies, later in the week. They spend hours dressing for dinner. After dinner, they gather again for the evening's major event, such as the Fashion Show staged over the years in various discos or meeting halls, none of which are ever large enough to accommodate the overflowing crowds that come to share in the program, which is appreciated by the people of Provincetown for a theatrical quality that is both hilarious and heartbreaking.

But crossdressing differs crucially from acting. An actor, playing the part of an old man, may appear more convincing if he presents himself paradoxically as an old man who tries to act young. The old do not try to be old. They are old. Rather they will try to appear younger than they are, revealing their true age in their effort to deny it. Another actor, playing the part of a drunk, will likewise be more convincing if he or she attempts to mimic sobriety, trying to walk a straight line and to speak without slurring the words, rather than lurching wildly about and speaking without any effort to be clear. Drunks do not try to be drunk. They are drunk. Instead they reveal their intoxication by their failed attempts to appear sober. In social life, rather than in a play on a public stage, we do not applaud when someone appears as wonderfully other than they are. If the act is effective, we do not notice. In social life the act that passes scrutiny, the very proof of verisimilitude, cannot be praised for its performance, since it is performed invisibly.

According to Ari Kane, a founder of Fantasia Fair and a therapist concerned with transforming gender conflicts into "pathways to gender euphoria," the majority of males who crossdress in this country are extremely

When men dress as women, they challenge the basic social rule that says our appearance should correlate with our private parts.



Crossdressing may not be a measure of femininity but it is a measure of how much you wish to look, as a male, at the feminine inside you.

secretive. They may wear pantyhose under the male clothes they wear to work and they may parade before a mirror at home on the weekend, but they will do so alone, often followed by harsh and self-destructive guilt. Entire wardrobes have been purged, then a week or a year later new clothes are purchased. The group that comes to Provincetown has said "not this week!" Fantasia Fair is the occasion for a release from the enigma of crossdressing, a suspension from the stigma of pathology, and a sharing of secrets within a supportive community. Ari, who prefers to be called by his first name, adopted the term "paraculture" by way of describing a concept of group identity aimed at building pride and self-esteem through achievements within that group. Though few male crossdressers may develop the inwardness of a natural woman, Ari's contribution has been to introduce the concept of the well adjusted crossdresser, urging us to reflect on the fact that "some males cannot be masculine and some females cannot be feminine."

Ari, also known as Ariadne when he is crossdressed, says that he looks best in the colors of winter, and he prefers to wear blacks, grays, and whites, with accents of vivid cranberry or icy violet. He used to wear three-piece suits as Ari and dresses as Ariadne, but now he usually wears a jacket with a turtleneck, loose flowing pants, and low heels or flats. He has discovered for himself that masculinity and femininity are qualities which each sex possesses in different degrees, but not exclusively. "I used to find that when I was in a crossdressed mode, my eating habits would change. I would masticate more. I would take smaller bites. I would eat less. My walk would be different. I don't know why. I used to separate these modes, but now of course I'm blended. Fifteen years ago I couldn't have said that, but I see now that it is the destiny of culture to androgynize itself."

His name is derived from the Greek princess who fell in love with Theseus, the warrior slave prince from Athens who could dance on the horns of the Cretan bulls. Ariadne helped Theseus kill the Minotaur, striking at the source of power of the Minoan civilization, and escape. In the spirit of this enduring myth, Ari conducts his professional practice in Brookline, MA, and Augusta, ME, under the name Theseus Counseling Services.

Last year I attended the Fashion Show with a fashion stylist from *Mademoiselle*. Enveloped by booming music pierced by hoots and whistles, through bits of colored light darting from rotating globes overhead, faceted

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with many small mirrors, we watched a parade of daywear, evening wear, and executive wear, the most elegant of which was a pinstriped suit from Christian Dior, with a short skirt and high-heeled pumps, a white blouse, wig, and long, shoulder-duster earrings. My companion, who herself enjoyed wearing cowboy boots with high heels or adaptations of sailor's outfits from time to time, appreciated this suit as the show's single expression of masculinity. For the rest, she felt the costumes were oversaturated with femininity. The red red lips of the crossdressers were too red. Their wigs were too wild. They wobbled on heels too high. They wore too many accessories. She pointed out that for the collections she was used to seeing, not haute couture, but Lagerfeld or Jeannie McCade, there is always a mix of the feminine and the masculine, where everything is understated while one element will be very strong. A delicate model with a boyish haircut will wear pants sewn from a flowing feminine fabric.

Is it now fashionable to be masculine, I wondered, just as the crossdressers were adopting the retro styles of their own mothers, so popular during the 50s? I confessed to Ari that I felt today's women seemed far more effective and natural in adopting men's styles than the men were in adopting women's styles. He agreed. "When you see women who are looking like young men, you get sort of visually upended. They are really expressing the masculine part of themselves, but it's them, not some caricature, some facsimile of masculinity.

"Now I maintain that naturalness is coming to males. The males that we are dealing with at this point are still back in the early phase where they are so overwhelmed by the idea that they can go out in public and be the person they've always felt themselves to be. They can't help but be immature, like girls coming out at adolescence. We can say that most crossdressers, particularly the males, are adolescent in their perceptions. Some men have already started this incredible path to personal growth, redefining themselves in images that may reflect old stereotypes, but certainly will have elements of the new. What American culture always overlooks is that women are second class citizens. They can change their style and nobody really cares. Yet when you, Mr. Male, decide to become a look-alike for Marilyn Monroe, or some other feminine symbol, you play into the notion of the female sex object, and that is a no-no for a good number of women today."

When men dress as women, they challenge the basic social rule that says our

appearance should correlate with our private parts. Crossdressing is not illegal. On the contrary, it is true that crossdressers are often reactionary in the style of women's dress they choose to wear, offending natural women who are conscious of the distance they have traveled from their own mothers at the same age. But in returning to the first and fundamental question asked about a new baby—"Is it a boy or a girl?"—crossdressing invites us to examine radically the idea that gender may be independent of our anatomical sex. Crossdressing may not be a measure of femininity, but it is a measure of how much you wish to look, as a male, at the feminine inside you.

The following conversations offer a glimpse into the lives of two people, one a transgenderist who lives full time as a woman without seeking surgery, the other a "new woman" who has had the surgery and is now living full time as a woman. Each has explored in depth her feminine gender preference. I wish to thank them for their courage in speaking openly about their private lives. Those readers seeking further information may contact the organizers of Fantasia Fair at The Human Outreach and Achievement Institute, 405 Western Avenue, Suite 345, South Portland, ME 04106.

Cheryl

"I make a better man as a woman than I did as a man." — *Dustin Hoffman in Tootsie*

Following a late afternoon medical workshop attended by about 25 crossdressers, I sat in the corner of the Flagship restaurant, nursing an Irish whiskey and waiting to talk with Cheryl Thompson. The workshop,



which I had just attended, stressed that, despite theories and studies, we know as little about why a person likes crossdressing as we know why a person likes playing golf. One of the panelists, a psychiatrist from California who was appearing crossdressed in public for only the third time in his life, offered the opinion that the American Psychiatric Association's authoritative diagnostic manual of mental disorders, and especially the pages that deal with the "disorder" of transvestism, "was written by a bunch of psychiatrists drunk at a bar." It was now cocktail hour, and his words came back to me with the memory of many-colored wigs shaking with laughter. Cheryl arrived in a rush, then calmly sat down and ordered white wine for herself.

May I ask a lady her age?

I'm actually 47, but no one can guess. I can win a kewpie doll at any fair where they try to guess your age. I usually come in around 35. That's a trait I inherited from my father. He does not look his age.

When did you start crossdressing?

When I was very young. When I got into my 40s, that was not enough. I finally got to the point where I said I had to stop fooling myself, stop lying to myself, and become a woman.

Are you thinking about surgery?

That's the ultimate. You can transition without sex reassignment surgery. I'm transitioning right now. I have no male clothes. I live as a woman. I am Cheryl on my Social Security card, and my other identification.

Would you like to become pregnant?

I'd love it. One of my fantasies is to have a baby. It's possible to implant an embryo in the stomach wall. Breasts develop with hormones and you can nurse a baby, but still you don't have all the plumbing.

When you form a romantic relationship, is it with another woman?

Could be. It could be a man. I'm kind of in relationships with both at this time.

Is this typical?

It's not unusual for someone who goes all the way to sexual reassignment to fall into the gay women's community. Some of my woman friends who have known me before find it strange that I would consider a



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woman as a companion, after I had been male, and now was a woman. Why would I now look still at women? Why wouldn't I automatically flip over and look at men?

That's a good question. Why?

If you are brought up with women as partners, that doesn't automatically change just because you decided to change your gender. Once they've had surgery, some transsexuals get married to men. Others fall into the lesbian community. The bisexuals dabble on either side.

Are you close to the gay community?

Four years ago I wouldn't have associated with a homosexual. I didn't consider myself homosexual and I was afraid. Then I came here. I discovered they are people too, like me. The guest house owners are really lovely about this. There are a lot of similarities between homosexuals and crossdressers in that both have struggled so tremendously to endure. We're here for the freedom. The Fair started primarily because the community here allowed us freedom of expression. The gay bars are obvious choices for the crossdressers because they are considered safe havens.

Have you lost your homophobia?

I still would not have a male to male relationship. I want to be a woman. I did not want a homosexual relationship. I still don't. I wouldn't go to bed with a man to have a homosexual relationship. He has to treat me as a woman, or we won't go to bed.

You don't think of that as a homosexual relationship?

No, for me that is not a homosexual relationship.

Biologically, it's two men together.

If he were manipulating my genitals as a man would a man, I would be naive. I really have no idea of how men treat men. But I wouldn't allow him to touch me between my legs, to be frank about it.

Does this frustrate you?

I was involved with another person whom I really loved. Although we treated each other as women, we came to a confusion about whether what we were doing was homosexual or not. We both went in opposite directions to talk to people whom we

thought would help us understand. She went to her psychiatrist. I happened to be here in Provincetown on a negotiation trip for the Fair and I went to one of the guest house owners whom I knew well. I said, "You're gay, and I've never been. I have no idea what it's like." He told me that we were only confused about what label to put on it. We decided we didn't need a label. There probably wasn't a label. Although I don't think I demand any more than another woman does, I always have this little hangup, which I could dwell on.

What is that?

It's Cheryl handling a partner's genitals while being biologically a man. That's always at the back of my mind. It's inhibiting. Maybe I would like to take it further, but I know I can't. I am afraid that fondling will create a homosexual desire, so I absolutely refrain.

There seems to be a lot of self-sacrifice in your transition.

Tremendous self-sacrifice. Immense. ■

Gwyn

"Marilyn Monroe was a female impersonator. We all trained to be female impersonators."

— Gloria Steinem

On a sunny morning, Gwyneth Hannaford, recovering from recent sex reassignment surgery, met me in an interior garden of a Carver Street guest house where several other girls from the Fair were milling about.



She led me up a narrow staircase to a pleasant white room. We sat on pillows at opposite ends of the bed, sipping water while talking.

You're post-operative. What term shall we use?

The new term is new woman. It can apply to anyone living full time as a woman. We used to separate ourselves: transvestites, transgenderists who were sitting on a fence while they refrained from surgery, transsexuals like myself. It's been 10 weeks since my surgery. It still gets a little sore on some of the hard chairs around here.

It's the chance of a lifetime to pick your own name. How did you chose Gwyn?

I read it in a book about a Celtic woman who sprang from a village closed off to normal human penetration. It means the woman from nowhere.

Where do you live?

In a small town in Maine. I grew up in the same town where I now work.

What is your job?

I'm a nuclear engineer at a ship yard.

Please tell me how you broke the news at work.

Word spread like wildfire at the office. My hair was growing longer. I had it permed. At Christmastime I had my ears pierced. I had a lot of facial hair, horrible and black and hard to cover, even now with lots of electrolysis. I'm going to have more, and get my voice done. Once the word leaked out, it seemed everybody knew the same day.

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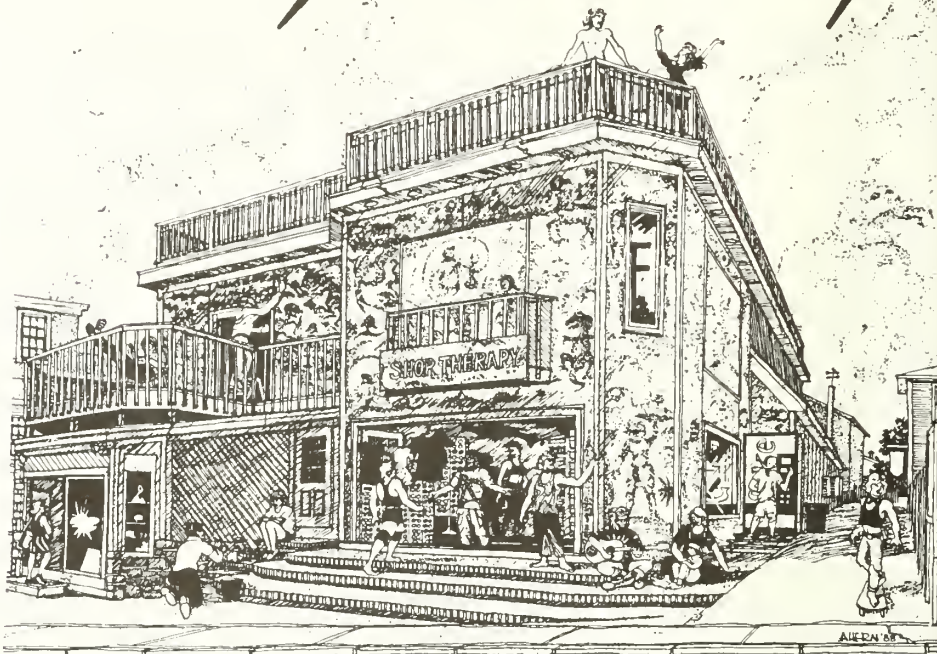
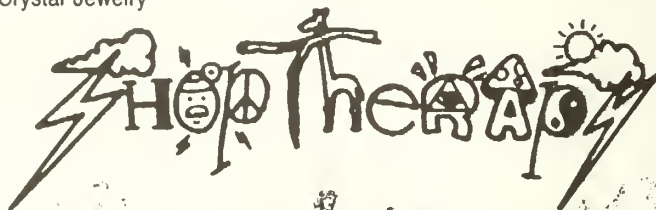
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They mulled it over for a few weeks, then asked me what my plans were. I said I would dress like all the other woman engineers in the office, in jeans and blouses, no skirts: clothing that lets you climb aboard a nuclear-powered naval vessel. I was doing more ship work then, I'm now doing more work in the office.

Are you a feminist?

I've always been for women's rights, though all the other women at work want to be like the guys. They are not good role models for me.

Sexually, do you prefer men or women?

My preference is still women. That confuses a lot of people who ask why I changed sex to go out with a woman. Lately I've been looking at all those hunks that walk by and wondering what it feels like with a man.

Do your senses your urges are nebulous but strong.

It's inside and very hard to describe and get hold of. But it's there. I'm mechanically oriented, unfortunately. Inside me there is a hard wire that connected me to Woman. You mess your life up to fight it. Psychotherapy hasn't been successful. We couldn't cure homosexuality, and we can't cure this. A lot of this shows up in your teens when you become self-aware. We don't know what causes it. For me, it wasn't sexual.

Do people say to you, "You're so brave."

It is hard to sort that out. There was passion of real need. My physical body that came to me from the outside world was matched by all that cultural Man Stuff I had previously picked up. I had to swim across that river of necessity.

Are you familiar with the reverse operation, female to male?

When I was in Brussels for my own operation, I met one going the other way. A French boy. He came in for complete breast removal. To go further is a much more difficult procedure. For my surgery, male to female, you have some penile tissue to build a vagina. But going the other way, there is no erectile tissue to build from, there is no urethra to extend. If you're lucky, after surgery, you can stand up and urinate. That's considered successful. There are many experimental procedures, implanting little balloons and pumps, which of course require more surgery. On the other hand, go

ing female to male, they get better results from drugs and hormones. Their facial hair grows, hair grows on their chest, their muscles bulk up. Their voice drops. These things are easier up front, but the final part, that's much more difficult.

It would be wonderful if they could do organ transplants.

It would. It would.

You could have donated yours.

We talked about that at the office. With transplants you have to take a tabletop of drugs to compensate for the rejection. The ovarian tissue is so tender. You might be able to keep a uterus, but you lose fallopian tubes, both ovaries. All the sensitive stuff would be damaged either by rejection or the drugs you have to take against rejection.

Do you live alone?

My family lives near me, but my life is alone. I'm 38. I have a single person house. Before, I would go out and project this person from outside, the woman they were expecting, through makeup and other assistance, which didn't match what was underneath. I found that dishonest, a deep lie.

Many of the crossdressers are quite attractive.

Absolutely.

They say no crossdresser can pass in Provincetown. But I've been fooled. Nothing is more shocking than for a heterosexual male to realize he's been titillated by another male. What is one way a crossdresser might show compassion for someone like me?

If you're in a funny mood, you might drop your voice. That'll take care of a lot of situations.

Of course our culture does not accept facial hair on women, does it?

That's why we make good clients for electrolysis. When you get your face done, you can move to other parts that are still fuzzy. Between waxing and estrogen, my hands have gotten better. My stomach hair has shut down, but the older hairs further up the chest have not shut down.

Do you go to the beach?

I'm closer to going.

That must make you feel good.

Oh, it does. My first trip here I had everything covered: skirts down to my ankles, boots up to my knees, long sleeved shirts no matter how hot it was. Now, on a hot day, I wear tank tops. What a relief.

I notice you're swallowing. Is that from another operation?

Yes. I've been using my surgically corrected voice all week, and it's starting to wear out. I sip a lot of water because it gets raspy and tight, especially when I'm excited. My voice was so low, I could not train it. That deep male rumble that starts inside, that came out, and now it's gone. There are no more questions over the phone about miss or mister. The classic male fear of losing your voice along with your testicles is wrong. At puberty your voice drops, and once it drops, that's it. Estrogen doesn't touch the voice.

Do you have a womanly desire to have children?

If you talk to a woman who has had a child, they tell you it was the most awful thing. But I would love to become pregnant. Maybe I am carrying over a male mysticism, which is one of the things I get accused of by other women. Some women tell me that I haven't paid my monthly dues. Menstruation is a big thing to them. But they don't dump on women who are through menopause. I've paid other dues, mental and physical pain and a miserable life up till now.

If you are to have a child, you'll have to use some frozen sperm from the past. Do you have any of that?

No, I don't. I thought about doing it, I really did.

Will you share with us your perspective on the difference between a man and a woman?

You are a man or woman in your head, and you may adjust your body to match that image in your head. That's what I've done. It's like having your hand rebuilt that was born deformed. You know you are a human being whether or not your hand was complete. ■

Photographs by Mariette Pathy Allen, who has been involved with the gender community for over 13 years as a photographer, interviewer, spokesperson, and friend. Her book, *Transformations: Crossdressers and Those Who Love Them* (E. P. Dutton), presents crossdressers and their families and friends in the daylight of everyday life.

MEN

just wanna be *girls*



by Sarah Randolph • Photographs by Carlotta Junger

Clicking high heels, staccato against the piping of falsetto voices. Banners of perfume, making my nose itch. A sea of shining wigs bobbing above my head. I found myself at Fantasia Fair's "town and gown" supper.

Sitting down at a paper-covered table, I sawed away at the limp turkey with a plastic knife to cover my shyness. I needn't have worried. Right away a woman introduced herself, and, as if she heard all my unspoken questions, began talking. She told me she was a transsexual, postoperative and living as a woman.

"After the operation I went out and slept with a man, but I didn't like it. Now I have a vagina, but I've found that I don't enjoy vaginal sex. So we worked out other things to do." Her lover, sitting across the table, was a crossdresser who went to work as a man, but wore women's clothes at home.

I was awed by her candor. By now I had forgotten my turkey and was really looking at her. She was quite striking, blond hair in a flip, bright red dress, a feminine, if square-jawed, face. She sat back in her chair in a confident attitude, legs crossed.

Then she leaned towards me and asked, "Are you a lesbian because you want to be a man?" I was shocked—in my post-radical feminist community, that kind of idea was unthinkable.

"No!" I said, amazed. "Do you know a lot of lesbians who want to be men?"

"Half the people at my trans-gender clinic are female to male," she said, "and most of those have been lesbians."

I blinked. In fact the two lesbians next to me, in the spirit of play or seriousness, were dressed as men.

The world in which there are two sexes, male and female, was drifting away. Suddenly I was in a realm where sex (biological) was detached from gender (cultural) and either subject to change. A world where sexual preference was completely unpredictable.



I helped clear away the paper plates, collecting the lipstick-marked plastic cups, looking down at my hands—small, plain, short-nailed—with curiosity. In this world of silky blouses, knotted scarves and big jewelry, my ordinary clothes, a loose fitting knit shirt and cotton pants, had begun to seem strange to me.

After dinner there was a panel discussion. When I heard the announced topic “What It Means to Be a Woman” I felt a shiver of trepidation. I wasn’t sure I wanted a group of men to tell me what it meant to be a woman.

There were women on the panel too, though. A crossdresser’s wife stood up in her shiny lady’s dress, her brunette hair styled in short curls, like many of the wigs around the room. I was starting to get double vision—what was a woman, anyway? Me, her, or a man wearing her clothes? She said she looked at her husband’s “dressing” as a hobby, that she didn’t know how else to cope with it.



After her was a young gay man who worked as a female impersonator. He sat forward on the metal folding chair in a slinky sequined gown, occasionally bringing a hand up to touch his bouffant hairdo—it must have been a wig, but you wouldn’t know it. He told us that he had been working at Bradlees as a girl for a few weeks, to see if he could get away with it. No problem, I thought, he’d probably have an easier time passing than me. I remembered the time when my hair was really short and shopkeepers called me “sir.”

A crossdresser got up, tall even in his sensible pumps, smoothed his tweedy skirt and told us he had a good job in insurance, and that none of his friends knew he “dressed”—they all see him as a pillar of the community. Once a year he vacations at Fantasia Fair, then puts away his women’s clothes and goes back to life in the Midwest. Even in his slightly skewed wig he spoke like someone used to society’s privilege, a wealthy white man. I had to struggle to



remember that just being here was a risk.

After the panel there was time for discussion. Several men rose and talked about why they “dressed.” It seemed they underwent a personality change when they put on women’s clothes, they were able to be more nurturing, more caring, more emotional.

A woman said, “When my husband puts on women’s clothes he becomes my best friend. We talk, we go shopping, we have a wonderful time. If this is what I have to do to have my best friend for one week out of the year, well, I’ll do it.” *One week out of the year!* I thought.

One of the lesbians who had sat next to me at dinner stood up in her tuxedo and said, “Women have fought so they don’t have to wear girdles and high heels like our mothers and grandmothers—why don’t you dress like women dress today?”

There was a murmuring. Then an older crossdresser got to his feet, and he could have been my grandmother—the same powdery white makeup, penciled eyebrows,

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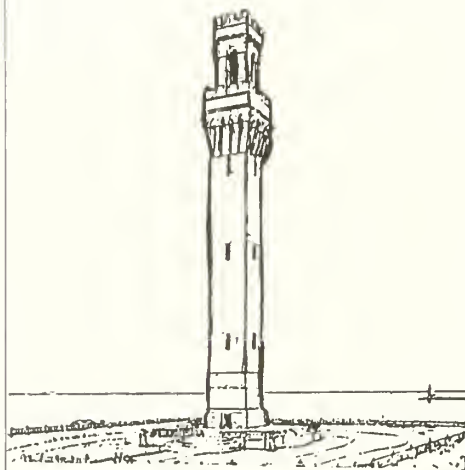
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grey and white curls. He replied that historically women have been constricted; kept at home and prevented from going into the world. Therefore women want to wear less restrictive clothing, to have more freedom. Men on the other hand have always had to act, to take care of things, to bring home the bacon. Men need constricting clothes like high heels and girdles to help them explore a different role, to be taken care of, to be passive.

It is easy for me to sympathize with deep, unnamable desires. That's why, I think, I found the transsexuals I met so moving, their immense and open yearning. It would be easy for me to sympathize with someone who told me they wore women's clothing because they felt moved to, because they had to, even because it turned them on.

It's when crossdressers say they want to be more like women that I find myself suspicious and angry. Wearing high heels may help men imagine themselves differently, but it won't help them understand women. The place to look for what women are isn't in fashion but in women themselves, in women's lives, women's art and literature, women's dreams, sorrows, and aspirations.

The people I met at Fantasia Fair have transformed the way I see gender. I don't think I'll be able to look at anyone as simply male or female again. I'm no longer even sure I know what those words mean. But I do know that much of what I love in women was not yet in the men I met "en femme."

I want to say: If there is a woman within you, think twice before you confine her to high heels, or make her simpler and preen. Don't just take her shopping! She can't grow into a whole person until you let her have a full range of experience. Let that woman be strong, let her be angry sometimes, let her learn about the ways women have endured and what they have to give. Look at the women around you. Love them. Love all of the woman in yourself. ■

SARAH RANDOLPH's poetry has appeared in *Yellow Silk*, *American Poetry Review*, and *Provincetown Arts*. In 1988 she received a Massachusetts Artists Fellowship in poetry.

CARLOTTA JUNGER is a graduate of Wesleyan University now living in London, where she works with photographer Michael Woods. She has other photographic work forthcoming in *American Heritage*.

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PARIS IS BURNING is my first film, of any length, in any genre. It's a 78-minute documentary about gay Black and Latino men who belong to clubs or gangs called "Houses," usually named after fashion designers and media images. Rival Houses compete for trophies and cash at fashion balls in Harlem. Many enact the dance "voguing," recently popularized by Madonna, but which originated in this minority subculture.

When I moved to New York in 1985, I was two years out of college with a background in photography, painting, and literature. While taking a summer film production class at NYU, I met some voguers in Washington Square Park. They were yelling things like "Saks Fifth Avenue mannequin!" and "Butch Queen in Drag!" I liked the way they danced. They told me if I really wanted to see voguing, I should go to a ball. Two weeks later, my friend Jim and I went to our first ball. I filmed it with a wind-up Bolex that NYU lent me and black and white reversal sound, and Jim took sound. In all, we shot 70 hours of film. — Jennie Livingston

GLOSSARY OF VOGUING TERMINOLOGY

Ball: a type of fashion show originating in Harlem, where minority men and women compete for trophies in a variety of categories.

Children: the younger ball-walkers, or members of a House.

House: an organization of ball-walkers, a gay street gang. Houses can be named after a designer, as in House of Chanel; after a House founder or Mother, as in House of Labelija; or simply for impact, as in House of Ninja. Houses provide support for the ball-walkers in preparing for competition, and serve as surrogate families for younger members who are orphaned or rejected by their families.

Mother: a leader, often a founder, of a House. Mothers must be talented, popular, hard-working, wise and compassionate. A Mother acts as surrogate parent to her Children both in and out of competition.

Reading: the act of verbally abusing, criticizing and humiliating a competitor or rival in a witty and stylish manner; having a "reading session."

Realness: in ball categories, the ability to pass as something you are not, as in poor for rich, male for female, gay for straight. In life, Realness can be a matter of survival, as in passing for straight to avoid homophobic violence.

Shade: Verbal abuse, criticism and humiliation of a competitor or rival in vicious, direct terms, also "throwing shade."

Voguing: a ball category in which dancers recreate the poses of models, integrating acrobatic moves and complex expressive gestures. Also named for the magazine.

Walk: to compete, as to "walk a ball." Walking the balls is to House Children what street fighting is to gangs.



PARIS

by Catherine Bush

Jennie Livingston would probably never have predicted the success of her documentary, *Paris Is Burning*, about the black and Latino drag balls of Harlem—but it *has* been a success, both on the film festival circuit and in commercial theatres.

Drag is not exactly the word for the balls, though. They're competitions in which contestants, primarily but not exclusively gay men, compete in a range of categories which often are only slightly heightened versions of images that mainstream culture thrusts at all of us. The point is to be as real as possible, to become, in the same exquisite instant, both visible and invisible, to pass as what you dream of being in a way that's not larger than life as much as supremely life-like. Trophies and prizes are awarded not only for classic fashion-show categories such as Eveningwear and Sportswear, but also for Executive and Military Realness, Nautical, Town & Country, Schoolboy and Schoolgirl, even Bangee Boy Realness—"looking like the boy who probably robbed you a few minutes before you came to the ball."

In an older ball participant, such as the matronly Dorian Corey, there's a strong sense of ballwalking as a performance, an outgrowth of older Harlem drag balls in the days of vamp and camp: cross-dressing as a Vegas-style showgirl. In the younger ballwalkers, the aim seems to be to incarnate an image, to become, as Venus Xtravaganza dreams, a rich white girl, or a high-paid fashion model, to walk right out of the ball and into the tough, beckoning streets of the outer world.

The strength of Livingston's film is that she does not present the ball milieu in voyeuristic terms. A former still photo-

IS BURNING

grapher who was a fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown in 1984, she never reduces the people in the film to images or allows the film to become merely symptomatic of the image-obsessed culture which ballwalkers and film viewers alike inhabit. As viewers, we're continually asked to question what we're seeing, on the screen, in the street: is this a man, a woman? And, as if putting a version of the American dream into action, we're forced to confront the point where neat lines between gender and race and class begin to break down.

As a woman, I'm sometimes uncomfortable with the images of femaleness that Venus Xtravaganza dreams of embodying: a wedding in white, a house in the suburbs. But am I any more or less uncomfortable than when confronted with Madonna's reclamation of multiple stereotypes of female sexuality—not to mention her appropriation of "voguing," which originated at these balls? And as Livingston herself has pointed out elsewhere, Venus and Octavia Saint Laurent, who dreams of being a model, are articulating the cultural pressure on all of us, even now, to be rich, successful, beautiful. Are our own wants really that different?

In a sense, through its juxtaposition of ball vitality and interviews with ball participants, the film offers its own notion of realness. It's a mistake, I think, to confuse realism with naturalism; in theatre, there's nothing natural about the conventions of realism. Living in an image-obsessed culture is not exactly natural but this is life as most of us live it. Unlike naturalism, realism perhaps implies a core of belief: believe in something and it's at least as good as real. *Paris Is Burning* renders not just the images

which the ballwalkers wish to present—the strut on the runway, the eerie, joyful simulacra of two drag queens in tank tops and shorts at Jones Beach—but the complicated, difficult stories and passions that animate them. We believe not just in the power of these images but in these lives and voices: they're made visible, audible—*real*. ■

CATHERINE BUSH is a fiction writer and critic whose work has appeared in various publications in Canada and the United States.

Stills from "Paris Is Burning" courtesy of Off White Productions, Inc., winner of the 1990 Los Angeles Film Critics Award for Best Documentary.

**Venus, who dreams of
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articulating the cultural
pressure on all of us,
even now, to be rich,
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THE WHAT, WHY & WHEREFORE of the Wellfleet Harbor Actors Theater

by Jeff Zinn



It wasn't so long ago that I was sitting around a New York City high-rise apartment in my underwear, watching celebrities on late-afternoon TV and wondering why I had been relegated to the role of spectator when all I wanted to do was to act.

I had spent ten years in New York as an aspiring—and sometimes working—actor. But mostly, I found myself in the above condition: waiting for some nameless person to tell me it was time to go to work. *Somewhere else* people were writing plays and movies, initiating projects, choosing designers and directors and, finally, casting actors. At that point, I would be called before the panel and held up, as an artist holds up a mosaic tile, to be compared for color, texture and suitability of fit, then included or discarded according to the whims of the pickers.

In 1983 I began the process of taking back control over what had somehow slipped away—that decision-making part of my life. I joined a fledgling theater company setting up shop in a loft on West 42nd Street as actor/director (although I suspected it was my carpentry skills they most coveted). Very soon I was acting and sawing and cleaning and directing and building my own sets and stuffing envelopes and hammering and acting and sweeping and directing and hauling trash down five flights of stairs. In short, I had found my first theatrical home.

Actually, the sweeping and hammering part was, and still is, surprisingly satisfying. It balances all of that cerebral stuff of figuring out what a play is and who you are in it. Boards can be measured and cut and joined together. When it's done you know what you've got and if it's any good. It's very reassuring when you're dealing with something as illusory and subjective as the theater.

That particular home was short-lived. One quickly finds that, for all the satisfaction, it only works if you really believe in what you are slaving for. You must be convinced that you're not just being ripped off for a lot of free labor. I wasn't convinced, so I left, but not without having had a taste of what it might be like to have a true artistic home.

Over the next four years I roamed around from theater to theater. I seemed drawn to companies that had been carved out by small groups of committed people. A basement under a restaurant. An old factory building now shared by offices and a carpet company.

Then, in 1987, I made a fateful call to Gip Hoppe in Wellfleet. My parents owned a summer home there and had been telling me about this good little theater that had started up, and since I was in the theater too,

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I should make contact. Since it was my parents telling me this, naturally I didn't do it. Not right away, anyway.

But finally I did call and Gip answered on the second ring and yes, he had heard about me too (from my parents, of course), and yes, there was a show they were thinking about that still needed a director. Job inquiry calls are not supposed to go this well and I must confess that a part of me suspected that if it was that easy it couldn't be any good. But I read the play, *A Lie Of The Mind* by Sam Shepard, and was blown away by it. I went up to meet Gip and see the theater. In performance that spring was *Greater Tuna*, and, considering I had walked out of the New York production after the first act, I wasn't expecting to like it much. Well, anyone who saw Gip in that yellow pantsuit and beehive wig flipping invisible pancakes and shaking off an invisible dog nipping at his heels will have no trouble believing that I was gasping with laughter. After the performance I was further surprised by the contrast between the dynamic on-stage personality I had just witnessed and the unassuming barefooted guy in shorts and t-shirt who ambled over to me in the lobby. We went over to Aesop's Tables for a beer and a talk and ended up setting a date for a fall production of *A Lie Of The Mind*.

I spent most of that summer directing musicals at a very bad summer theater in Vermont. It was a battle from start to finish. The most vivid memory: my production of *Oliver* has just opened and I'm giving notes to the cast. We've only had two weeks of rehearsal to put it together and I'm trying to polish some of the rough edges. As I'm talking, my stage manager timidly approaches and whispers that I'm not allowed to talk to the cast anymore now that the show is open. This apparently is some archaic rule of the theater that I've missed up to this point. It was with great relief on arriving at the Wellfleet Harbor Actors Theater (WHAT) that I found I had seven weeks of rehearsal time, as well as an unlimited budget (not to exceed \$200), and total artistic control.

Everything about that show was blessed. I managed to gather what still seems to have been the definitive cast for Shepard's tale of two families, one from California, one from Montana, joined by a messed-up love affair. Ira Solet played Baylor and Drew Meany was his wife. A woman with the unlikely name of Verrier Scatolinni blew in from Boston by way of Provincetown and snagged the part of the brain damaged lover, Beth. Dan Joy showed up to audition and got the part of Mike. A week into rehearsal he showed us some sketches for a set (we





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had no idea he did this sort of thing) and promptly became our set designer. Dennis Cunningham and Gip were the brothers, with Judith Provost as the sister and Florence Phillips as the mother.

We began by reading aloud all of Shepard's "family" plays including *True West*, *Fool For Love*, and *Buried Child*. These plays all seem to draw on the same pool of fathers and grandfathers, mothers, brothers and sisters. By the time we got around to the first read-through of *Lie* the characters seemed like old friends (or enemies) who had been around the block together a few times.

With rehearsals going along nicely and all of my artistic needs being met, I was happy to help out with the building of the set. So there I was, happily hammering away outside the theater, a fresh fall breeze blowing in from Wellfleet Harbor, putting together the set for what would become my all-time favorite production.

A few days after we opened, Gip asked me whether I'd like to come back the following summer, as his partner, to help run the theater. Once again, it seemed too easy. A theater was being handed to me. A theater that did interesting work in a beautiful location with talented and friendly people. "What's the catch?" I wondered. There was no catch. I accepted. I was home.

Fast forward to summer 1990. The catch is that it takes an incredible amount of hard work under enormous pressure to successfully operate a theater. But we seem to be pulling it off. We've expanded the theater's seating capacity to 77 by tearing down another wall. The season has expanded too, with the inclusion of smaller "plug-in" shows that play on dark nights in front of the set for the main shows. This means that during July and August the theater is open and running seven nights a week. Dan Joy is now our full-time resident designer, a job which includes designing all of our posters and a season-schedule flyer which we bulk mail to everyone in Wellfleet, Eastham and Truro.

News of the work we're doing seems to have traveled off-Cape and we are being written about in publications as far flung as the *New York Times*, *Chicago Herald*, *Boston Globe* and *Boston Phoenix*.

Suddenly, every inspector in the Town of Wellfleet decides to pay us a visit. They look around the theater as if it were an apparition that had magically appeared overnight and proclaim that it is an enormous risk to public safety and must immediately be brought "up to code" or closed down. We frantically remind them that we have been in business here for six years and have

passed all previous inspections. What's going on? "Those were the old inspectors." These are the new inspectors.

After all the hard work and with so many possibilities for the future, are we about to be evicted from our home? I am reminded of an article in *American Theater* magazine that described how, in the city of Chicago, all the little theaters were wiped out for a generation by the enforcement of "codes" that had originally been designed for Broadway-style theaters. The basements and lofts that were home to Chicago's most innovative companies were snuffed out as absurd requirements for standpipes and asbestos fire curtains were enforced. In that instance, an insidious form of political repression and censorship was at work with the Fire Department as its agent. Could a similar thing be happening in Wellfleet?

Determined to fight back, we enter the Kafkaesque world of code books and zoning committees, of lawyers, architects and appraisers. We repeatedly ask for a specific list of violations that we can correct. No, we are told, we must submit an architect's plan describing how we intend to bring the building up to code. After much discussion, research and negotiation, we submit and win approval for such a plan. We speculate as to why this is all coming down on us, but, finally, motivation is irrelevant. The price tag for the proposed renovation is \$26,000 that we don't have.

April 1991. We've spent all winter preparing for the next phase of the theater's renovation and raising money. For the past two weeks Gip and I and a crew of three carpenters have been working nonstop. Tomorrow the sheetrockers come in to do the ceilings—one of the few things we contracted out. Last week saw the installation of a huge I-beam designed to hold up the ceiling. Over the weekend Ned Oliver came by and spray-painted the new seating risers with a special fire-retardant paint that costs 60 bucks a gallon. Safety is expensive.

With all the money we're pouring into the building, we've decided that we really have no choice now but to buy it. Up until now the theater has been rented on a seasonal basis with no long-term lease. The building has been up for sale and we could be asked to leave at any time.

"Home" for any artist is fragile and important. It allows us to do our work in a context of permanence and security. Rather than a one-shot deal, each project is part of a larger continuum. It builds on what came before and paves the way for what is to come. Relationships between artists are forged and can be nurtured. Rookies can

come aboard and get their first taste, and when they're ready to do more, there's a place for them to do it.

So we take a deep breath and launch a capital campaign to raise a couple of hundred thousand dollars. The theater has grown up and forced us to grow up with it. We enter into the next phase with the realization that we are making a commitment to stay and work here for many more years. ■

JEFF ZINN is co-artistic director of Wellfleet Harbor Actors Theater and a contributing editor of *Provincetown Arts*.

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Provincetown

— West End —

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PROVINCETOWN INN • 487-9500

• Seasonal

This beachfront resort, located at the exact spot where the Pilgrims FIRST landed, has a charming slightly out-dated feeling, reminiscent of its hey-day in the 1930s when city folk would visit Provincetown for the weekend in their new-fangled automobiles, complete with chauffeurs. Owned and managed by the Evans Family, the Inn serves breakfast, lunch and dinner in dining rooms overlooking the Cape tip. Home of the Provincetown Theater Company—performances all summer. Plenty of parking.

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SAL'S PLACE • 487-1279

• Open May through the fall
Formerly owned by local artist Sal Del Deo, Sal's
Place is a restaurant of renown with a delightful
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sas own and manage the restaurant in a way that
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GALLERANI'S • 487-4433 • Open year round
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David Gallerani. Dinner features Northern Italian
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also. About a 10 minute walk from town center;
parking can be a problem in season during the
day, parking in rear for dinner. Closed Tuesday
& Wednesday.

RICK'S • 487-3343 • Seasonal

New this year, Rick's is a friendly, jazzy place
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tion of breakfast items until 3 p.m., as well as
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MARTIN HOUSE • 487-1327 • Seasonal

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BOATSLIP • 487-2509 • Seasonal

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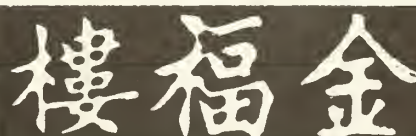
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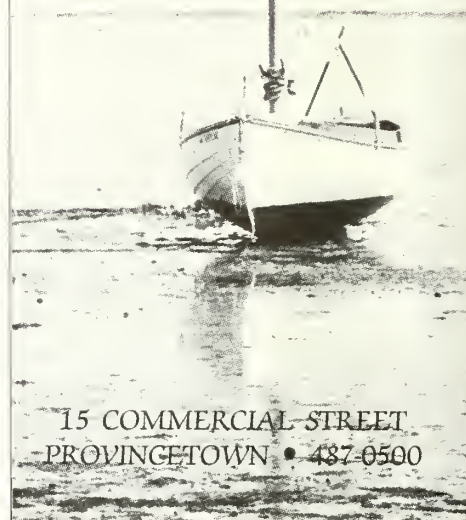
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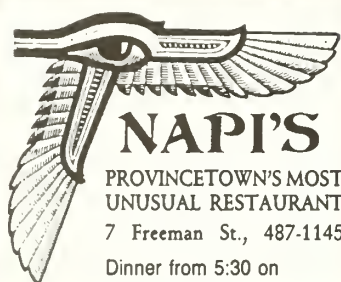
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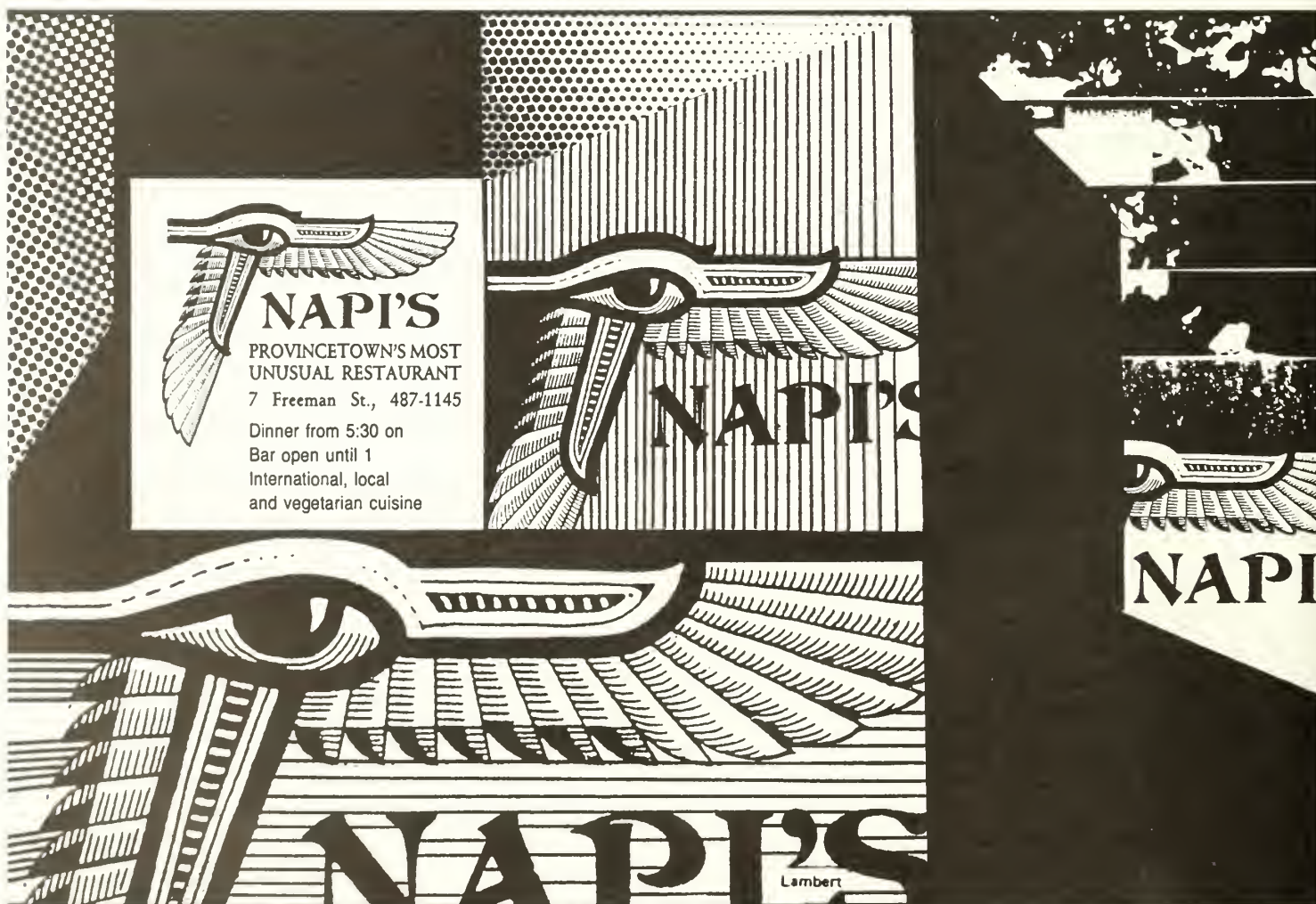
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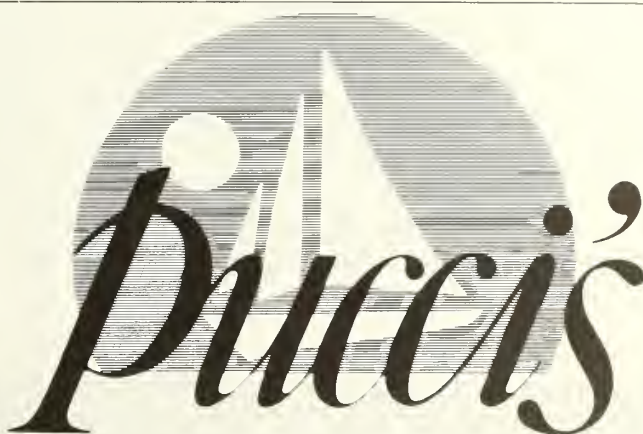
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& Salís**

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MOJO's • 487-3140 • Seasonal
Mojo's is as close as you can get to gourmet fast food. Try homemade fried potatoes (with skins on), batter-fried mushrooms, fresh seafood sandwiches and platters, homemade chili, humus salad with sprouts. Eat at outdoor tables, or stroll across to the beach and enjoy your feast watching the fishing boats come and go. Efficient and friendly service. Open from 11 a.m. until midnight.

NAPI'S • 487-1145 • Open Year Round
Dubbed "Provincetown's most unusual restaurant," Napi's certainly has plenty on which to feast the eye as well as the palate. Owners Napi and Helen van Dereck have embellished their restaurant, built by Napi, with items from their extensive collection of Provincetown art and artifacts. The food is as unusual as the surroundings, featuring international, local and vegetarian cuisine, all prepared to the highest standards by Helen. Moderate prices; open for breakfast and lunch in the off-season, dinner only in season.

LOBSTER POT • 487-0842 • Open most of the year • A family-owned and -run restaurant serving arguably the best fresh seafood in town in a no-nonsense atmosphere where the main feature is the food. The service is friendly and efficient. Tim McNulty's clam chowder won the Cape Cod Clam Chowder Contest four years running. Lunch from noon, dinner from 5:00. "Top of the Pot" is the second floor bar and outside deck with fabulous view of the harbor and fishing boats; open until 1 a.m. Be prepared to stand in line on busy nights, but the wait is well worth it. Just around the corner from Town Wharf, you can't miss the red neon lobster signs. Your host is Joy McNulty and her family. Look for the *Lobster Pot Cookbook*, edited by Michael Klein, due out this summer.

CAFE BLASE • 487-9465 • Seasonal
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CAFE HEAVEN

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VORELLI'S
Restaurant



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Veal Favorites
Veal Parmigiana – Veal Scallopini
Veal sauteed with Artichokes

Pasta • Pasta • Pasta
Seafood pasta dishes
–scallops, shrimp, clams
All of your favorite pasta creations

Salads
Seafood Chef's Salad • Italian Antipasto
Shrimp Chef's Salad

487-2778 • 226 Commercial St.

the

Lobster Pot

Luncheon: Noon to 5 p.m.
Dinner: 5 to 10 p.m.



321 Commercial Street
Provincetown
487-0842



*Breakfast • Lunch
Dinner*

Open Daily, 8 am to 11 pm

*335 Commercial Street
Provincetown, MA
Reservations: 487-4822*

for people-watching. It's right across the street from the Town Library.

— East End —

THE MEWS • 487-1500 • Seasonal

You'll find The Mews at the end of a charming courtyard off Commercial Street opposite the Heritage Museum. Excellent food, elegant decor, and a great view from the glassed-in deck right on the beach. Enjoy cocktails at the antique mahogany bar, or on the deck.

PEPE'S • 487-0670 • Seasonal

Pepe's is owned and operated by the Berg family and this year celebrates its 24th season. Gourmet seafood served in a romantic atmosphere with nautical decor. On the harbor-front, Pepe's has a panoramic view from its enclosed decks. Raw bar and drinks served on the upstairs deck overlooking the bay. Open for lunch and dinner.

FRANCO'S • 487-3178 • Open April through the fall • You can't miss Franco's pink awnings and elegant black urns in the gallery section of Commercial Street—inside, you'll find an equally sophisticated decor of black and chrome, designed around owner/chef Franco Palumbo's extensive art deco collection. Excellent food featuring Cajun, Italian and New American cuisine. Lunch and drinks served on the Promenade Deck overlooking the beach; Tallulah's bar upstairs open until 1 a.m.

CIRO'S • 487-0049 • Open all year

Provincetown's best known restaurant, a romantic wine cellar serving an extensive menu of gourmet Northern Italian specialties. Cocktails upstairs in the intimate candlelit lounge accompanied by operatic arias. Owned and managed by artist Ciro Cozzi and his family. Down the alley at Kily Court.

PUCCI'S HARBORSIDE • 487-1964 •

Seasonal • A delightful little cafe right on the beach in the East End serving a wide variety of snacks, appetizers, and main meals throughout the day until 12:30 a.m. The specialty of the house is chicken wings; also serving char-broiled burgers, Mexican specialties, and fresh seafood. The bar is a local meeting place.

BASIL'S RESTAURANT & The Buttery Bar & Grille • 487-3366 • Open all year

Serving breakfast, lunch and dinner in a traditional New England atmosphere. A lively bar with friendly service, complete with dart board. The Deli features sandwiches, cold cuts, salads, and sumptuous desserts for take-out. Ample free parking.



— eat to the beat —

the taste of the islands
on the cape

provincetown's
most dramatic dining spot
with large outside dining deck

breakfast • lunch • dinner
late night snacks

258 commercial street
provincetown
next to town hall
487-2505 or 487-1203

Club Euro
presents

KENNY NEAL
June 28 • 10 p.m.

THE HOLMES BROTHERS
July 12 • 10 p.m.

BUCKWHEAT ZYDECO
July 21 • 10 p.m.

CLARENCE GATEMOUTH BROWN
July 28 • 10 p.m.

KANDA BONGO MAN
August 12 • 10 & 11:30 p.m.

C. J. CHENIER & the RED HOT LOUISIANA BAND
August 30 • 10 p.m.

— for breakfast, lunch and dinner —

Basil's

restaurant

and the Buttery

Bar & Grille

Bar open until 1 am

The meeting place for East-Enders

basil's DELI

and bakery

featuring a wide selection
of mouth-watering temptations

— "Dinner To Go" —

fried chicken • pasta dishes • meatloaf
homemade breads • muffins • desserts

350 Bradford Street • Provincetown's East End • 487-3366
always plenty of parking

JC's

restaurant

"North Truro's best kept secret." s.c.

Dinner from 5 pm
Wednesday is Pasta Night

"New" Pizza in the Lounge
or Take Out

Route 6 by Highland Road
We're hard to find but well worth looking for!

Plenty of free parking
Just 5 miles from Provincetown
487-9552
Closed Mondays



Nautical Cape Cod Atmosphere

Dinner nightly from 4:30 p.m.

LOBSTER • SEAFOOD • PASTA

BBQ RIBS • PRIME RIB
VEAL • CHICKEN • LAMB

Nightly Specials

Early Bird Special
Daily 4:30 to 5:30 p.m.

Family Priced • Children's Menu

Ample Free Parking

487-2026

Route 6, North Truro
opposite Arrowhead Road

TRURO

ADRIAN'S • 487-4360 • Seasonal

On Route 6A, a warm and cozy chef-owned restaurant serving innovative and creative food using the finest ingredients available. Gourmet breakfasts, dinner specializing in regional Italian pasta and pizza dishes. Desserts baked on the premises, and all menu items are available for take-out.

GOODY HALLET'S Restaurant & Deli

• 487-4843 • Seasonal • On Route 6 in North Truro, named after the sweetheart of Black Bellamy, Captain of the pirate ship Whydah, who is believed to haunt the dunes waiting for him to return. Serving breakfast, lunch and dinner in a friendly and informal atmosphere. Your hosts are Barbara and Liz. Pool table; plenty of parking.

CAPTAIN JOSIE'S • 487-2026 • Seasonal

A seafood restaurant located on 5½ acres adjacent to the National Seashore on Route 6 in North Truro. Serving native lobsters, fresh local seafood, clambakes, homemade chowders and soups, and an extensive dessert selection. Children's menu and blackboard specials available. Nautical Cape Cod atmosphere, ample free parking. Open at 4:30 p.m. nightly.

JC's • 487-9552 • Seasonal

"North Truro's best kept secret." Formerly Gepetto's, serving dinner every night from 5 pm. Pizza served in the lounge or for take-out. Wednesday is Pasta Night. On Route 6 by Highland Road, hard to find, but worth looking for. Plenty of free parking, just 5 miles from Provincetown. Closed Mondays

BLACKSMITH SHOP • 349-6554 • Seasonal

Located near the banks of the Pamet River in Truro Center, the Blacksmith Shop is a charming restaurant serving fine food amid a unique collection of hand-painted doll houses and folk art. Chef Warren Falkenburg serves a diverse selection of inventive dishes, including vegetarian and fresh seafood specialties. A popular meeting place for local residents and summer visitors.

AESOP'S TABLES • 349-6450 • Seasonal

In Wellfleet, next to Town Hall. Once the summer mansion of a Massachusetts governor, Aesop's Tables has earned a reputation for fresh native food exquisitely prepared and artfully presented. Wellfleet oysters, fresh daily seafood, quality meats, fresh vegetables, herbs and flowers from its own gardens. Extensive and all-inclusive Sunday Brunch Buffet in season. Romantically furnished upstairs bar for appetizers, deadly desserts, fine spirits and live jazz twice weekly. Open May to October.

SWEET SEASONS • 349-6535 • Seasonal

The Inn at Duck Creeke makes a delightful setting for this charming restaurant. Imaginative cooking and an elegant summer atmosphere make Sweet Seasons a special place to visit. The Tavern upstairs features lighter fare and live entertainment.

CAPTAIN HIGGINS SEAFOOD

RESTAURANT • 349-6027 • Seasonal • On the Town Pier, Wellfleet, right next to the Wellfleet Harbor Actors' Theater—enjoy dinner before the show. Fresh seafood, raw bar, children's menu, extensive wine list. Great location overlooking Wellfleet Harbor. Also featuring outdoor dining.

BARLEY NECK INN • 255-6830 • Open all year • At the end of Main Street in East Orleans in an 18th century sea captain's house. Creative continental and New England cuisine, fine wines and generous cocktails served in charming surroundings. A popular spot for live entertainment nightly.

CHILLINGSWORTH • 896-3640 • Seasonal On Route 6A, Brewster, quite simply the best on the Cape. Serving contemporary gourmet French cuisine and fine wines. Casual greenhouse for luncheon/brunch; elegant and leisurely dining amidst magnificent candlelit surroundings. Mobil Guide 4-star. A special night out.



Breakfast • Lunch • Dinner
Tavern Menu Daily from 4 pm

The Legend of Goody Hallett

Old Cape Codders say that on dark and foggy Cape Cod nights, you can still hear the cries of Goody Hallett on the surfwind. She is said to be beckoning to Black Bellamy, the captain of the infamous pirate ship Whydah. It was off the sea cliffs of Wellfleet that the Whydah, loaded with pirate booty, sank, as Captain Bellamy was making his way back to his beloved. He never returned and she is believed to haunt the dunes waiting for him.

*Our dining room is available
for private functions*

Weddings • Reunions • Banquets
Meetings • Parties

Route 6, North Truro, MA
— 487-4843 —

Casual • Friendly • Pool Table

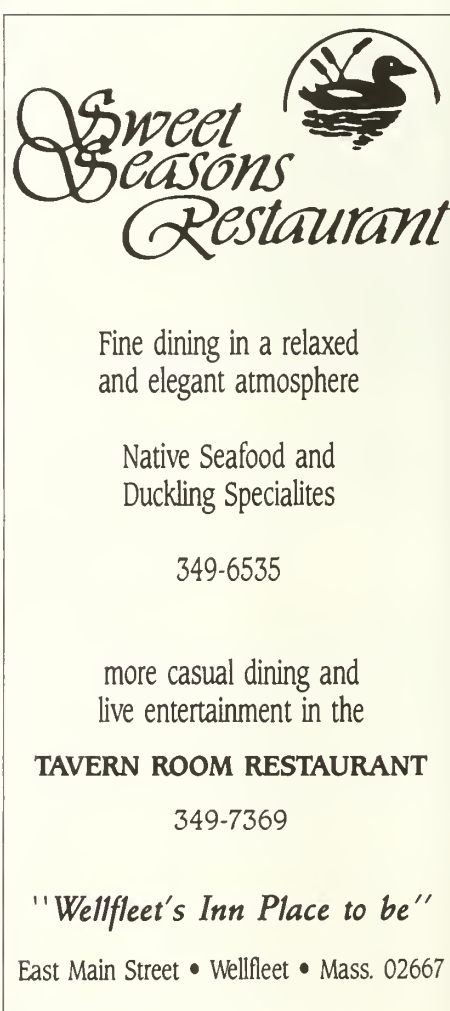
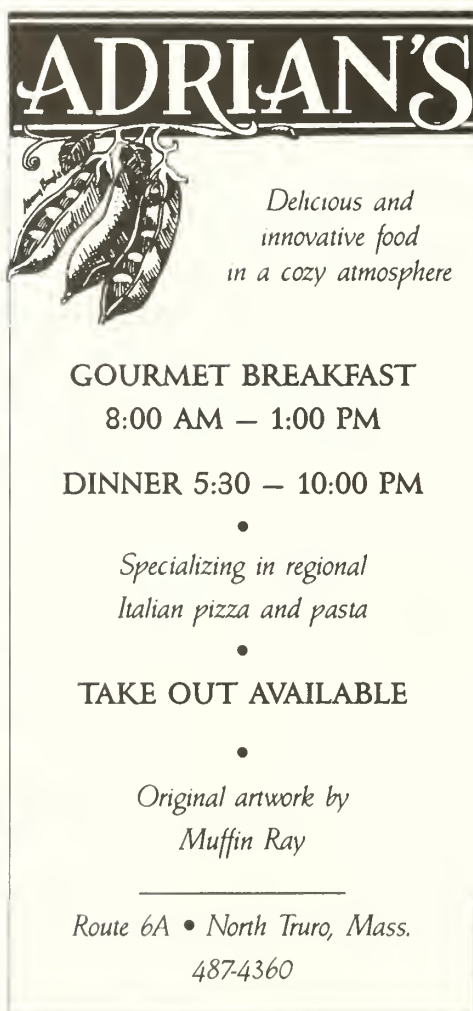


Restaurant

*Fine Dining
surrounded by a unique collection
of dollhouses and folk art*

OPEN YEAR ROUND

Truro Center, Mass.
349-6554



COLLABORATION



Duane Slick, painter
Sandi Wisenberg, writer

We are both survivors, members of tribes that others have tried to decimate. Sandi, a Writing Fellow, took an image that appealed to her from a book Duane had of Plains Indians' symbols. She manipulated it with a photocopier, and cut and pasted. Duane, a Visual Fellow, wrote the story. In the image, Sandi sees lungs, harp, cage, dance. Duane sees narrative, the story of the bear and thunder. Page 90.



Dan Howell, writer
Andrew Mockler, painter

Dan, a Writing Fellow, made the monoprint and xerographic images; Andrew, a Visual Fellow and the FAWC coordinator for this project, wrote the verse. Together they arranged the page. Page 91.



Beverly Ress, sculptor
Mary Gilliland, poet

When a part waxes or wanes, is the whole illuminated? We started with a complete poem, listened for which words wanted to be kidnapped, and let the rest recede. Some of those receding words lit up, were tossed to the side, clustered in phrases. What you see is three dimensions of one poem . . . or one three-bodied—sculptural—poem. Page 92.



Richard Baker, painter
Gary Short, poet

We didn't want text and image to simply embellish the other; we hoped for a layering of illustration and words. An interesting aspect of the collaboration was watching the process, watching text and image blend. Our subject matter, two separate figures growing together, becomes a metaphor for this project—a drawing and a poem trying to merge and be something of its own. Page 93.

A project for Provincetown Arts by Fellows of the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown

Mark Oliver, painter
Eli Gottlieb, writer

"I don't want to sit looking at you all the way," he said.
"But why should you?" she exclaimed.
He laughed.
"Indeed, no," she said, "we shall go together."

Page 138.



FIRST THUNDER

MARCH 15 1991

2:15 PM

COYOTE!

HE TURNED MY MIND
AROUND

When he told me

I was a romantic

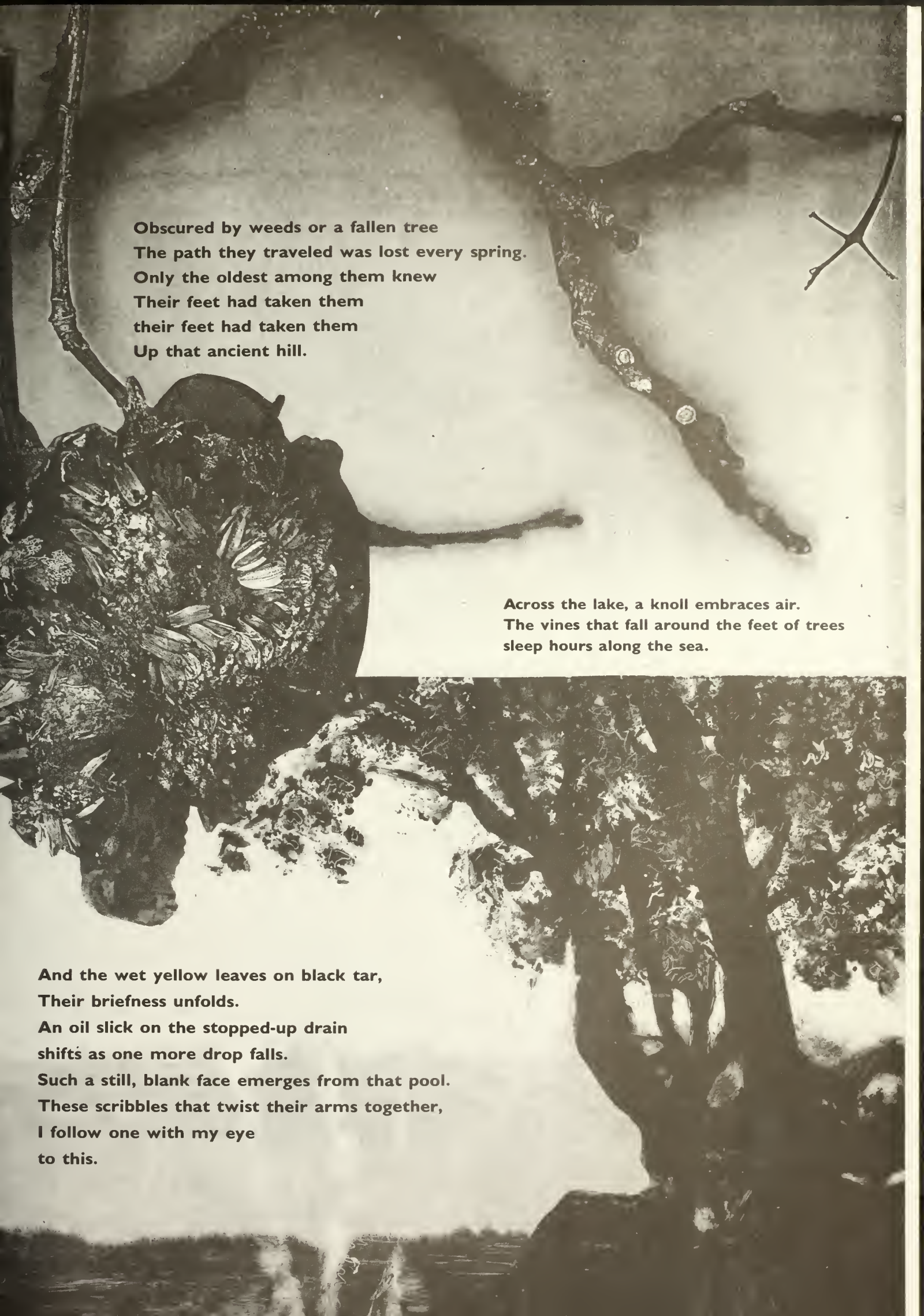
HE TURNED MY MIND
AROUND

When he said, "You
think too much."

HE TURNED MY MIND
AROUND

When he taught me
to watch for the
spirit behind the
image

But still,
I say there is a
deepness placed
within
and I have felt
the first spring
storm
and again
I must make the
story....
about the way
Bear clapped rain
to inherit thunder...



Obscured by weeds or a fallen tree
The path they traveled was lost every spring.
Only the oldest among them knew
Their feet had taken them
their feet had taken them
Up that ancient hill.

Across the lake, a knoll embraces air.
The vines that fall around the feet of trees
sleep hours along the sea.

And the wet yellow leaves on black tar,
Their briefness unfolds.
An oil slick on the stopped-up drain
shifts as one more drop falls.
Such a still, blank face emerges from that pool.
These scribbles that twist their arms together,
I follow one with my eye
to this.

We **a**rE
BY **t**his
WE **H**A **P** **E**n

I**n** **T**H**I**S
we **A**rE **t**h**i**rSty
For **T**h**i**S

to be
bombed
smashed
gluttons

We **A**rE **w**E **h**s **T**ead
OF

hooked
stoned
fiends

W**H**O
C**O**mE **F**rom
W**h**o

Co m **E**
w**H**O
C o m e

We
kick
ourselves

Th**E****Y** **m**U**L**t**i**
ply &

We
eat
our
inside

Th**e**y c**O**mE

exhaling
tradition

t**H**e**y** **A**r**E**

W**H**o **t**h**E**m **a**way

like
whirls

W**H**O **T**h**e**m away

like
smoking

N**i**g**H**t **S**K**y**

TR**E**S

W**i**t**h** **L**i**g**h**T**

SH**e**

AN**d** **u**s

naked
lifts
the
bones

Erotica

A Basque shepherd, sixty autumns
& so many leaves ago,
trailed the flock & his own confusing needs
to a Nevada isolation

& made his camp in the aspen grove, scaled yellow
with leaves that shivered even in stillness,
or what he took for calm.

He palmed a knife & cut
into the white trunk
a naked man & woman,
desire shaped like a black scar

in bark, a tumescence expanding
as the tree girth widens.
Their lines extend

until figures meet, a simple
reaching after contact
but its context a continuance,
the tree's promise of two people
grown into each other.

At least for about eighty years
until the tree will die
& the man who carved it

having long traded his pastoral
for the cock's more instant gratification.

The bark peels
its cicatrix of pornography,
though the two-figured insistent arc
folds ghost-like & liquid.



CAROLE MASO

a collage

The musical novels of Carole Maso, treating themes of loss, the redemptive power of art and memory, and the circular deceptions of language, are composed at a very high level of creative tension—pressed against the edge of control. Yet her novels proceed imperturbably, inevitably, passing through the densest thickets of structural and thematic conflict and leaving barely a ripple in their wake. *Ghost Dance*, *The Art Lover*, and *The American Woman in the Chinese Hat*, her three novels, are books without “plots” as we’ve come to understand the word. They rely instead for their forward motion on her uncanny ear for association, echo, and the expressive weights and measures of form. Though her tone is relentlessly experimental, her characters are always robustly figured and deeply drawn. Her writing moves us even as we admire the acrobatics of its composition. In sensuous, gravely radiant sentences, she crafts novels in which the figure in the carpet turns out to be the carpet—sheerly, nearly miraculously so.

In person, she brings some of the vividness of her prose style into a room. Black and white photos miss the wheel of bright colors within her face: the spray of wavy blonde hair, full red lips, and wide-set eyes of the particular shade of blue that D.H. Lawrence described as “abstract, elemental.” In conversation she is unhurried, deeply attentive, prone to rueful humor. Maso’s warm sociability and her natural inclination to laughter make it easy to forget just how serious she is—until, that is, one hears her talking about literature. Every once in a while, concentrating on the interviewer’s questions, she pulls the lavish fall of her hair off her head and parts it neatly on one side.



by Eli Gottlieb

"For me the novel is an extremely exciting form, filled with potential, with possibility. Its capacity for wholeness, variation, subtlety, and reconciliation is enormous. Its ability to embrace complexity, mystery, its capacity for beauty, danger. I love what the novel might be—and not, generally what it most often is."

In her first book, *Ghost Dance*, she marked the coming of age and psychic survival of a young girl, Vanessa, daughter of a famous poetess, in a prose that was dense, darkly hued, and shot through with exquisite sensual effect. Vanessa’s life was the center of the book, the pivot around which a dance of historical and family particulars revolved steadily. Maso’s characteristic recyclings

of imagery and fractured narrative mosaics combined, in the novel, to produce the effect of a great, organic fugue.

"I am continually refreshed by music, and aspire to the state of music in my work. There's something I love so much in repetition, echo, reverberation, the creation of resonances. In a large form like the novel there is time to introduce a thread, or a partial bit of information, and add increasingly more a little at a time until it's augmented into something that mimics perception, or understanding, or life."

Phrases, accordingly, accumulate with wavelike repetition in her work, as, at a narrative level, do tableaux. In this way a “candling” effect is created, a moment in time held up to the light and witnessed, in duplicate, by an imagination arranged serially around the site of its own creation. (Cf. Max Frisch, E. L. Doctorow, Natalie Sarraute, Robbe-Grillet.)

"The imagination distorts, changes, elongates, prolongs memory. We remember what we need, what we desperately, somewhere, cannot live without remembering."

In her second book, *The Art Lover*, she undertook to both widen and contract her narrative iris. Though the novel admits a larger portion of the concrete world into itself than her previous one, it is also more steeply raked, starker, more urgent and aggressive in its claims on us. *The Art Lover* is a book which seduces the reader gently, even angrily.

"I first saw the shape of the book, the frame of it. I knew who the characters were."

Caroline, the successful novelist. Her father Max, an art historian and charming, cultured womanizer. Upon his death she

"There was something about fathers that had to be looked into, loved and hated and investigated."

It is investigated in detail, and yet as in all of Maso's novels, the narrative, though it may have its origins in the family, invariably ramifies outwards into the documentary realistic world. In *The Art Lover*, the world—particularly the gritty world of New York—makes itself felt through detailed atmospherics and through Maso's decision to use graphics: torn-off posters advertising lost pets, photographs of paintings, star charts, children's school papers, the tiny sign language cards handed out by deaf mutes. Recurring steadily, they cue the reader forward and into the book, brush sparks of surprise from the narrative, and help site the "plot" in real time. Meanwhile a swirl of discrete, bulletin-style sections build towards a larger story—a story of the nature of language and art making, and of the strategies that creativity employs to avenge itself, or at least achieve parity of a sort with its makers. *The Art Lover* analyzes the function of imagination in the face of grief, and in the consoling empowerments of beauty finds the equivalent of a political stand, while proposing "truth" to us as another construct, a particularly compelling harmony among particles.

But the solution cannot be a purely intellectual one—there are other factors. See the tenderness, the eloquence of the gesture between father and daughter, the father tentatively extending his arm, the daughter moving towards him.

Then, in the middle of the book, with no warning at all, amidst building narrative momentum, a rupture. Steven, a dear childhood friend, is diagnosed as having AIDS, the information delivered to the narrator in a phone call:

"Well," he says. He pauses. He is about to say something that can never be taken back—so he waits a beat. I am being pulled through a tunnel toward whatever it is he'll say. He gives me this split second.

"Actually," he says, "I'm not fine."

But Steven it not merely another entry in the fissioning lists of those struck down by AIDS. He is the one too many; he is the unbearable last straw. And after tracking his decline for nearly 60 hypnotic pages, Maso shatters her carefully wrought narrative at a stroke: she breaks into her own voice, raw, grieving and immediate, with her own name attached, and that of her friend, in actuality named Gary Falk. It is a move which the post-modern temper and vivid

"worldliness" of the preceding two-thirds of the book have prepared us, in part—but not completely. We are still caught very much by surprise, amazed that there remained all this space within us to be occupied—better, in this case, impaled—by a single book of fiction. And yet the formal brilliance of the novel, like most technical solutions in art, came in response to a specific emotional need.

"I was working on a book [The Art Lover] about a writer writing a novel, certain kinds of betrayal, and early on in it my good friend got sick and needed me to be there in a way that was clear. Ghost Dance was about to be published. I was bringing him the galleys to the hospital. I was trying to be happy about what I'd done. But really all I could think about was my friend under a fluorescent light, dying, and to go there everyday, and then to try to come back and write these sentences, create this artificial world, I finally found impossible. I began going back and forth to the hospital every day and became fully involved in that world."

I thought if I sat there day after day I could save your life. I thought I could turn my body into a pillar of light.

"All these things were saying, 'You are a writer,' but somewhere I wasn't buying it anymore. I wasn't able to understand what these words could have to do with what I was witnessing every day."

By the time the book was bound you could no longer read. I was thrilled with how beautiful it looked. I carried the first copy of the hardcover to show you in the hospital, but you just went on with your dying.

"Young people who were my friends, artists and

returns to their townhouse to settle the estate. A tautly controlled person, she finds herself set upon by grief and the widening unruliness of her life—its rhythms of breakage, its small amnesias, and the way it has, for example, of upsetting even the tender small family novel she is trying to write through the pages of *The Art Lover*. She searches for order in memory, papers over her sadness with endless lists, writes her novel, tears bits and pieces out of the literal world and pastes them into the book. Desperately, she clings to memories, and yet wants not only to remember but, as deeply, to forget. Meanwhile the book itself moves around her, writing her writing, flanking her in criss-crossing narrative rings which, widening outward, threaten perpetually to splash directly into the face of the surprised reader.

"I first of all try to come up with a form that can be expansive, that can allow for all sorts of things, events to happen, uncertainties, coincidences to arise."

As a ground tone of sorts to the narrative swoops and breaks, the father is heard everywhere in the book, on occasion commenting wryly from what one can only surmise is heaven, at other times helplessly recalled by his grieving daughter:

You were elegant, graying, distinguished, with a slight paunch.

You were cerebral, exacting, lively, passionate.

You were not old.

You were critical, cold at times, a little monstrous. Melancholy on occasion. Intelligent. Your grayish eyes traversed great distances of time and space.

*

Provincetown
1991

she sells
sea shells
by the
sea shore
©

TMTT

the moan of the lighthouse + roses
~~~~~

the steel blue we walked into  
gray

What we counted then - sea  
horse

12 times  
the bell sounded

sea  
biscuit, ?  
dream

the 12<sup>th</sup> annual trash fish  
banquet.

the babbling sea

Making love to the mist, Taking the fog  
for a lover.

"For me, writing of sentences, the putting of one word after the other, has so much to do with faith, that the long lyric phrases I made a home of in my earlier work became impossible after Gary's death. I lost my footing in the novel, stopped writing. I could no longer say what it was I wanted to do. So I came to the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown and was very quiet. I didn't work, just sat there. I looked out at the water. I walked around, was extremely reclusive. I had an affair. But I couldn't write a word. And then at Christmas I went home to my family, an incredibly loving and wonderful family, and came back, and just sat down and began writing everything I could remember about Gary, who had died in October of that year. I didn't get up until I was done. I just sat in my studio and wrote and wrote and wrote, for the first time after all that time."

It should be possible to do something with words.

Gary, it is not your fault.

"It was the wound at the center of the book, the hurt, the thing that blows the book apart, and the reason for the book to be in existence at all. It was a purging, that allowed me to go back to fiction. It was a way back in. I came back completely convinced of the legitimacy, of the heroic and doomed role of art in the world. It could not save my friend's life, it will not do those things, yet it matters."

I think of the light that flared starlike in you for a fraction of a second in the history of the planet.

Gary, I am trying to talk to you.

After which, a change. After a decade spent at the desk writing two richly layered symphonic novels, a deep fatigue had set in.

"I was tired of holding up hope in *The Art Lover*. It was so hard for me to write, and the stakes in that book were so high in some way. It wasn't only about writing. After *The Art Lover*, I collapsed in a way that made the third book possible."

Just completed, *The American Woman in the Chinese Hat* is a novel which explores neither a mother (*Ghost Dance*) nor a father (*The Art Lover*) but instead devotes itself fully to recording the evasions and appetites of a single psyche, thrown into irreversible decline by an act of abandonment.

"*The American Woman in the Chinese Hat* was written from an incredibly dark place, and my own ability to survive interested me a great deal. I wanted to create a fiction where language does not come in and save, where memory and imagination do nothing. There's no way past the surface in the book."

She writes in her notebook, "Often she tried to quell sexual desire with a long swim in the pool. Often she tried to curb despair there." "You bruise easily," she writes, "you go under."

I think about how the water comes up and it never goes back.

Accordingly, there is little plot development, only the subtlest forward motion. *The American Woman in the Chinese Hat* sometimes seems tied together by nothing more than grief and birdsong—psychological dissolution and the beautifully spare, staccato phrasing loaded with a weight of vivid atmosphere. If her two previous novels were books written "in the round," spatial tapestries composed under the sign of the helix, her third novel is instead a single hot bead of acetylene, a fiery particle of a book smoldering quickly down the wick of the narrative, and leaving readers elated but empty at its end.

At the opening of *The Art Lover* is a scene which the author has confessed was inspired by her childhood, and which she believes to be an apt image of the roots of her own creative life:

A girl in a striped bathing suit sits at the water's edge. She digs deeply in the sand and from the vast beach makes shapes: an arch, a pyramid, two towers. Not child, but not yet adult. She is at that tender age of becoming.

She has become a unique, indispensable writer. ■

ELI GOTTLIEB, a former fiction editor of *Elle* magazine, completed a Fine Arts Work Center fellowship this year. He is currently working on a novel.

people who were just beginning, or just at a point of extreme potential and possibility in their own work: gone, completely disappeared."

The shift to objective chronicle in the book is so sudden, so without warning, that we feel its impact nearly literally against our nerves. The perennial dream of narrative—to overtake real life—is momentarily achieved, for the sensation of beginning this part of the novel is akin to waking out of a light, refreshing sleep at the wheel of a car already moving down a hill. Irresistibly, our hands rise to the controls; necessarily, our senses sharpen to their highest state of alertness. There is no doubt—if only to save ourselves—that we will fully occupy this space and time.

His eyes are closed. How young he looks, like a child, I think, and also how very old. Ancient. Asleep. I look at his sensual mouth. His brown, muscled arms. His handsome profile. He looks so perfect.

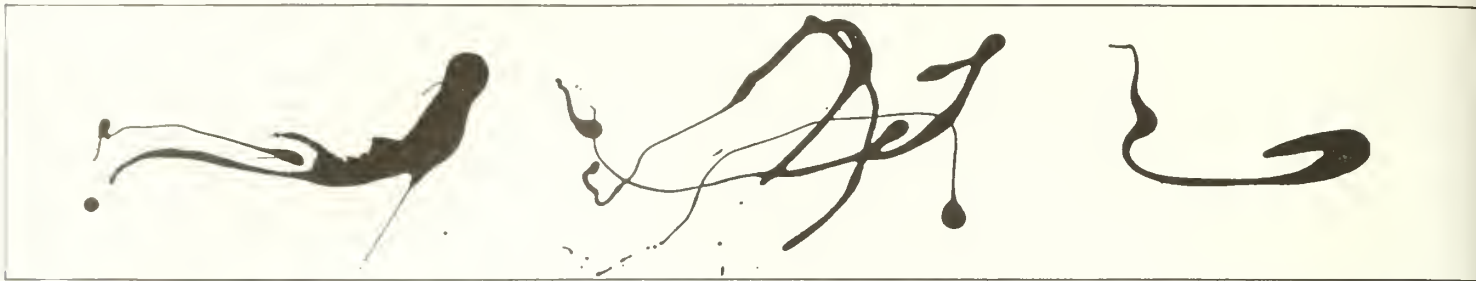
I sit on a chair next to the bed.

I think of his disease flowering in his bloodstream like a dark tulip.

"He died despite any effort on my part to will him through all the things I had learned about art, through intense concentration, or intense imaginative activity, or some fierce and ferocious magic of transformation. Obviously, I knew somewhere in myself that this would happen, but when he died I was still shocked—that I hadn't been able, in some way, to be the kind of light I look for in my own work, and sometimes mistakenly and quite insanely think is a light that can make a difference, that could save an AIDS patient or change the course of terrible events."

In the words of Elias Canetti, "At the edge of the abyss, we cling to pencils." The author, we sense as we read, barely made it across.

# Black & White: Back to Basics



Jackson Pollock, *Untitled*, 1950  
enamel on paper, 11 x 59

by **Helen A. Harrison**

When the superficial effects that mimic appearances are stripped away, art becomes more itself and less an imitation of something else. This may account in part for the "purist" label attached to black and white work. There is very little true black in nature and even less white, so images in those colors are nonillusionistic almost by definition.

In black and white, form acquires a more decisive status. As Robert Goldwater has written of Franz Kline's paintings, the elimination of color "forced an integration of energies and a balance of areas" that made the compositions "function completely or not at all."<sup>1</sup> Force is the key—the juxtaposition of black and white is innately powerful. The severity, the lack of alternatives and distractions, forces much upon the artist and, in turn, upon the viewer.

Above all, without color for camouflage, formal weaknesses and conceptual slightness are far more likely to show. This is of course why we worked year after year in life class with only a newsprint pad and a box of charcoal. Using those fundamentals, you can hide nothing, least of all your own limitations and ineptitude. It is in fact artistic, not material, shortcomings that such restrictions reveal.

Black and white are often described as opposites, but they are more accurately perceived as antithetical. Complementaries such as red and green, yellow and violet are chromatic opposites, while black and white are totally alien to one another. White reflects the full spectrum, negated by its own optical intensity; black absorbs it, returning no color to the eye. They are all and nothing—more inherently antagonistic than are any of the other colors.

To Louise Nevelson, black appeals because it is "the most aristocratic color in the world," but she also admits that "nothing is black. Nothing is one color."<sup>2</sup> Black's tonalities have many nuances, as Ad

Reinhardt demonstrated in his so-called monochromatic paintings. Kazimir Malevich had earlier made the same point about white, and in the process revolutionized our understanding of visual perception. The subtle variations of paint finish and texture add further complexities. In drawing and printmaking, the diverse treatment of line and surface accomplishes a similar purpose, while sculpture, even in monochrome, is enriched by the interplay of light and shadow.

Although drawing and sculpture have been largely monochromatic for centuries, it is only in the past few decades that painters have created significant bodies of work limited to black and white. Early reductive experiments by modernists such as Picasso, Braque, Malevich and Matisse preceded the extensive series by Pollock, Kline, Motherwell and de Kooning that now stand as monuments in 20th century abstract painting. It is fascinating to speculate on the motivations behind this purist trend.

"Getting it down in black and white" is supposed to be the most straightforward means of communication. The catchphrase implies directness, evidenced by exclusion of the shades and tones that blur distinctions

and introduce ambiguities. Moreover, the deletion of color can be seen as a deliberate effort to preclude sensuous diversions that detract from a focus on basics.

In 1950, Robert Motherwell wrote of his occasional relief in dealing with the black-white dichotomy, which he described as "a simple relation." Yet he went on openly to contradict this notion of simplicity by describing the complicated chemistry of the pigments and the profound associations they engendered in his mind: the dangerous nature of the poisonous metals that constitute the whites, the organic origins of the blacks. He mused: "Sometimes I wonder, laying in a great black stripe on a canvas, what animal's bones (or horns) are making the furrows of my picture."<sup>3</sup> These primal qualities, and the drama embodied in their clash on canvas, are no doubt at the heart of the painter's attraction to black and white.

Jackson Pollock's assertion that "technique is just a means of arriving at a statement"<sup>4</sup> highlights a possible reason for his shift away from lush, interwoven webs of color that culminated in his stark 1951 canvases, in which painting and drawing are synthetically unified. The painter of statements must find suitable declarative images. Pollock's method adapted the directness of "automatic," surrealist-derived drawing, integrating it with large-scale painterly gesture to achieve a confrontational boldness that rivets the attention. But look again: the emphatic call of black silhouetted against an unarticulated white (or near white) ground is a cryptic communication, a statement in code.

If Motherwell stresses the drama and Pollock opts for the encoded message, Arshile Gorky uses black and white as a metaphor of the visceral stripped naked. His biomorphology is schematic, like cell diagrams, as unadorned as a bleached skeleton. Perhaps to counter the sensual abundance of his visionary canvases,



Robert Motherwell, *"Beside the Sea No. 24,"* 1962  
oil on rag paper, 29 x 23

Gorky's drawings expose the armatures of form that underlie the softly modeled shapes in his voluptuous paintings.

In Kline's black and white paintings, structure and form are inseparably unified. The two colors are equal partners in the visual equation, and if black is initially the more emphatic, it soon yields its apparent primacy to white's insistent presence. This is also true in de Kooning's works, where the interplay is more articulated and puzzling. Divisions are less clear-cut, emphasis is indistinct, and ultimately one is uncertain about the polarity that is supposed to define the intrinsic aliens, black and white.

## NOTES

1 Robert Goldwater, *Franz Kline 1910-1962*, exhib. cat., New York: Marlborough-Gerson Gallery, Inc., 1967, p. 7.

2 A Conversation with Barbarlee Diamonstein, 23 Jan. 1980, in *Louise Nevelson*, exhib. cat., New York: Pace Gallery, 1980, n.p.

3 From the catalogue of *Black or White*, Samuel Kootz Gallery, New York, 1950. Quoted in Frank O'Hara, *Robert Motherwell*, exhib. cat., New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1965, p. 43.

4 From an interview with William Wright, summer 1950. Quoted in Francis V. O'Connor, *Jackson Pollock*, exhib. cat., New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1967, p. 80.

"Black & White," an exhibition of 20th century paintings, sculpture, drawings and prints, is on view at Renee Fotouhi Fine Art East, 16R Newtown Lane in East Hampton. Among the featured artists are Picasso, Matisse, Kline, Nevelson, Motherwell, Gorky, Pollock, de Kooning, Adolph Gottlieb, Lee Krasner, Rene Magritte, Andre Masson, Mercedes Matter, Alfonso Ossorio, Phillip Pavia, Larry Rivers, and Theodoros Stamos.

HELEN A. HARRISON, Director of the Pollock-Krasner House and Study Center in East Hampton, is also an art critic for the Long Island Weekly section of *The New York Times*.

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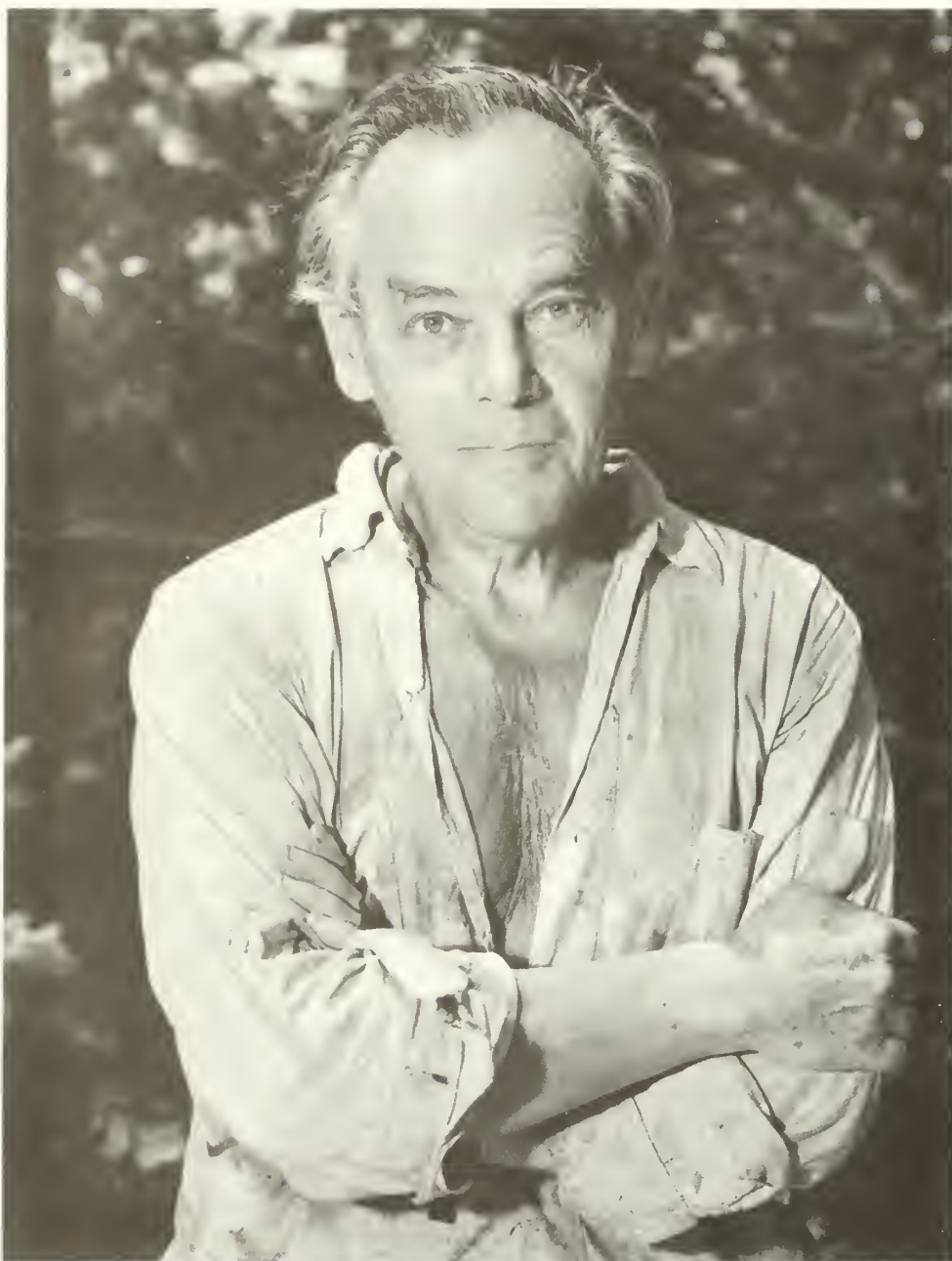
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# GYORGY KEPES

## omnivisual artist

by Daniel Ranalli

No clear boundaries define the enduring interest of Gyorgy Kepes. His work as a painter, photographer, teacher, writer and thinker blends across the edges of these disciplines the way the rich shadows in his paintings dissolve into the brilliant light that seems to seep through them from behind. Now approaching 85, Gyorgy Kepes (pronounced JUR-y KEP-esh) is a longtime Wellfleet resident whose life has spanned much of the modernist era.

Born in Hungary, Kepes studied painting there in the 1920s, coming into contact with the work of the expressionists, dadaists and constructivists. The increasingly rigorous conceptual structure of modernist art that was emerging in these idioms undoubtedly provided Kepes with a panoramic view of the vast new territory that art and artists could now be expected to take part in exploring. Shortly after completing his training in painting, Kepes turned his interest to photography. Situated on the frontlines of modernism as both a relatively new technology and a new language, photography (particularly the photocollage) and film became important avenues of exploration for him. By 1930 he announced he had decided to abandon painting in favor of these other media with the conviction that they were more effective in communicating the pressing social concerns of his time.

Kepes has lived in the United States since 1937, when he was invited by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy to come to Chicago to form the Light & Color Workshop at the New Bauhaus. In 1945 he moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he taught at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology until 1978. By the late 1940s Kepes had discovered the Outer Cape and established a summer home in Wellfleet, where he maintains a studio. He had also begun to paint once again. Given his prodigious achievements in so many areas, it is puzzling why Kepes' contributions are not more widely esteemed. His work is in over 50 major museum collections, he has had an equal number of solo exhibitions, and he has written dozens of important books and articles. An exceptional photographic retrospective, arranged and sponsored by Polaroid Corporation, is just beginning a substantial touring itinerary. Kepes and his wife Juliet, a children's author and illustrator, are now helping with the establishment of a Kepes Museum planned for Eger, Hungary. His characteristically quiet profile has meant that many of the younger generation of artists on the Cape are unaware of his presence here, and far too many remain ignorant of his important

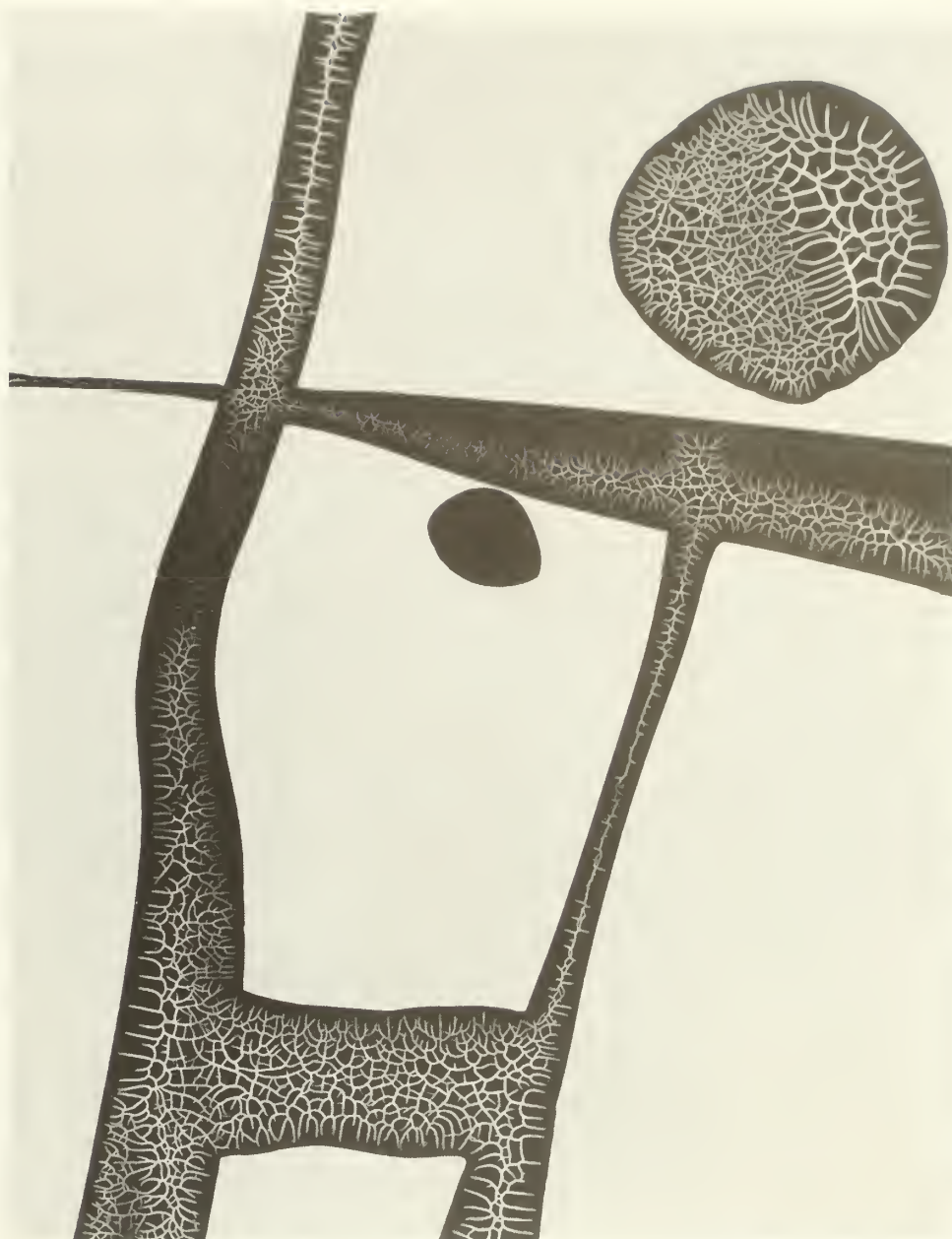
contributions to the visual and verbal dialogue that is 20th century art.

For Kepes, the artist's work includes not only studio work, but the responsibility to speak, to write and to act in the larger milieu of our culture, and with the insight that our vision gives us. Usually exhibited separately, the formal structure and iconography of his painting and photography share much common ground. However, if artists have become more facile at moving across artistic disciplines, curators, for whom the study of art remains highly compartmentalized, continue to avoid the exhibition and evaluation of artists whose work crosses disciplines. Thus we have not had the best opportunities to see Kepes' work in its totality.

His paintings rarely expend their energy in any great display of color. Yet in spite of their generally limited palette, they seem to synthesize color from the constant tension between radiance and darkness. The paintings from the 1940s and '50s are clearly inspired by the wondrous visions of aerial photography. Not quite the conceptual epiphany of seeing spaceship earth courtesy of NASA, early aerial photographs offered up rich new figurations well suited to abstract painting's continuing quest for meaning. Kepes paintings from this period seem to be trying to link mapping with aerial photography. Pigment seems to form encrustations and the geologically massed forms seem veined and eroded like a landscape. Macroview becomes microview and Kepes seems to anticipate the concepts of chaos and fractal theory currently so topical in both artistic and scientific circles.

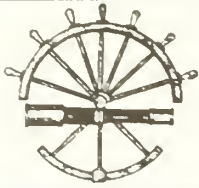
In his writing, the words seem to flow effortlessly. Yet in conversation the soft-spoken Kepes selects his words deliberately with warm, rounded Eastern European inflections adding a pleasing resonance to his voice. He is an artist for whom thinking and writing are critical corollaries to the making of art, and for decades he has sought to have the language of vision play a role in our society that is equal to that played by the language of words. Indeed, *Language of Vision* is the title of one of his most important books, first published in 1944, where he lays out the conceptual groundwork for much of his subsequent writing.

*Language of Vision* called for an integration of both individual and social life that would reestablish our trust in visual information. As science was revealing entirely new visual worlds with high speed photography, radiography and other media, Kepes saw that artists need to play a critical role in helping us organize this data into meaningful patterns of knowledge: "To function in his



Untitled, 1940, cliche verre

**“ Visual language is capable of disseminating knowledge more effectively than any other vehicle of communication. ”**



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fullest scope man must restore the unity of his experiences so that he can register sensory, emotional, and intellectual dimensions of the present in an indivisible whole . . . . The visual language is capable of disseminating knowledge more effectively than any other vehicle of communication."

*Language of Vision* remains a classic treatise on visual thinking. Shortly after its publication Kepes began his lengthy tenure at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he taught in the School of Architecture. His engagement with science is longstanding, and at times he seems to try to situate himself right at the confluence of the two great rivers of scientific and artistic thought that were flowing with such power in America in the post-war years. There was probably no better place to descend into at least one of those rivers than in Cambridge, where Harvard and MIT maintained their hegemony over American intellectual life.

In 1951 he arranged the seminal exhibition *The New Landscape*, which explored the full range of new scientific image making processes. Intended as a catalyst for an enhanced dialogue between artists and scientists, it presented an array of startlingly new scientific images as an empirical counterpoint to abstract art. A few years after the exhibition came the book *The New Landscape in Art and Science*. In his introduction, Kepes described it as a book whose "text is illustration for the pictures." What pictures they were: x-rays of skates, snakes, roses, and heating coils, mandalas juxtaposed with shell cross-sections, Giacometti, Giotto, Mondrian, Turner, and aerial photographs all arranged in a stream of visual consciousness that could only have been orchestrated by someone as omnivisual as Kepes.

**K**epes, like all true pilgrims, values the search for wisdom as much as its attainment. Regarding the relationship between art and science, he self-effacingly told me that it is "only something that I have thought about a great deal. I don't think I know so much about it."

If he is ambivalent about his understanding of science, his passion for nature is clear in everything he does. Natural forms, forces, and relationships are to Kepes the raw materials of all art, and the taproot of all human aesthetic experience. He speaks of the Tao, or duality, when he talks about the relationship of science and art, and both his paintings and photographs always seem to be seeking the proper equilibrium between the nature-made and the man-made. Dripping and decaying forms of nature are intersected by the circles and triangles of a constructed universe. In many of the paintings,

"Wheels on Wheels"  
1982  
oil and sand  
on canvas  
72" x 40"



dark earth pigments seem to fold and drip as if acted upon by geotectonic forces, and then upon closer inspection we can see the hand of man—often aided by some tool—inscribing a series of parallel lines, outlining an ellipse or perhaps stenciling in a rectangle. Nature is often the source of his imagery, but it is also at times the very stuff of the art object. Sand is frequently mixed with pigments, creating crusty and grainy textures that further establish links with the earth. The paintings from the 1970s also introduce an almost graffiti-like mark making its way to the surface. It is almost as if he has become painfully aware that human marking of the earth has become vandalistic.

In the photographs, perhaps even more clearly than in the painting, one can sense the breadth of his concerns as well as the emotional depth of his convictions. Images, such as bread, eggs, coils, labyrinths and

lightning strokes, appear with some regularity in his work. He reaches deep into our collective past for archetypal symbols and, at times, his work is like a recapitulation of the historical primacy of visualization.

The photographs are enormously variable in their technique. Photograms and clichés verre (painted or drawn on glass plates that are printed as negatives) are combined with camera-generated imagery to create unique images that seem to be probing the technical limits of the medium. While Man Ray and Moholy-Nagy had also utilized some of these forms, Kepes' work seems more richly emotional and more persistently searching than either.

Although never a part of the European Bauhaus, he seems to have been encouraged by its practitioners and paradigms to envision a role that transcends the marginalized one most artists seem so willing to accept,

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so long as they reap the economic rewards of the system. He had a close association with Moholy-Nagy in Chicago, and his Wellfleet house and studio were designed by Marcel Breuer. "I was fortunate to have met some of the masters when I was young," he says. "I gained, just from short conversations with them, a form of inner direction and spirit." He credits a brief visit with Paul Klee with having helped him understand the idea of painting as a *commitment*. He speaks admiringly of the "honesty" of Mondrian's passion. Honesty is probably the word Kepes returns to most often in conversations about art. In work that manifests honesty, Kepes can always find something of value.

Kepes has kept a certain faith in a utopian search for unity. During the '60s he edited seven volumes in a series called *Vision & Values*. Each volume comprised an anthology of essays by many of the most important thinkers of the time: Jean Arp, Naum Gabo, S. I. Hayakawa, Walter Gropius, Rodolf Arnheim, Abraham Maslow and Ad Reinhardt are a few of the contributors.

In another utopian effort to achieve greater integration between art and science, Kepes founded the Center for Advanced Visual Studies at MIT in 1967. It was intended to serve as a collaborative think tank for artists, scientists and engineers. Throughout the 1970s numerous artists came to the center to serve as fellows. They were given studio space in a modest building on Massachusetts Avenue, access to many of MIT's facilities, some loosely structured interaction with the scientists and engineers, but very little financial support. Kepes served as director of the center until his retirement in 1974. The center continues today, but the bureaucratic and academic fragmentation of knowledge (and funding) has stayed one step ahead of it, while the Media Lab, subject of *Whole Earth Catalog* denizen Stewart Brand's best-seller, has become MIT's flashier art group.

Teaching in the holiest temple of science in the land, Kepes sought a union of art and science at a time when each seemed to have wrung out the spiritual from its catechism. By the 1940s, its practitioners had come to believe that science was possible without aesthetics, while artists began to think that art was possible without content. The atom bomb and, later, the hollowness of a superficial formalism in art, were the progeny of such beliefs.

Kepes seemed to sense by the late 1960s that the slick surfaces of op and pop art were a telltale sign that modernist art was headed toward a crisis of meaning: "In spite of the bewildering stream of conflicting claims

and counterclaims in 20th century art, there is a common denominator. It relates not so much to what is present as to what is missing: cohesion, completeness, the link between art and life, between man and man and between man and environment, which provided the vital source of all the great art of the past."

If MIT has been his worldly center, the Outer Cape has been his spiritual and emotional one. Kepes still comes each summer to live and work at his home near Long Pond. He speaks of an "open sky" and of a "friendly place." In wistful moments he indicated that perhaps the one thing he might have done differently in his life would be to have spent a great deal more time in the country, as opposed to the city. In his introduction to *Arts of the Environment*, published in 1972 (which should be required reading for everyone living on the earth), he makes a poetic plea for us to use our eyes to truly comprehend the importance of the natural world, and not just as a sort of recreational preserve for weekends and vacations: "The world around us—the mobile luminous richness of the sky, the infinite wealth of colors and shapes of animals and flowers—provides the essential basis for all of our languages, verbal and visual, and constitutes the means for attaining a higher, richer sensing of life."

For Kepes, vision is not just a way of seeing, it is a means of thinking. It is perhaps our most important way of learning about ourselves and our world. Watching the sea from a dune in Truro, a storm approach from the Provincelands, or the business of dragonflies on a Wellfleet pond, we have all understood this simple truth. Our senses offer us a rich river of enlightenment every day, so long as we are willing to draw from it and not let the frequently overwhelming silt of our intellect clot the flow. "The experience of an image is thus a creative act of integration," he writes in *Language of Vision*. "Its essential characteristic is that by plastic power an experience is formed into an organic whole."

Just as the dark reveals the light in his paintings and photography, so, for Kepes, art and science are metaphors for two ways of knowing. ■

DANIEL RANALLI is an artist who teaches at Lesley College and writes a regular column for *Art New England*.

The exhibition, "Kepes," curated by Varujan Boghosian, opens in August at the Provincetown Art Association and Museum.

Photograph of Kepes in Wellfleet in 1977 by Bela Kalman.



"Condition of Light" oil by Geoffrey Smith

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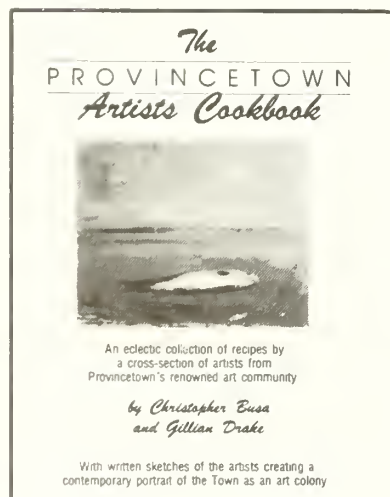
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# Further Correspondence Concerning Karl Knaths

**W**e are writing this letter in response to your magazine's article and subsequent letters about the work, reputation, and estate of the Provincetown artist, Karl Knaths.

We first met Karl in 1955 and became friends in the late '50s when we lived in Provincetown. We continued seeing him and corresponding with him regularly for the rest of his life. We saw his work every summer, in his studio, before it was sent to the Rosenberg Gallery in New York. During the early '60s, Karl gave us works on paper, hoping to help us out financially by allowing us to sell them. We couldn't bring ourselves to do that. Later, when we would run across a work of his on the open market we would sometimes make a purchase. Our small collection grew when we learned from Sal Del Deo in Provincetown that Ken Desmarais of the First National Bank of Cape Cod was dispersing the Knaths estate in Orleans.

We had heard about Desmarais from Karl many years before his death. He had always worried over his estate, although legend had it that Helen and her sister, the painter Agnes Weinrich, had a substantial independent income from estate property in the Midwest. Karl was extremely concerned that, should he predecease Helen, there would be no one and no structure to care for her needs. He feared he would burden her with tax obligations on the large amount of paintings that were still at the Rosenberg Gallery. Karl told us he liked Desmarais and was greatly relieved by this decision to make him executor.

After Karl died, although Desmarais had been selling a few works by Karl as well as some by Agnes Weinrich, he was not in a hurry to sell the paintings. He put pressure on the Rosenberg Gallery to promote the paintings and tried to involve other galleries, but they only wanted consignments, to purchase on a wholesale basis. As Charles Giuliano stressed in his article in the 1989 annual issue of *Provincetown Arts*, quoting from Desmarais, it wasn't until after Helen's death and at the urging of the heirs, all elderly relatives of Helen, that he began to sell the work in earnest.

Periodically over the years we purchased oils, watercolors, woodblock prints, monotypes and drawings by Knaths dating

from 1917 to 1963 directly from the bank. At a certain point, Ken suggested we visit Ed Shine who periodically was acquiring paintings from the Rosenberg Gallery. We drove to Providence to the home of Ed's mother, who was particularly fond of Karl's work. Ed himself told us on more than one occasion that he really preferred more realistic work. He showed us examples by Edwin Dickinson, Mabel Woodward, and others which might partly account for his remark in Giuliano's article where he says he never sold an "A" painting by Knaths.

That Mrs. Eaton should adopt this as a truth in her letter the following year is strangely contrary, since one painting a friend of ours purchased from this group was chosen to be reproduced in the Eaton book, *Karl Knaths, Five Decades of Painting*. She had not seen the more than 200 paintings that were left in the estate. A large number of these were familiar to us from Karl's studio and from the Rosenberg exhibitions, where many were reproduced in the Rosenberg brochures. Other paintings at the Shine house were reproduced in the Phillips Gallery book on Knaths by Paul Mocsanyi and several more were reproduced in the Whitney Museum 1957 book, all visual proof that what was left in the estate was not "inferior" work. Many were not familiar to us. A painting called "Dr. X," 1947, is a museum-quality painting of Provincetown's legendary Dr. Hiebert. The brightly colored tie in the painting can't be seen in black and white.

Since the dispersal of this large group of works by Knaths, his work has had no gallery representation. There were no exhibitions in New York City for 14 years until the January 1991 show at the Sid Deutsch Gallery that we helped put together. Previously, in 1982, we organized an exhibition at the Everson Museum in Syracuse using works on paper from our collection. In 1983 we worked on the exhibition at Bard College using paintings from our collection (to keep shipping costs down) that corresponded to early paper works, along with borrowed paintings from other sources. The budget did allow a catalogue for documentation. We understand that the 1989 Boston University Art Museum's Knaths exhibition was executed with local paintings, saving transportation costs. On a more or less regular basis, Knaths paintings come up for

auktion at the major auktion houses in New York City. All of this helps keep his name alive.

References to "A" paintings and "Dumping minor paintings" in previous issues of this magazine are overstated conjectures. Over 200 oils were left in the estate. This amounts to a little under a quarter of all the oils Knaths had done. These remarks are very unfair to Knaths' oeuvre. Knaths' undervalued reputation did not end or start with the artist's estate. Knowledgeable people know his current reputation is not what it should be. Even Andy Warhol said that Knaths was one of the most undervalued painters in the country. With large groups of works in universities, museums, and private collections, and with the steady documentation going back to the '20s, the evidence of his influence on other painters of stature will be revived just as we have seen with Sheeler, Demuth and Dove.

Knaths led a life suited to him, painting in Provincetown undisturbed for most of his life. He enjoyed a major reputation for a long period of time. His paintings remain as a testimony to a life well spent.

— Jean and Jim Young  
Woodstock, NY



Karl Knaths "Dr. X" (Dr. Hiebert), 1947

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## 1915, The Cultural Moment

The New Politics, the New Woman, the New Psychology, the New Art, and the New Theatre in America

Adele Heller and Lois Rudnick, editors

Foreword by Daniel Aaron

In 1915 everything seemed to happen at once. Forces for change that had been building in American society for decades came to the surface, profoundly affecting virtually all aspects of the culture. The authors of eighteen notable essays examine the forces that created Modernism in American arts and society. Included in this book are the scripts of the first four plays presented at the theatre in Provincetown in 1915.



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Videotape of Plays: TBA.  
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## Time and the Town A Provincetown Chronicle

Mary Heaton Vorse

Adele Heller, editor

Foreword by Daniel Aaron

Vorse's *Time and the Town* reveals the historical, political, economic, and personal significance of this place to this extraordinary woman. This reissue adds contemporary photographs and a comprehensive foreword which puts into perspective the intellectual climate of Provincetown at the beginning of a new century. Here was the place of which Vorse wrote "... I had the sense of completion that a hitherto homeless person has on discovering home."

372 pp. 21 b & w illus. Paper, \$14.95; Cloth, \$40.00



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## P.A.P.A./PROVINCETOWN THEATRE COMPANY

### PROVINCETOWN THEATRE CO Summer 1991

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Directed by David Matias

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*Damnee Manon, Sacree Sandra*

by Michel Tremblay

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**T**he Sabina Teichman Chair was established in 1985 in order to bring artists of note to the Truro Center for the Arts at Castle Hill.

Previous recipients are Helen Frankenthaler, Mary Frank, Grace Hartigan, and George Segal. Will Barnet, honored last summer, was for many years a summer resident of Provincetown. At age 81, Barnet has earned his place in the history of American art through his trust in the American tradition that even an immigrant's son can achieve his highest goals.

As a teenager in Beverly, Massachusetts, Barnet's dream of becoming an artist was inconceivable to his father, a factory worker. Even his teachers who recognized his talent warned him that he would not be able to earn a living as an artist. He drew compulsively and spent hours at the public library absorbing books on artists. It took tremendous energy to raise a family during the Depression while continuing to produce a body of work that has brought him national and international acclaim. It was 40 years before his art would support him and his family. By day, he earned a living teaching and working in a commercial lithography shop. Nights he struggled in his studio to perfect paintings and graphic designs that often underwent hundreds of revisions.

Immersed in the stimulating world of New York City for most of his adult life, Barnet never lost touch with the child that walked and dreamed on the shores of Gloucester and Rockport, intrigued by the sea and its contributions to early American history. Nor did he ever cease to be the young student who wandered through Boston, where he first attended art school, pondering the foundation for spiritual life in America. He was studying in New York when cubism was introduced to America. Later he worked with Jackson Pollock and the Mexican muralist Jose Orozco. He was especially influenced by the flat designs of the Northwest Indians that he found in New York's museums. He exhibited with his friend Ben Shahn, and taught at Yale and Cooper Union. He witnessed and participated in just about every art movement of this century. "There was no idea to make money in those early days—we were making art and that is what was important," he said last summer.

Barnet spent at least a decade exploring abstract painting, producing some of his finest work. But soon after his second marriage, he returned to figurative design, his first love. Through it he expresses especially his need for close family ties. In countless paintings and drawings—of his

# WILL BARNET

## 1990 Sabina Teichman Visiting Artist



three sons from his first marriage, then his second wife Elena and their daughter Ona, and now his grandchildren—he has captured the intimacy of American contemporary life with a grace achieved by no other living American painter.

Perhaps Barnet's most provocative work is in the wistful, almost mystical paintings of women, birds, and sea. The women drift in some nebulous state between dreaming and consciousness. Elegant blackbirds appear to represent a strange, ambiguous spirit that holds the women to earth, preventing them from dissolving into the soft, grey atmosphere that surrounds them.

Barnet still isolates himself every morning to paint in his two-story studio in the historic National Arts Club in New York City. Ironically, a retrospective of the varied

body of work he has produced over the years has never been mounted by a major museum in that city. "Today you have to be 'on the cutting edge,'" he says with a knowing twinkle in his eye. "I guess I am not."

— Joyce Johnson

Above: Will Barnet, "Self Portrait," 1980  
oil on canvas, 30¼ x 45



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# 75 Years Ago: Marsden Hartley in Provincetown

by Tony Vevers

ing a Mandarin whose enigmatic profile faces that of Hartley.

Throughout his life, Hartley seemed to have enjoyed having his picture taken. In many of them he poses for the camera, his large, curiously pale eyes with their dark pupils staring out of deep hollows over his aquiline beak of a nose. So much a wanderer, perhaps Hartley felt his presence in strange places substantiated by a photographic image.

After a major show of his work in Berlin in 1915, Hartley came back to the United States to what he later characterized as "the Great Provincetown Summer." Provincetown was described at the time in a *Boston Globe* article as the "Biggest Art Colony in the World" (August 27, 1916). This was largely due to the war; many artists who, like Hartley, had had to leave Europe, and

foreground stand six masqueraders and there is Hartley, to the left of a pair of penguins. He is again dressed in exotic garb, "the East Indian" costume for which he won a prize as "Most Artistic," as an article in the *Provincetown Advocate* (August 24, 1916) tells us. This costume is not as extravagant as the Paris version (which, one suspects, may have been rented) but he has stained his face and hands as he had done before. His stance, too, is like that of the Quatres Arts Ball photo, right arm akimbo, right leg forward. He stares out, his eyes catching the flash of the camera's exposure. His is easily the most compelling figure in the crowded room—the Ball was a sold-out success, according to the *Advocate*.

Hartley's sense of self and his innate dandyism come across in these photographs as they do in so many others. When one



"Provincetown is full. Provincetown is intoxicated, full of people, intoxicated with pleasure."

*Provincetown Advocate*, August 24, 1916

In Paris, on the first of June, 1912, Marsden Hartley was photographed in the exotic Arabian garb he had worn to the Quatres Arts Ball the night before. The notation over his signature gives the time: 7 a.m. He was 35 years old, on his first visit to Europe. His costume is resplendent with jewels and embroidery—even his turban—and he wears beads and bangles around his neck and on his arms (to the end of his life he loved and collected beautiful objects). He poses like a silent movie sheikh with a proud and confident air of mastery—all the more striking since he had arrived only three weeks earlier. Behind him is an oriental hanging show-

ing a Mandarin whose enigmatic profile faces that of Hartley. In addition there was an influx of writers, notably Eugene O'Neill, Max Eastman, and John Reed who invited Hartley for the summer.

During his stay in Provincetown, Hartley produced a series of paintings which are unique in his oeuvre. Seemingly based on nature and on things observed—the sails and hulls of boats and the cool tones of sea and sky—these works present a sharp contrast to the intensity and color of his "War Motif" paintings of the year before.

The major social event of that summer was the costume ball sponsored by the Provincetown Art Association. A sepia-toned print in the archives of the Art Association shows the celebrants in the Town Hall, where the dance was held (the Art Association was not to have its own building until 1921). In the



thinks of the often wretched circumstances of his life: constantly in need of money, driven to a nomadic existence, and without the recognition that he felt he deserved (on many occasions he contemplated suicide), one can only be glad for these recorded moments when Marsden Hartley appeared as a prince, an exotic and noble being, who would indeed, as he sometimes proclaimed, live forever in the history of American art. ■

I am indebted to Barbara Haskell's *Marsden Hartley*, The Whitney Museum of American Art, with New York University Press, New York and London, 1980, a most knowledgeable and thoughtful account of Hartley's life and work.

— Tony Vevers

Left: photo courtesy of the Provincetown Art Association & Museum; right: Marsden Hartley in Florence, from a postcard in the possession of the author.

# Gallery Portfolio

## Blue Heron Gallery

Wellfleet

For me, the process of putting paint on canvas is as important as the finished painting itself. I try to choose my subject carefully, by thinking about a concept or format, but once I've chosen what to paint, I try to leave thinking behind and just react to the situation at hand. I work as quickly as I can and with as much emotion as possible. The challenge for me is to sustain that emotional intensity, painting after painting, year after year. Ironically, when I'm most enjoying the process, I'm seldom doing my best work. The choices you make and the answers you find tell the real story of your life as a painter.

— Steve Allrich



"Low Tide"

Steve Allrich

From the cool light of Cape Cod to the warm golden sun of late afternoon in the Berkshires, my subject matter is light as it glides over the canvas, shimmering through foliage, dancing off table tops. I love sunshine. I place the elements of my design where sun streams across them from the rear, creating patterns of blazing light and luminous, transparent shadows. I love flowers, all touched and warmed by sunshine. I block in the entire painting with turpentine as my medium, allowing the colors to run together, letting the paint drip and go wild with color. When the canvas is covered, it is time to stop and begin again. My subject is not the flowers, nor the objects, nor even the landscape behind the objects. They are simply the environment I design to trap the sun.

— Sybil D'Orsi

Painting does not stop when I lay down my brushes. I even dream about it. I've been doing this for 40 years, almost a life sentence. I can't say it's fun. Sometimes, it is most frustrating and lonely. Even now, I'm seldom sure of what I'm doing. I operate on faith. But, not to let this terrible impression

stay, I could not entertain any other work. Probably I am unemployable at any other work. To continue painting for another day is indescribable satisfaction.

— Olaf Palm



"View of the Sea"

Sybil D'Orsi



Olaf Palm

This year's work has focused on secluded sites on the Lower Cape. The most appealing locations are undeveloped and naturally occurring panoramas of land and water, such as the view from the great dune behind Pilgrim Lake in North Truro or the view anywhere along the Pamet River. I like closed-up cottages. The silent cedars take over and guard their special place until the people come back. In its scrubby, wind-blasted endurance, the cedar, common to our area, like the saquaro cactus in Arizona or Monet's poplar tree in France, is a symbol of the Lower Cape.

— Joyce Zavorskas



"Cottage on the River"

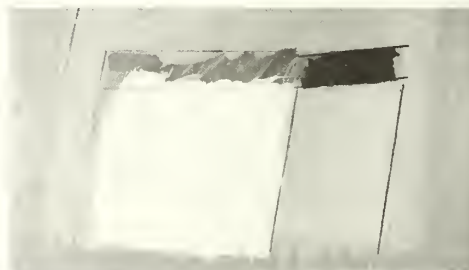
Joyce Zavorskas

## Chandler Gallery

Wellfleet

"Selective Affinities: Lechay and Cantieni" is an exchange exhibition of the work of Jim Lechay of Wellfleet and Graham Cantieni of Montreal. After viewing at the Chandler Gallery in August, the show will travel to the Frederic Palardy Gallery in Montreal in October. Lechay taught for several summers in the Greek island of Samos where he started his "Aegean Series." The luminous intensity of these canvases cease to be the essence of a figure and lose the last trace of its reference. We find Cantieni also inspired by Greece, in Thira, Attica, and Rhodes, where his series "Bleus de Gre'ce" and "Argolide" are the result of a reductive process leaving only a framing diagram floating in richly ambiguous color. In Greece, eternity is refound in things under the sun: sea, sky, horizon, window, roof, street, cliff. Knowing the work of Lechay and Cantieni, and sharing my time between Wellfleet and Montreal, I thought to join their selective affinities for dialogue that is more than a two-man show. It is a chance meeting of two visions beyond time in the same place. I hope it will be the beginning of new crosscurrents across the border.

— Monique Brunet-Weinmann, Guest Curator



"1989, 149"

Graham Cantieni



"Portrait of Ulfert Wilke"

James Lechay

# Group Gallery Provincetown

I started painting in 1986, the year I moved here. Before this, I was frightened of using paint and color. I only worked in black and white mediums that weren't paint. At first I painted in monochrome, gradually adding little bits of color. As my heart opened up, my palette grew, and I began to know that this is where my painting really came from. My scale is small. Helen Miranda Wilson once described some of her paintings as "face size." That statement has often popped up in my head. I realize that I want a person to get close to my paintings and look at them in their private space, as they would read a book or listen to a whispered conversation. Maybe two people who are intimate could look at the same painting together. Three's a crowd. No matter where they are hanging, scale controls the experience.

— Polly Burnell



"Across" Polly Burnell

Beyond the theories, ideas, or strategies that have pictures as the result, there is one basic motivation: "I am just trying to find a way to make pictures" (Jasper Johns). This is no simple matter. Nature morte, still life, natura naturata. I am not interested in still life painting as an armature for style. I am interested in painting as a way of thinking. A still life painting is like a still life object—it is experienced in a physical and sensual way. The painting and the objects in the painting are vessels of meaning. They are both an extension of human activity. The human presence is often felt more strongly through its absence.

— Richard Baker



Untitled Richard Baker

My paintings are executed on grommetted canvas panels some of which are old U.S. Navy bunk covers used during World War II and the Koren War. I am attracted to the rawness of the old material, the surface, and the active ground created by the grommets. The imagery and iconography springs from several years of outdoor sculpture in the dunes and bogs of the Provincelands National Seashore and a Fulbright year in West Africa. These two experiences are still coming together in the work.

— Bert Yarborough



Untitled Bert Yarborough

## Ellen Harris Gallery Provincetown

I am a pilgrim, inspired and renewed by the Cape's pure light and simple geometry. I photograph in the earliest light for mathematical shadows and empty streets. Often I paint these images with oils, laying on the saturated colors of a child's dreamscape, rendering them flatter, simpler.

— Ellen Jaffe



"Baker & Pearl" Ellen Jaffe

About a year ago I started making abstract colored pencil drawings. I had never worked in colored pencil before, and I had never worked abstractly either. I began to look very hard at the abstract American paintings of the past 40 years, which had not interested me before. Now they were all that I wanted to see. The old realists that I had doted on seemed too easy, too familiar, even

boring. When I began to want a richer, fuzzy line, I found oilstick, using pencil or collage over it. The drawings became layered, like a print. Now I'm beginning to mix in realistic elements.

— Jane Kogan



"Bin/Du" Jane Kogan

There's no recipe for painting the changing colors of nature. Hawthorne said, "Nothing so astounds as the truth." As I learned to see the visual truth, I discovered that shadows weren't the absence of color, but could be illumination from another source, that the sky on a sunny day wasn't a cold blue, and that there is no black in nature. In fact, I removed black from my palette completely. The heaviness left my work. I now see that's because I began to paint the color of the light, which is the key to the impressionist way of painting.

— Hilda Neily



"Summer Roses/Provincetown" Hilda Neily

## Cortland Jessup Gallery Provincetown

I have been coming to Provincetown for 25 years, sometimes only for a few days, occasionally a month. Since my retirement in 1986 (preceded by 10 years as a producer of the CBS news program *60 Minutes*), I have been spending the entire summer in a house overlooking Provincetown Harbor. Four months becomes a way of life rather than simply a vacation. Gradually, insidiously, I found myself taking more and more still photographs. My background in film has been extremely helpful in making the transition to still photography. I am also enjoying the differences. Since I am no

longer bound by the strictures of journalistic content, I am free to think in purely visual terms. I have become a watcher of tides and skies and snail tracks.

— Al Wasserman



Al Wasserman

As a photographer, I present a unique approach to nude portraits. I collaborate with the models, photographing them in the positions of their choice, often augmented with props. This forces me to take an active role by focusing on the model's perspective. Because my photographs have been taken in a controlled environment devoid of complex backgrounds, the feeling of voyeurism is eliminated as well as the documentary concept. The model within the photograph is isolated within a sea of blackness.

— Seth Gurvitz

Several years ago I traded one of my silkscreen prints for a camera, and decided to do a series of photographs of people in containers. The bathtub was the logical container to use. I started with my friends and it grew from there. I always let the subjects present themselves as they wished, in their own surroundings. I call the series "Tubshots."

— Donald Lawrence Herron



"Keith Haring" Donald Lawrence Herron

## Makeshift Salon

Provincetown

*Johnny in Monsterland* is the first feature-length monster movie ever shot in Provincetown. Its filming involved the whole town through the summer, fall, and winter of 1989. Among the nightmarish and humorous creatures, Provincetown itself becomes the central character. The cast is made up of town locals and summer residents, and features local artists Ray Nolin, Steph Gorkii, and Jonathan Blum. The soundtrack was scored by Clyde Shelby and includes songs by Jennifer McKittrick and Jeff Evans. Local characters Popeye, David Erickson, and Towanda de Nagy made their screen debuts. David Bishop played several roles and contributed writing and camera work. Throughout the whole movie Bishop is the dark force counterbalancing the innocence of Morrill in his delusional state of mind. Locations included the Art Association, Packard Gallery, Reggie Cabral's house, and the Makeshift Salon. The movie premiered to general acclaim last year at the Euro Cafe, and it may be rented at your local video store.

— Jonathan Morrill, Director



## New East End Gallery

Provincetown

*A comment on the back of a postcard:* The attitude of early Italian painters has been a great influence on my work. Regardless of subject, the images are lovingly painted. The brush is not a weapon of attack, but a tool to nurture the image. On the back of this is one of my favorite paintings, a wedding scene by Niccolo di Segna.

— Tabitha Vevers

My minimal palette of blues and grays in many shades and combinations is simply a process of accumulating feelings toward the object. A tiny speck of white will be the lighthouse at Long Point. Its tinyness is suddenly central and large. This diminishment makes the tiny a metaphor for the enormous. It represents how small we are in relation to our vast subject. This is why, when you ask, "Do you like Resika's work?" I

can't answer. I use the same standards for others that I use for myself, and I am also disappointed. It is never what I want. Resika and I were born in the same year in the same hospital. He heard me say that I use paint straight from the tube, without linseed oil as a medium, and without fuss. He said to me, "You don't use anything to paint with but paint?" "Correct," I said. "This is a very interesting conversation," he said, "very interesting."

— Arthur Cohen



"What We Call Sleep" Tabitha Vevers



"Provincetown Harbor" Arthur Cohen

## Gallery Opera

Provincetown

I use familiar forms, such as the heart, to create an internal emotional drama. In Spanish, the Stations of the Cross is a popular iconography, evoking an immediate response. I sometimes incorporate the language of that response into the sculptural forms. This enables me to explore the interrelationships between the languages of different cultures and create tensions between the languages.

— Ramon Alcolea



"Reliquary Heart"

Ramon Alcolea



Vita Petersen

## Rising Tide Gallery

Provincetown

Today there is a lot of instant art history about painters responding to the problems of their time. We are part of our time, and can't avoid it. I tend to work against a sense of chaos, with enough chaotic feelings in myself and towards the world that I want to find my own sense of order. I do not want to illustrate the problems that exist in the world. I think the private images that come from one's unconscious are far stronger. That's what art history has always been interested in.

— Jane Piper



"Red Stripes Above a Round Mirror"

Jane Piper

I paint from nature, from observation, but I like to concentrate on the essentials of the object observed. Arthur B. Carles once said, "If you want to paint a running dog, paint the running." In the vertical rhythm of a forest or the bursting energy of a bunch of tulips, I try to choose the particular instance that attracts me, pursuing it at the expense of some details. When I am deeply involved in my work there comes a moment when the work takes over, and I follow while it leads. It is rare and wonderful and the picture generally succeeds.

— Vita Petersen

The clarity of geometric form combined with the illusion of space in nature has been the major subject of my recent work. Yet I kept going back to using objects that I find or build which refer to my family history, to my children, and to the change in my role as mother. I have a need for a connection with children which is essential to my work. Perhaps that is why I always have young art students who come to my studio to work. I prefer the role of artist as mother rather than mother as artist. I have always like the consoling acronym MOMA, for the Museum of Modern Art, where so many artists of my generation were nurtured. The ultimate gift that an artist can pass on to her children or students is an understanding of the integrity required to make something worthwhile. I feel fortunate to be in the middle of four generations of artists, between my grandmother, Renee Finch, my mother, Colette Finch, and my two daughters, Stephanie and Tabitha.

— Elspeth Halvorsen



"For My Daughters of the Moon"

Elspeth Halvorsen

## Sun Gallery

Provincetown

The reflection in cracked glass, a half-shingled house sheathed in tar paper, a toy soldier covered by cobwebs: most of my photographs are concerned with things that are odd or "off" just a bit.

— Margot Nicol-Hathaway



Margot Nicol-Hathaway

Lately I have been recycling old chests and boxes and wooden furniture: pirates, merpeople, trolls, and other assorted mythological characters. I am turning them into usable art. I continue to paint outdoors as well: the harbor, High Head, bogs, flats, the rolling hills of Truro under the full moon. You may have seen me with a flashlight hanging around my neck.

— Nancy Nicol



Nancy Nicol

A photograph records, in a millisecond, a memory; a dream; a sight not seen; a piece of eternity to be internalized and assimilated by the viewer.

— Joseph P. Patrick



— Joseph P. Patrick

## Universal Fine Objects

Provincetown

Regarding Jim Forsberg: I met Jim Forsberg in 1987 when I came to Provincetown as a visual fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center. A friend of mine in Seattle knew Jim and had told me to look him up because he was "a fine artist and a wonderful man." I had been painting in black and white for five years and I became curious about the color courses Jim sometimes taught. Thus began an on-going dialogue that covered many subjects, not the least being the artist's journey. From Jim's critiques I learned much about the formal lore of pictorial space and how color, form, and interval are used to structure space. Jim was an inspiration and role model for me because of his joyful engagement in the creative act of painting: he played, he took risks, and each new canvas was a fresh encounter which had "a 50-50 chance of success."

— Dyan Rey



"Plant Forms"

Dyan Rey

I look for a face in the paint. I look for a presence telling of the bewilderment and clarity, the gravity and levity, inherent in the process of making a painting.

— Bill Mead



Untitled

Bill Mead

You can take the boy out of P'town, but you can't take P'town out of the boy.

— Rick Klauber

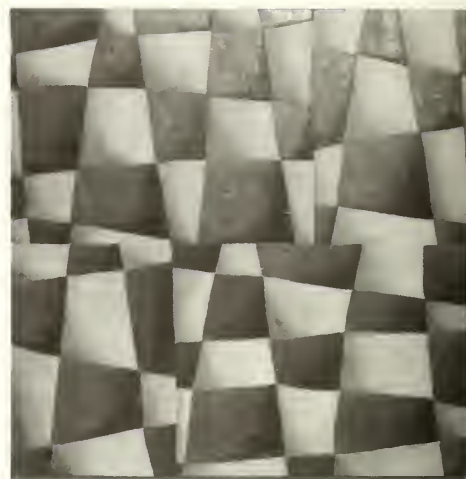


"Tiger Skin II"

Rick Klauber

These are my concerns: rhythm, pattern (not decorative pattern, but a repetitive, constructive, ordered system), destruction or change of this pattern; the importance of line and drawing; and the spiritual occurrence that comes from a painting. We are usually not aware of the source of emotions and experiences that derive from the successful working of a system/structure, or the deterioration and destruction of one. Life and death, growth and sickness, order and chaos, control and anarchy: none of these are opposites, but rather different workings of a system.

— James Balla



Untitled

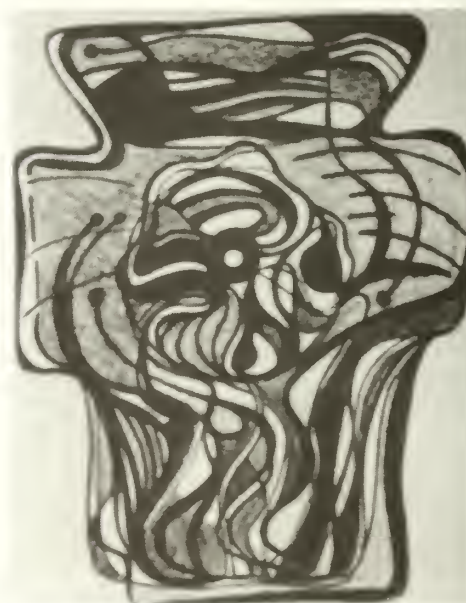
James Balla

## Visual Artists Cooperative

Provincetown

The work of the artist serves in the first place for the artist to explain to himself the world he lives in. I like to use drawing to express my understanding of how objects function in space and how energy moves and connects all living things. I am fascinated by the elements of our environment, especially the wide sky and the horizons, and my landscapes tend to be abstract and sometimes symbolic.

— Erna Partoll



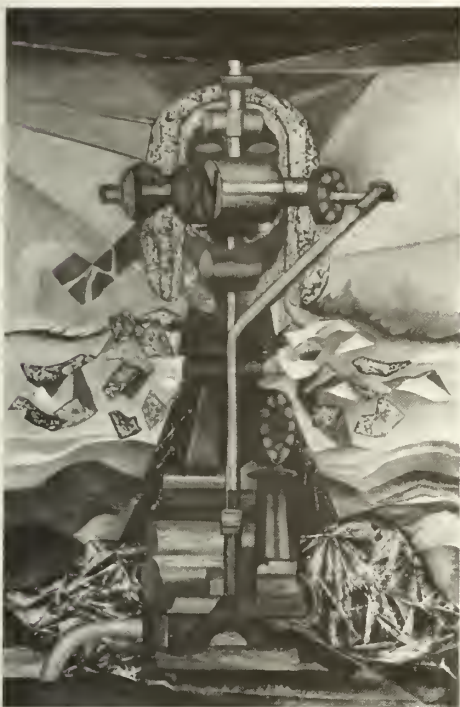
"Vessel of Time"

Erna Partoll

I have had a love affair with Mexico over a period of 50 years, from 1937 when I first viewed some archeological sites until my subsequent trips to Guatemala, Yucatan, and Peru. I delight in painting rocks, stones, ruins, and all organic forms. I use an intuitive approach. The Mayan Codices are the pictographic history of the gods and goddesses of Mexico, and these picture writings are the basis of my current work. "Black

Gold via the Earth Goddess" is my attempt to portray the Earth Goddess being crucified by the Pemex Oil Company. The oil rig forms a cruciform that symbolizes the exploitation of the Earth Goddess, who is being blown to bits in the background.

— Mary Spencer Nay



"Black Gold Via the Earth Goddess"

Mary Spencer Nay

This is a monotype I did last year when I had returned again to printmaking. I find monotype a very satisfying medium because of its immediacy and spontaneity. My subjects are often birds or dancers. This bird was one I saw which struck me because of the beauty of its form as it had fallen from the sky. Birds evoke mythic ideas for me. Since returning to Provincetown in 1987, my work has intensified.

— Constance Black



"Dead Bird on the Beach" Constance Black

## Berta Walker Gallery

Provincetown

When I first saw Richard Pepitone's sculpture, "Homage to the Fishermen," I was deeply moved. It struck me as the perfect sculpture to pay tribute to Provincetown's fishermen and their families. Three carved wooden oars comprise the basic elements of the original sculpture, which was subsequently cast in bronze. The oars themselves had been discarded, washed up, or stored, after years of use in and around Provincetown harbor. Pepitone had been looking for an inspiration to fulfill a growing need to work in a more contemporary and abstract way. He saw in these old weathered oars the embodiment of the life and work of all fishermen and became fascinated with the sculptural possibilities they presented. "Homage to the Fishermen" stands in silhouette on MacMillan Wharf, surrounded by the masts of our fishing fleet, paying homage to the daily labors and courage of Provincetown's fishermen. The trio of oars can represent the cooperation needed at sea to achieve a successful catch; the soft lines of the torso with arms raised represents the wives waiting on shore for the fisherman to return; the overall triangular shape of the sculpture is the symbol of strength and represents the interdependence of the rower with two oars. Each element also represents the individuality of each fisherman. No matter how it is interpreted, "Homage to the Fishermen" is a powerful visual image for the proud heritage of Provincetown and its community who for so many generations have made their livelihood from the sea.

— Berta Walker



"Homage to the Fishermen" Richard Pepitone

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RICHARD KOSTELANETZ has published over a dozen books of experimental fiction. This winter he explored the relation between literary and musical voices in a verbal text performed as a piece of speech music on stage at the Medicine Show in New York.

**Alternating Currents** is like an interview without an interviewer, and it retains the energy of dialogue, where the thought of one presses the thought of the other to further articulation.

**Openings** are one-sentence micro-fictions selected and re-sequenced by the editor from a longer list of "Openings."

**Minimal Fictions** are even briefer fictions similarly selected from a longer list.

## minimal fictions

**False fictions.**

**Footnotes.**

**How disappointing.**

**Gyrations.**

**Shimmying.**

**She understood perfectly.**

**Realphabetize everything backwards.**

# openings

The only sure way to prevent literary plagiarism is to write something so unique that any imitation will remind every reader of you.

What attracts me to very young women is the benevolent desire to help them discover their adult bodies.

He spoke in jingles; his mother called him “a natural poet.”

Because his criticism had once made certain painters famous, aspirants thought he still had a golden touch.

He would test his editorial enemies by sending them manuscripts written under a female name.

The evidence in print suggests that she came to fiction writing after a career in fiction criticism.

In every letter written to me he allowed deep spaces between the capital letters.

When he addressed one of his mistresses with the name of another, he knew he was losing control of a delicate situation.

As it was her last night in our strange country, she wanted to spend it with someone new.

Us guys at the counter wondered why a woman in a strapless evening dress had entered our crummy diner.

Out of the side of her left eye she observed his glance move slowly down her body, from her face to her chest to her stomach to her bare, just-shaved legs.

He sailed to the end of the earth really looking not for “spices,” as he said, but psychotropic drugs.

He would begin each breakfast by drinking a cup of his own urine.

# alternating complements

*No good writer chooses a form for psychological reasons alone, since it is not himself he is interested in as an artist; he chooses a mask, an imagined self, for the control it gives him over disconnected, sterile, often meaningless facts . . . . There is an imaginative space that every true writer seeks to enlarge by means of his consciousness. The writer seeks to press his consciousness into being—to convert his material openly and dramatically into a new human experience.*

— Alfred Kazin,  
“Autobiography as Narrative” (1964)

He was born on May 14, 1940, in New York City, the son of Ethel (Cory) and Boris Kostelanetz.

*I want my Autobiographies to tell the truth and nothing but truths and think I have appropriated extractive forms designed to ensure that I do.*

When a new book of his comes in his mail, he reads it at once, looking for errors, rewriting weaknesses and hoping that sometime soon this title will be reprinted in this new, correct, ever more “definitive” form.

*I regret that I no longer know the German my nursemaid taught me and the Hebrew I had to learn in haste for my Bar Mitzvah.*

He was seriously ill only once in his adult life—for a few weeks in the fall of 1966—with a high temperature whose causes were never persuasively diagnosed.

*I can scarcely read handwriting—even my own.*

He currently lives in a spacious renovated loft densely surrounded by several thousand books, a few thousand records, piles of papers connected to projects in progress, and many works of art.

*No good fortune that befell me, that was not desired, now seems as consequential as growing up in New York City—no matter how forbidding others found it, America's cultural magnet would always feel like home.*

He took a full-time job only once in his life—as a Visiting Professor for a spring semester in 1977—in part because he desperately needed money at the time, but also because a full professorship represented an offer he could not refuse; however, before that term ran out, he asked another university to remove his name from consideration for a professorial chair.

*These works of mine that I treasure the most have the quality of an audacity so extreme they initially seem "unacceptable."*

Even though he reads several hours every day, he registers 20/15 vision in each eye and with both eyes can read approximately one-half the letters on the 20/10 line at the bottom of the chart; he sees what others cannot.

*I regret that I did not purchase the loft adjacent to mine in 1974, because by 1978 I desperately needed more space; but back in 1974, I was not so secure about my ability to afford so much monthly maintenance.*

He became slightly stockier each year from his 17th to his 28th and then again from his 29th to the present; in the intervening year he suffered from recurring mouth ulcers and lost 35 pounds.

*I enjoy my memory for people and for books—for remembering what they look like, what they did with themselves, and what they said to me.*

He majored in American Civilization in college and then did graduate work in American history and, in fundamental ways, still thinks like an historian.

*I find it disconcerting to read books during the daytime, unless I am sitting in the sunshine, and comfortable to read them at night.*

Every weekday afternoon in New York, he goes downstairs to collect his mail and then comes back to his favorite chair to open the letters while returning the telephone calls that his answering machine collects.

*I am writing this in my study, the only place in which I really write, a room that is intentionally windowless, not because I prefer surrogate caves but because I find the outside world too distracting.*

Soon after he wakes up, customarily without an alarm, he is ensconced at his typewriter.

*I want this selection from Autobiographies to be a duet of objective sentences and personal ones.*

Before he turned forty, he authored over a dozen books and edited two dozen more.

*It has been my ambition to treat personal material in inventive ways and perhaps to write the most original, audacious, profoundly revelatory autobiography that has ever been written.*

He travels with a swim suit and can remember the size and quality of nearly every pool into which he ever dived.

*I have never owned a car although I have a driver's license, and the idea of having to care for one scares me as much as infants.*

He calculates that if he swims his leisurely breast stroke continuously for forty-five minutes he will have traversed a mile.

*I now read less than before, in part because the nights I once spent with books on my lap are now spent doing art, book design, and clerical paperwork.*

He has made love to someone—someone he liked—most nights of his adult life.

*I did not learn to like to read books until I got to college and have since read at least a few every week.*

A writer/artist by profession, he has always lived off his work.

*Once I made it my habit to read late into the night, I had to keep my mornings clear of obligations and so, in going to graduate school, chose Columbia over Yale or Harvard because it, unlike the others, had graduate classes only in the afternoon and evenings.*

He is now six feet tall and weighs 220 pounds; when he was 16, he weighed 138 pounds at nearly the same height, and ate, in addition to dinner, half an avocado every evening.

*One reason why I now find it harder to read conventional fiction is that I have already read so much of it.*

He has not punched anyone in twenty years, although more than once he has been provoked.

*I think of myself as shy, clumsy, distracted and utterly incompetent at selling my work, though I have been doing it, with fair success, all my adult life.*

No revolutionary change in human existence is profound unless it corrects the injustice that turning forty has traditionally meant something quite different to a woman than it does to a man.

*I generally liked tall and strong women until I met a short slight one that I presently like very much.*

He became a visual artist by learning how to draw with a ruler, with stencils and with a typewriter.

*I dislike sleeping in strange beds and, while out on tour, would sooner take a midnight bus home than spend a disconcerting, restless night.*

He has lived in only three apartments in his entire adult life—one in Harlem, the second in the East Village and his current one in SoHo; and the idea of moving everything to a fourth generates paralyzing anxiety.

*I generally finish every book I begin reading, especially if I own it.*

He often surprises his friends by remembering something by or about them that they had forgotten.

*I like to keep my writing room warm, in part so that I can sit naked at my typewriter.*

He has kept friends from elementary school, from high school, from college and from his earliest adult years in New York.

*I like to write about others no less than I like to write about myself.*

His principal sybaritic pleasures are reading, swimming and sleeping.

*Raw fish and spicy fish are two of my favorite restaurant dishes; but though I prepare most of my meals myself, I have never cooked a fish.*

He begins his day's typing by answering yesterday's mail, in part to warm up his fingers but mostly to make sure that it does not get misplaced.

*I suffered from insomnia until I learned to read late into the night.*

He lives a retiring existence, rarely leaving his comfortable apartment, especially in the wintertime.

*For all the excitement and anxiety I create in my own life, I wish most for the placidity of reading in the sunshine or a long swim.*

He tries to be very observant, remembering Henry James's dictum—be someone upon whom nothing is lost.

*In my early twenties I was led to believe that I did not get on well with people and thus tried so hard to be friendly and deferential (and even modest) that by now I find that I get on well with almost everyone, much too well for my own good, alas.*

He visited the edge of the Sinai Desert in 1972 and then went into the interior in 1976 and again in 1978.

*The principal reasons why I appear to be so prolific are not that I write quickly—quite the opposite is true—but that I spend years considering and researching whatever I plan to do and then finish almost everything I have begun.*

His fastest time for the 100-yard dash, in tenth grade, was 11 seconds flat.

*As both a reader and a writer, as an artist and a spectator, I am particularly interested in discovering what I have not known before.*

What, if anything, should be made of the fact that his name has appeared in *Who's Who in America* every year since 1967, in the *Directory of American Scholars* since 1968, in *The Literary History of the United States* since 1973, in *Contemporary Poets* since 1974, and in *Who's Who in the World* since 1978, other than the suspicion that the editors of one probably read the others.

*I like to write about personal experience not because I believe that experience is special but because there is reason to believe my literary perspective upon it is.*

He is busy and, alas, impatient.

*I have profoundly mixed feelings about fathering children.*

There is nothing in life he fears more, either socially or professionally, than becoming boring.

*Money represents freedom to me—no more, no less.*

His capacities for invention and audacity exceed those for imagination and finesse.

*I have gotten to the point professionally where administering my own activities consumes a good deal of time every day, and yet do not earn enough to support the secretary I desperately need.*

For him rewriting is more sympathetic than writing; that is one reason why he has edited so much.

*There were certain qualities in past women that I regret not having now, but none with whom I*

would have wanted to get stuck.

He eats only two meals a day—lunch and dinner—but nibbles too much in between.

Not until 1977 was I sure, securely sure, that I had "made it" as a writer in America and would continue to "make it," if only modestly, for the remainder of my life.

Rarely will he accept an invitation for lunch or "drinks," but he loves to go out for dinner.

One reason why I do not fear retirement or even physical incapacity is that I could then spend whole days reading and listening to music; one reason for owning so many books and records is preparation for retirement.

He considers himself a successful small businessman, not because he is prosperous—he is not—but because he has survived unaffiliated in a profession that either defeats or conscripts independents.

I make it a practice to keep promises, all promises, even at exorbitant costs to myself.

He regards his memory as an infallible measure of cultural value—what it remembers must be good, what it forgets is not—for memory is true to his taste in ways that even his prejudices are not.

At forty-four I find attractive young women less distracting than I did, say, fifteen or twenty-five years ago.

He decidedly prefers music that is religious and objective to all echoes of romanticism and expressionism.

I would sooner have my books and myself (and this essay) remembered than praised.

His independent success is resented, especially by those who owe their professional reputations to the positions they hold or the efforts of publishing (and publicizing) powerhouses.

Remembering Hugh Hefner's claim to have seduced more of the world's most beautiful women than any other man in history, I once nursed a secret ambition to do equally well by the world's most intelligent women.

He has published books, mounted retrospectives of his visual art, and, among other things, produced audiotapes that have been aired around the world. ■

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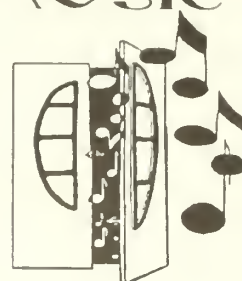
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**S**lip was one who died before he lived. It can be put this way, this inversion of a life span, for it was with the shaping of his tombstone that he first saw the light of day. By the nature of his being he then lived, an idea for a season, but when an identification with a bodily form began to take place he went away. Again by the nature of his being, he *had* to go away. A discussion of his ontology may be confusing; better to tell his story.

Cape Cod is not the Riviera, but that summer on the back shore of Provincetown and North Truro it seemed quite so. In the first place, an international society lived out there. A Russian painter lived at the highest point of the seaside range of dunes. Another painter, an Italian, had taken over the watch house of the abandoned coastguard station, and Jeanne LeLong, a nightclub singer, was building plank by plank a shelter in the deep marram grass back of the shore. The shacks of three Bostonians and a Polish prince were scattered along the shoreline to the south, and a mailtruck driver of Portuguese descent weekendend in a shack to the north.

Secondly, in our social occasions that year we struck notes of formality in an informal setting that made up less a New England summer season than a continental. Slip, however, was strictly Yankee.

It was in this spirit of insouciant formality that Martino, the Italian, always brought a gift when invited to lunch with my daughter and me. We would run up the cocktail flag and soon after he would rise up over the brink of the shore,

# THE DEATH AND LIFE OF T. S. SLIP

by Hazel Hawthorne • Illustrated by Howard Mitcham

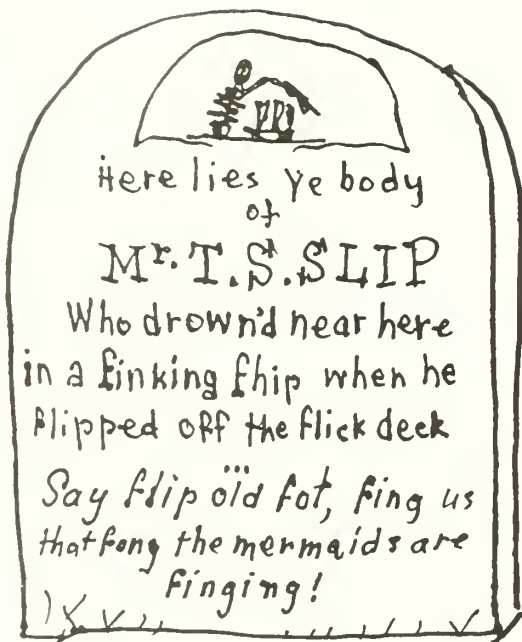
cross the valley and climb the hill with now a watercolor under his arm, now a fine and dry bird's skeleton, possibly a bottle of Noilly Prat. The sands of our dune were held from shifting by thickets of bayberry and grass on the slopes. In front of the shack was a cleared space, and when from this terrace we saw the sunburned torso of a guest rise over the brink of the shore it seemed like a constellation appearing in a wrong quarter but brilliantly. Everybody looks good, we said, in the summer sun.

**O**ne Sunday Martino staggered with the weight of his gift. He was excited. "Go inside," he shouted. When we were allowed outside the shack again we found a small tombstone planted upright on the terrace, and Martino was patting up a mound of sand to form a little grave. The stone was really not a stone at all but a shape of that pale grey clay that washed out in lumps from the cliffs at Highland Light. This lump, set up on end, was about eighteen inches high, wide at the base and tapering to a curved point like the corner of a pillow. That morning Martino, wandering north along the shore, had found it in this form. He saw at once that an inscription was wanted. With a knife he went to work, and now it marked a resting place.

*Sacred to the memory, it read,*

*of T. S. Slip, who drowned near here in a sunken ship, August 1816.*

At the top of the stone a death'shead rose from a wave to fling with bony arm



its great scythe over a ship in full sail, and down below were cut the lines:

*... say, Slip old sot*

*Sing us the song the mermaids are singing.*

That was how it began: out of army slang (a T. S. "tough shit" Slip being a posted paper for an offensive duty. To take it one step further, in combat when a soldier's brains were blown open, his comrades might comment, "Poor guy. He got his T. S. Slip"), and Martino's grieving for the sailors of the Cape who had drowned at sea. Knowledge of those old deaths had come as an intense shock to his enthusiastic sensibilities.

We couldn't leave the grave alone. We outlined it with clamshells, and after every party buried an empty gin bottle there, its label flush with the sand and bright as flowers in the sunlight. We came to feel that gin was not to our sailor's taste, and

that's Flip. T. S. Flip, you know."

"Flip? It says here —"

"Yes, Flip. A slippery flip, a flippery sellow."

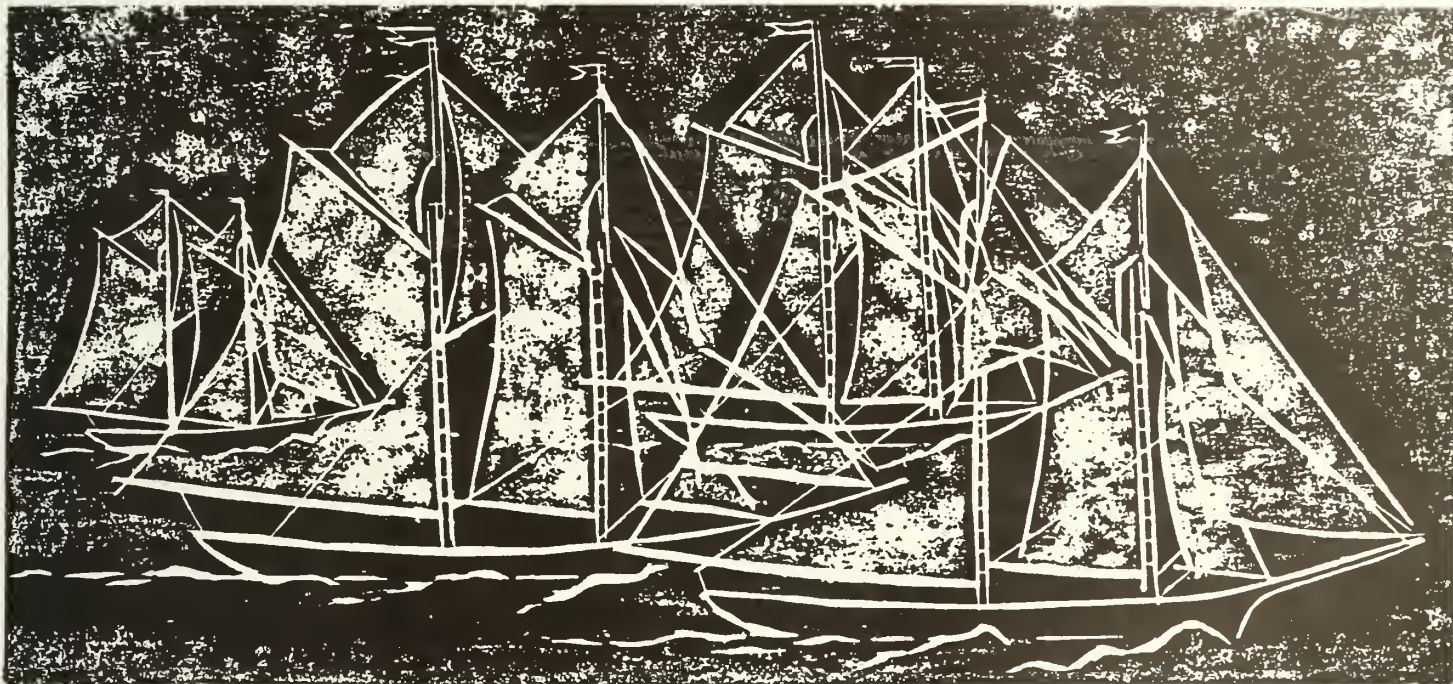
For days at a time the wind blew from the southwest, coming overland from the bay side and going out to sea. It was good weather, and we were aware of the burning, unchanging summer as if it were distinct from time and the passage of time. We woke at sunrise, and fell asleep in the early dark, it never rained, and the same sorts of things happened every day.

Martino, however, rose at noon, and "Come to breakfast," he would call to anyone passing on the shore. "Crepes Suzettes and lingua." He would be squatting on the sand before his fire, with a can of fat and marmalade jar beside him, frying

to her bed and kept him warm—at least, we thought she did for she was good hearted that way.

Still, I don't know. I feel she never really apprehended Slip. It's true she brought for the grave an old saucepan planted with petunias from somebody's garden in Provincetown. (Gypsy was light-fingered in gardens.) She did not often come to my hill, or walk much on the shore. Her scars bothered her, scars from the years of her career as a lion tamer, scars of a clawing from which she has never quite recovered. Besides, the care of a tame pigeon and a dog with six puppies took all her time. You could not expect such a practical person to see that a figure could take shape out of the ambience of salt air.

Stefan, the Polish prince, was another one who did not fully understand Slip, though he was always charming about him, and



replaced these bottles with a single but equally glittering empty of Meyer's black rum. When one of the Bostonians brought an eighteen pound striped bass up from the shore for me to cook for him, we laid its bones to rest along with Slip.

The s's of the inscription were old style. They looked almost like f's, and f's for s's were transposed, with varying effects, in the speech of the back shore. "Good senses make good neighbors," Martino would read out of his poetry anthology, and he would laugh and bang his feet down on the floor so hard that he snapped the mousetraps. "Coastguards are no longer needed at the station out here," we would say, "because the failing ships no longer fail."

It gave quite a turn to guests from town to find a grave all but under the cocktail table, and our answers to their questions may not have cleared up the mystery. "Oh,

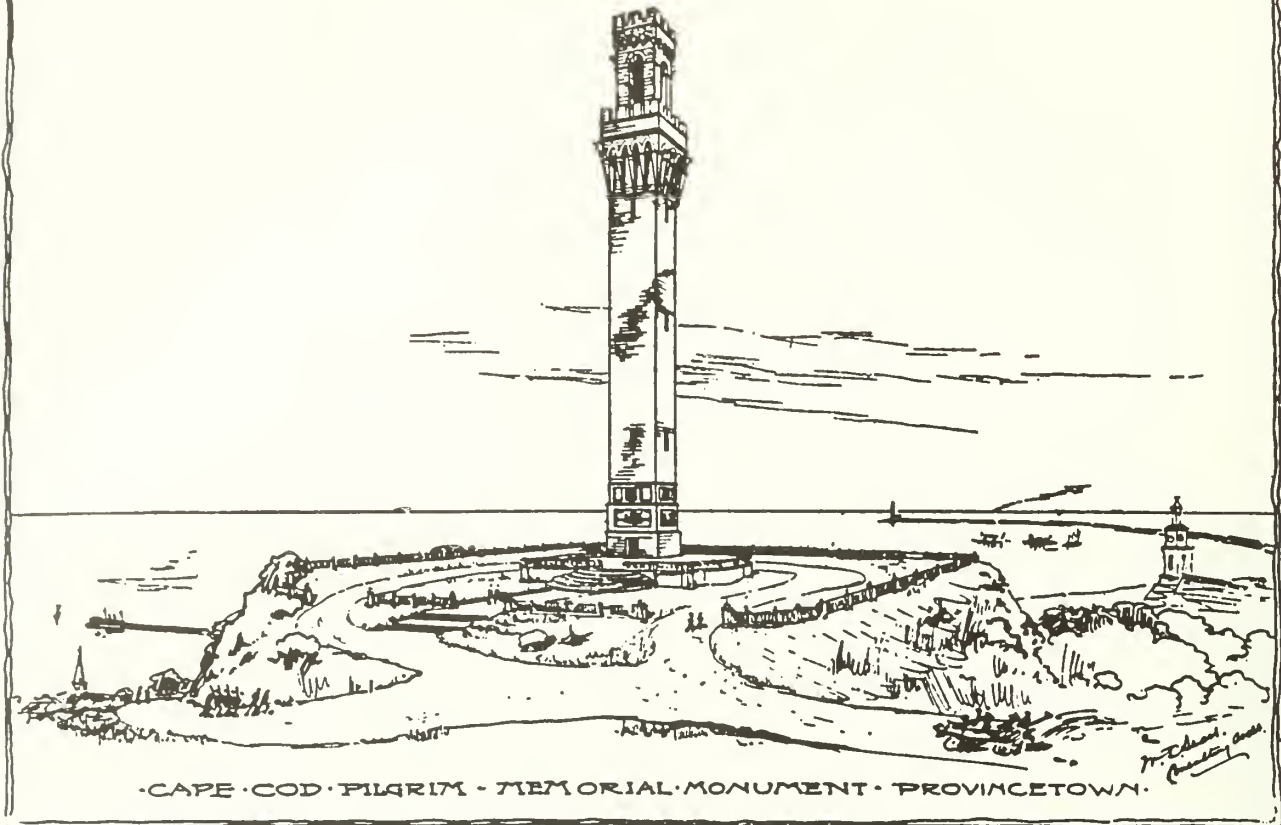
little pancakes and chunks of Portuguese sausage, and pushing lengths of driftwood into an oil stove as fast as their ends burned down. The stove had no legs, burners, chimneys or grates. Martino was dismantled, too, except for his hat. This hat would be any one of the several washed ashore that season. From this collection, salty, clean but soggy, he wore most often a peak of pea green felt, "brought back," he would say, "by T. S. Slip, poor guy, from a voyage to the far east."

Late in August, in fogs and light rains, the contours of the dunes were melting and soft. The fog blackened, and for days it was as if the sun were taken out of the sky, put into another universe. The nights were cold, and we heard our drowned sailor's voice in the northwest wind. He was mourning his own young bones, crying out against the cold and wet. Gypsy LeLong took him in-

always when he came to breakfast with Martino brought something off the beach—it might be a boot, a broken oar—to add to the collection of Slip's relics. He was sociable as a bee, and often visited in Wellfleet and Truro. From the latter town he brought back and regaled us with the claim made by fishermen and also by summer alcoholics of the Cape that the image of a tall blond Viking appears in a blue light at Corn Hill. Stefan was trying to palm off on us this blue Viking, but we would not have him. Our boy was a native Cape Codder. The Viking was an apparition, but Slip never appeared. The Viking was one sailor, but Slip was a myth of sailors.

Stefan was more sympathetic than we knew, and finally, from a distance, made a more momentous contribution than all the others. When he crossed the dunes

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# PILGRIM MONUMENT & PROVINCETOWN MUSEUM

**The Pilgrim Monument**, dedicated in 1910, is the tallest all-granite structure in the United States. It commemorates the landing here of the Pilgrims in 1620, and the signing at Provincetown of the Mayflower Compact, the New World's first democratic charter. A unique system of ramps takes the visitor to the top for a superb view of the bay, all of Cape Cod, and, on a very clear day, the towers of Boston.

**The Provincetown Museum** exhibits Provincetown and lower Cape Cod history and culture — the pre-Plymouth story of the Pilgrims (including a quarter-scale model of the Mayflower), shipwrecks, whaling, scrimshaw, figureheads, ship models, a captain's cabin from a whaling ship, period rooms, children's toys, dollhouses, Provincetown's oldest fire engine (made by an apprentice of Paul Revere), early Provincetown art, a model of the first Provincetown playhouse (where Eugene O'Neill's first play was performed), art and artifacts brought back from the Arctic by native-son Admiral Donald MacMillan (including specimens of birds, polar bears, and other animals), Sandwich glass, early china and porcelain, seashells, and much more.



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townward for the last time that season, my daughter and I climbed on top of the Russian's shack, this being higher than our own, and with a white blanket waved him goodbye. The blanket bellied and whipped in the strong wind, and almost dragged us off the roof. A few days later a card came from Stefan in New York. "When I left the dunes," he wrote, "I saw T. S. Slip on the horizon. He was waving his shroud." On the face of the card was a glossy movie still of the daredevil Buster Keaton. In a sailor suit, with his foothold curiously tangled in the rigging of a mast, hand to brow, an expression at once blank and quizzical, he leaned forward and out, parallel to the deck, scanning the sea. "I have found," Stefan wrote, "a photograph of him."

**T**he fogs blew off. The sunlight, thin and cool with autumn, came back over the dunes. It was the time when visibly the present becomes, in infinitesimal measures of change, the past. My daughter went back to school. Gypsy LeLong went away and her shelter began to fall apart. After the equinox I found a broken pigeon cage tossed on the shore below my hill. Martino was staying on long enough to do a painting for a group show in New York, and though we were the last two of the season, I seldom saw him.

The sun, its arc shorter in the round of our horizon than in the summer, no longer went down into the sea but behind the sand hills in the northwest. A sudden chill shadow fell across the shore in the late afternoons, and across my terrace and Slip's grave.

One nightfall I came back from surf-casting to see a clamshell gleaming out of the shadow on my doorstep. In the shell was pencilled a note: "Dear Mrs. Slip—please come see my picture."

The next day I was going to walk to Highland Light, but I stopped at the watch house. No one was there, and I looked at the picture carefully. In the foreground a female nude was stretched across a windowsill; she was looking out over New York and into the far reaches of Central Park. It didn't, somehow, have any magic, and when Martino came in he seemed to know how I felt about it. He looked into my face and away again. He pointed into the perspective of the park, putting his finger on a tiny, lively figure. It was on a pedestal, brandishing a sword. "See Flip?"

I nodded, not quite smiling, not speaking. At my nod Martino said in a low voice, "Requiem for T. S. Slip."

How shall I explain what happened next?

We were indeed near the end of the idea of the drowned sailor. Something momentous, possibly catastrophic, was going to happen to it.

Martino put on his windbreaker and his pea green hat, and we walked south along the upper shelf of the shore. The surf pounded close to this shelf and in places was tearing it down. "Requiem," I kept thinking. "Requiem." The words were harmonious with the sound of the falling water. I would bury the tombstone over the winter, but no matter where, it would surely dissolve.

We found a gull's egg. It was out of season and broken, but we pretended it was whole. I put it inside one of the black curls on top of Martino's head, and he pulled his cap down securely. He got the idea right away.



At Hazel Hawthorne's dune shack *Euphoria*: Hazel, John Gaspie (center) and Paul Cadmus (right).

"Yes, it will hatch, if I'm careful," he said. "If I keep it warm." He walked a little way. Then he turned. "I ought to go back to the watch house. I have to pack. I'm leaving in the morning."

"But Slip!" I said. "You can't go to New York, with an egg in your hair. You can't live there with your tombstone here—"

And then I saw how it was. The sailor was coming alive. He was becoming one with another being, he was about to be born—and that was the end of the slippery fellow. ■

HAZEL HAWTHORNE published three novels and numerous short stories in the *New Yorker*, *Hound & Horn*, and other magazines. Now 89, she wrote this story around 1950 about life on the back shore. It was never published. Perhaps it was too personal. Her friend Howard Mitcham is portrayed as Martino the Italian, Boris Margo is the Russian, and "Frenchie" Chanel is Gypsy LeLong.

Howard Mitcham, writer, painter and author of the *Provincetown Seafood Cookbook* and most recently *Clams, Mussels, Oysters, Scallops & Snails* (both by Parnassus) wrote this inscription in his gift copy to Hazel of his latest book: "This book is for my beloved Hazel Hawthorne who helped make my days on the Peaked Hill Dunes, 1946-47-48, the happiest times of my life! Do you remember how we used to sit in front of Euphoria sipping martinis and watching the frigging whales? (You had lugged the ice cubes in those martinis all the way from town in your backpack and this made them taste doubly good and intoxicating). We were the original 'whale watchers,' now it's a big industry with Aaron [Avellar] as the top captain of the fleet. We are good pals, Aaron and I. I wrote a poem about it and carved it on a beach stone and gave it to you:

#### The Whale's Love Song:

*Seaweed's wreaths of love and mermaid song  
Beckon us to our sure destruction  
In this fatal ebb tide's undertow  
Disguised as joy  
Come away with me, love,  
To the safe blue deep.*

And there was our great mythic hero, T. S. Slip, invented by John Alexander. I carved him a headstone and you kept his grave decorated with wildflowers and autumn leaves. Poor soul, some vandal stole his headstone and his bones have been unhappy even since. I'll always love you, Hazel — Mitcham, Oct. 5, 1990."

Mitcham says that Hazel's shack *Euphoria* was built by John Alexander and Jimmy Thomas, both admirers of Hazel. As the best contractors in town they built it to last and it's still there after all these years, along with Boris Margo's, now both in the care of the Peaked Hill Trust.

Illustrations by Howard Mitcham—previous page: "Fishermen's Regatta, Provincetown, 1905"



Hazel Hawthorne c. 1940

Jared French



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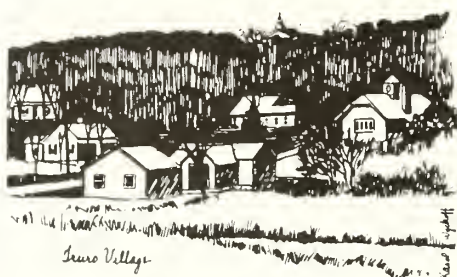
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# Pirate Ship Artifacts Now on Display



Above: the *Whydah* exhibition at the Pilgrim Monument Museum.

Left: Artist Ron Fowler's impression of Captain Sam Bellamy demonstrating how some of the recovered artifacts would have been worn.

Below left: A conservator at work restoring a cannon.

Below: The high-quality pistol recovered from the wreck of the *Whydah* featuring brass furnishings.



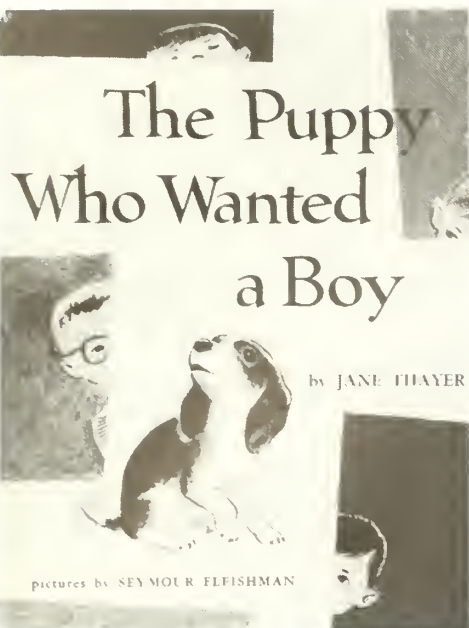
This spring, the Pilgrim Monument and Provincetown Museum opened an exhibition of treasures from the pirate ship *Whydah*, wrecked off the coast of Wellfleet in 1717. Representative artifacts from the wreck are displayed in the exhibition to tell the story of the age of piracy, of Captain Samuel Bellamy and his crew, and the salvage operations which began in 1984. A unique feature of this exhibition is a working laboratory where visitors can observe conservators in the process of restoring some of the thousands of artifacts that have been recovered from the ocean bed.

Discovered by Cape Cod native Barry Clifford and associates, the *Whydah* is the only pirate vessel yet found anywhere in the world. The identity of the shipwreck was confirmed with the recovery in 1985 of the ship's bell bearing the inscription "The Whydah Gally [sic] 1716." Since then, the *Whydah* has been the subject of intense study by archaeologists.

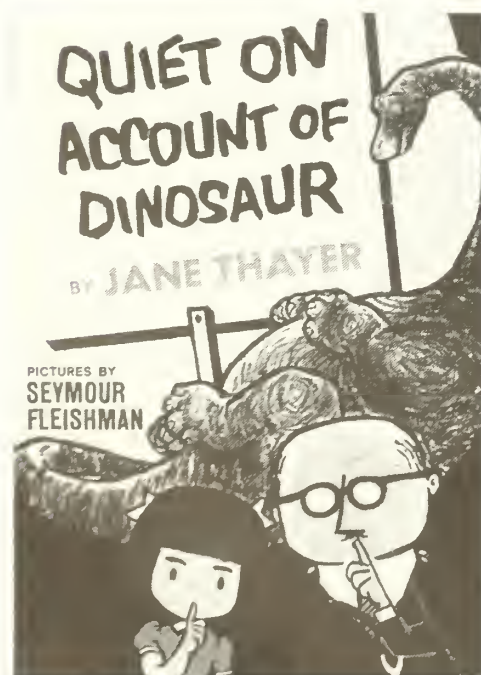
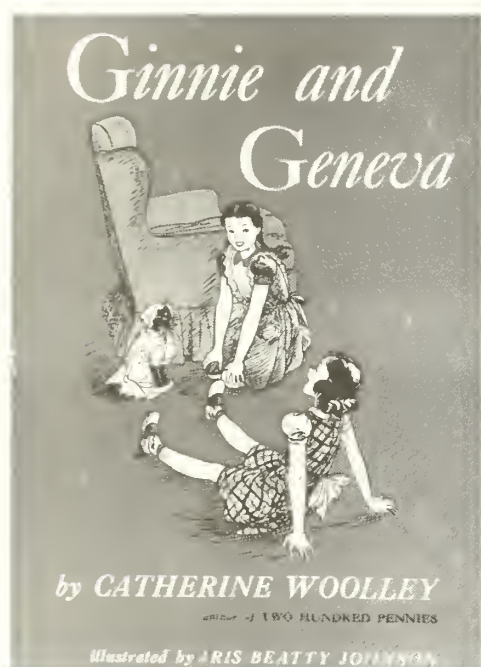
One of the prize finds, illustrated here, is an iron pistol with brass fittings in the baroque style. The iron parts have nearly corroded away, but the wooden stock, ramrod, and brass fittings survived intact because of rapid concretion formation underwater. This conglomerate of sand and stone protected the wood from organisms which would otherwise have devoured it. Other artifacts were preserved in this way, including a leather shot case and a piece of fine silk apparently used to wrap the pistol.

*This exhibition is the result of a partnership between the Cape Cod Pilgrim Memorial Association and the Whydah Joint Venture.*

Architect: John Thornley  
Designer & Artist: F. Ronald Fowler  
Curator: Clive E. Driver



# Stories that stay



CATHERINE WOOLLEY wrote some of the books I loved best growing up: books about Ginnie and her best friend, Geneva. I couldn't tell you much now about the plots of those stories, or even the names of the other characters. But I can draw up exact, sensory details of certain scenes: the crackle of an autumn bonfire in the dark after a day of raking leaves, then jumping in the piles; the lights and decorations and glittering sales counter of New York City during the Christmas season; the feeling of jealousy when one's best friend is drawn away by a newer, more exotic girl in school.

There was a feeling of security in those books, like the old blanket you drape over a chair, that made me check one out from the library the first winter I lived on the Cape, when I knew no one and everything felt raw and unfamiliar. Reading it was like seeing someone I knew, a thousand miles away from home. The characters' names came back to me as I turned the pages: the twins, Lucy and Leonard; Anna, the orphan girl; Peter, the next door neighbor. It made me feel old to read a book in an hour that must have taken days when I was a child. But there was something luscious about it, too, as if I were walking back into the same body that hated dinner because it meant you had to put a marker in the book and sit at the table for at least 45 minutes; that smuggled a tiny lamp, with a bulb that shorted out each time I twisted the cord, underneath the sheets so that I could read after I was supposed to be asleep.

When I found out not only that Catherine Woolley was real, but that she lived on the Cape, I was both curious and suspicious. People are often disappointed when they meet the author whose books they love. The writer rarely matches up to the reader's fantasy.

But Woolley is one of those rare authors who turns out to look and be a lot like you might imagine her: a twinkly eyed, genial woman

who, though she's in her late 80s, doesn't seem to be of any particular age. She lives in just the kind of house you'd want her to live in—an old Cape built in the 1830s on a narrow Truro lane full of flowers and tangles of bushes, where the neighbors' houses are all nearby but hidden from view. There is no computer or VCR or food processor in sight, and in fact, she doesn't own any of those "modern conveniences."

Catherine Woolley is the author of more than 30 books for children aged eight to twelve. She also has a secret life as Jane Thayer, the author of more than 50 picture books for small children. She says she started writing under a pseudonym early in her career when she was told she was producing too many books to publish under one name. She is, in fact, the most prolific children's author this century, and she is still receiving royalties on books she wrote in the '40s.

Her books have appeared in many languages; currently *The Puppy Who Wanted a Boy* is being translated into French for Scholastic Books. Some of her books that have long been out of print are being reborn in new editions: *The Blueberry Pie Elf* is scheduled for republication in 1993. But Woolley herself seems most excited by her nonfiction book, *Writing for Children*, published in 1989. She says she was inspired to write it by "all the hopeful writers who had sent me manuscripts, asking advice."

My 20-year-old niece is studying in Russia for a year. I wrote her that I was about to meet Catherine Woolley, and she wrote back, "I loved Ginnie and Geneva books! My two best friends and I used to write plays based on them (I think I was Ginnie)." And I was reminded again of the warmth and familiarity associated with those faithful books you read growing up.

—K.S.

# with you all your life

**Kathy Shorr:** When I first walked in and saw your bookcase, I swooned; my knees started to buckle. Somehow I don't think I'd have the same reaction with adult fiction. There's something about having read those books when one is small that gives them a very special place deep in a person's being. What do you think that comes from?

**Catherine Woolley:** In my case, I identified closely with the people in the book I read. I suppose you never heard of the *Little Colonel* books. There were 13 of them, which I discovered quite accidentally on a library shelf. I picked one up one day and discovered a marvelous world of post-Civil War Kentucky. I read them over and over. I wrote to the author, the only author I ever wrote to in my life, and received a printed acknowledgement. It cut me to the bone. That's one reason I make a point of personally answering letters. I know how children feel.

Years ago I was invited to a school in Brooklyn. I got a letter from a little boy in fourth or fifth grade who said they were inviting their favorite authors to visit the class. The mothers were going to provide a luncheon. It was to be a gala occasion.

Well, I lived in New Jersey, but Brooklyn might as well have been darkest Africa as far as I was concerned. I had no idea how to get there by subway. I knew a taxi would be terribly expensive. I put off responding. When I mentioned it to my editor one day, she said the house would pay for a taxi. So I wrote and said I would come. I had a letter back from the teacher; she said, "You will never know what your letter meant to the children. They sent out a lot of letters. Some authors were dead. Some lived in California. Some lived in Florida. Absolutely

everybody turned them down. One little boy came up to my desk one day and said, with a very long face, 'I heard from Catherine Woolley.' My heart just sank. And he said, 'She's coming!' "

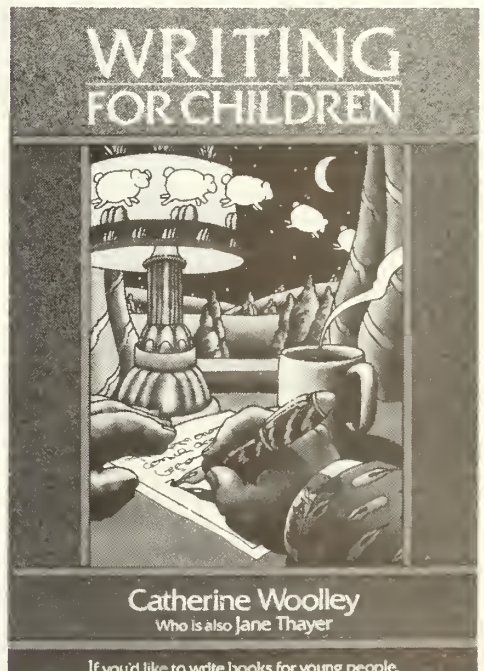
When I walked into that auditorium, the place burst into excitement. They had dramatized some of my stories. One of the songs went, "Woolley and books, Woolley and books, go together like kitchens and cooks." I thought, what a narrow escape! Suppose I had just said I was sorry and did not go! They would have been devastated. As it was, the teacher said, "They may forget all the geography they ever learned, but they'll never forget this day."

**KS:** I imagine that children identify with a particular character in a book or series of books in the way you describe, but they aren't often aware that an author exists. Books seem to exist for children with no direct relationship to the person who sat down to do the writing. Writing for an adult audience, the writer gets some gratification in having people recognize his or her name. When you write for children, you don't have that. But you must gain something else, or you wouldn't write books for children.

**CW:** I gain a lot. I'm invited to schools to talk. The children sit on the floor and look up at me and ask questions. I go home with a new feeling of enrichment and meaning. I actually *see* the children. I'm not writing for an amorphous, unknown group. Lots of children send me their picture. Sometimes I keep one on my desk, as a reminder of who I'm writing for.

**KS:** I have friends in Provincetown who

by Kathy Shorr



write picture books for children and travel around to schools in just that way. The main character in their books is a dog named Amos. Several publishers originally told them that their idea wouldn't work because there were no children as characters in the book. Did publishers ever try to discourage you from writing books in that way?

CW: Never. I suppose in my animal books there has always been a human being, but the animal has been the important character. Look at *The Puppy Who Wanted a Boy*. After all these years, more than 40 years, it's still going strong. There are no people in it, really, until the very end, and they're just there to take the dog in. But that's probably a story I'll be remembered for when all the others are forgotten.

I had some letters from a class recently, third graders from Virginia. They'd been reading *Quiet on Account of Dinosaur*, one of my picture books that's still in print. They wanted to know what finally happened to Dandy the Dinosaur. They gave me suggestions—he could go to Hawaii, he could get married, he could go to the movies. One little boy—it could have been a girl, actually, you can't tell from the names sometimes—said, “You haven't finished the book. When you write a book, finish the book!” Obviously, this is very important to them. They didn't care anything about the little girl in the book, Mary Ann, they wanted to know what happened to the dinosaur.

KS: We learn at the end of the book that Mary Ann grows up to be a scientist.

CW: Yes, so that took care of her.

KS: Interesting. They identified more with the dinosaur. In your book on writing, you say that using animals as protagonists is a way of pointing out a moral.

CW: You never try to point out a moral. You just write the story, and after you've written it, you suddenly see that it does accomplish something along those lines. That's why the idea occurred to you in the first place.

KS: There's something about the language in your stories, and the timing of the language, that make them enjoyable to read.

CW: That's part of the craft of writing. This is what so many people who try to write for children don't understand. They may have the germ of a good idea, but they can't express it in an effective way.

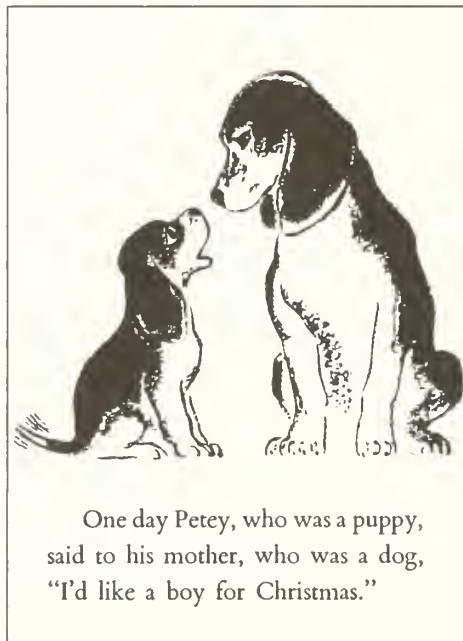
KS: I never read your picture books growing up, but as I read them now, I can't help noticing their connection to poetry. You address that relationship in your book when you say that you actually structure the language in the story to match your breath length.

CW: Yes, and of course that relates to poetry.

KS: Just as one can come back to a poem many times, so children love to read the same lines over and over.

CW: And they have it read to them over and over before they can read it themselves.

KS: That has to do with the language. A poem ends but lingers on. It isn't like fiction where someone might fall down a hole, be rescued by a policeman, and live happily ever after. In a picture book, there's a



From *The Puppy Who Wanted a Boy*, illustrated by Seymour Fleishman, first published in 1946.

sense in which the story goes on. The dog goes off to live with the little boys in the orphanage, but the book could continue.

CW: It leaves the child with a happy feeling of wanting to hear it again.

KS: You've said that when you name characters, it becomes very important not to kill them off in the course of the story. Why do people get so attached to something when you name it?

CW: If it's just a rabbit, it has no particular personality. It's just another little creature. But the minute you give it a name, it becomes a real person as far as children are concerned.

KS: In *The Popcorn Dragon*, the characters only have names like “the elephant” or “the giraffe.”

CW: I think they are capitalized. I don't really remember.

KS: Authors aren't as present with a book they might have written 30 years ago as the person who just read it.

CW: Some books I've written, I've forgotten I've written. Recently I came across a story of mine in an anthology and thought, that would have made a book. Then I looked on my shelf and saw I had actually written the book.

KS: Have you had a problem with your children's stories of editors saying that the material has become dated?

CW: That is one reason why I wouldn't try to write another book about the 8 to 12 age group. I don't know enough about children growing up today. Children don't change, but the world changes so much. Although I have grand nieces and nephews, I don't see them often enough to follow their thinking, their likes and dislikes, their taste in music. But with little children and animals, there's not much change. I can cope with them very well.

KS: I love the fact that in your books the characters live their lives oblivious to the adult world around them. The adults in the book are there merely to cook dinner and drive them to ice skating lessons.

You've written that if there's one single thing you would emphasize, it is the importance of using a single viewpoint. Why?

CW: In adult books it's not so important to stick to one viewpoint. If it's scattered around too much, from this person's viewpoint to that, you don't really identify with anyone in particular. This is not so important for adults. But children identify closely with the main character in the book and want to *be* that character.

KS: You spent your early adult life working as a copywriter. Do you think that helped you as a writer?

CW: Maybe, but the thing that helped me more was the playwriting course I took in college. I wrote a miracle play that was produced. In a play you have to cut away the nonessentials in the dialogue and it has to take place in a certain amount of time. That was very good early training for me.

KS: You used to be involved in many civic

and organizational activities. Did you find they were very distracting to you as a writer?

**CW:** Yes, you have to shut out everything. There's no question. I certainly did when I was writing this book on writing for children. I didn't tell anyone I was writing it, except one friend who was also a writer. She kind of held my hand.

**KS:** Why not tell anyone?

**CW:** I've never talked about work in progress. You never know what's going to happen to the book. People often ask if I read work in progress to children. I never have. It's with me until I actually know it's been sold.

**KS:** Your recent book had a lot to do with craft, structure, and plot but not much to do with the unconscious and where it comes into play in writing. Yet I sense from your books that your unconscious comes into the writing quite a lot.

**CW:** That's something that cannot be taught. The writer comes through in what he or she writes, if one is honest about it. For instance, I would hate to think that John Updike is the kind of person he writes about. I think he writes what he thinks will sell.

**KS:** I often thought John Updike just believed that people were bad.

**CW:** Yes, but is he bad? I don't think so. But you see, it's his viewpoint.

**KS:** Your viewpoint seems cheerful. Did you have a happy childhood?

**CW:** Yes, very happy.

**KS:** Many authors reminisce about lonely childhoods and how that pushed them into writing. Do you think that having a happy home life helped you in your writing?

**CW:** I don't know that it did. I think writing was just in my genes. My father was a writer. In fact, I'm descended in some fashion or other from Anne Bradstreet, the first notable American woman poet. I always told stories when I was a little child. In high school I wrote for the school paper. It was in me and it just came out.

**KS:** Do adults ever write to you about your books?

**CW:** Usually in relation to their children.

Years ago, I had a letter from a woman who said her child was a bright child, but she had a block about books. She simply couldn't get through a book. She had been given an assignment to write a book review and she brought one of my books home. She took it upstairs on a Sunday afternoon and said she would try to read a chapter. There wasn't a sound out of the room. The woman thought her child had fallen asleep. At supper time the girl came down with the book clasped in her arms, her eyes shining, and said, "I've finished the book, and I wish it would go on forever!" It was a wonderful letter. I value it as much as any letter I've ever had. ■

KATHY SHORR is a writer and radio producer who lives in Provincetown.



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# Memento Mori

In the early '60s, not long after Jean Tinguely's contraption of bicycle wheels and whistles, "Homage to New York," blew itself up in the sculpture garden of the Museum of Modern Art, Jack Kearney delivered his seven-foot kinetic sculpture, "Emancipated Woman," to the Chrysler Museum in Provincetown. Accompanied by a police escort and a group of friends, Kearney made a sardonic pilgrimage down Commercial Street from the far east end of town. Painted a vivid yellow and mounted on a bicycle refitted with the wheels of a baby carriage, the robotic woman was fashioned from discarded oil drums, bed springs, a flour sifter, and welding rods, which represented her hair. When a doorbell button was pressed, she jerked her head from side to side and swung a hammer down upon a small refrigerator motor she carried in her left hand. She was eventually destroyed by the curiosity of children who kept pressing the doorbell button until it wore out. The owner of the museum, Walter Chrysler, appeared on the lawn to say that "Kearney has untangled Tinguely."



In the summer of 1990, Kearney again put his hand-print into the wet cement of art history. On a hot day in August he invited a large crowd to his studio to witness the unveiling of his enormous dinosaur, three tons of chrome car bumpers welded into a facsimile of a three-horned triceratops. The creature was covered with tarpaulins when several assistants rolled it onto a paved area near the studio. Then Kearney removed the covering and the shiny facets gleamed in the sun with the force of many mirrors. All cheered and drank champagne. Kearney climbed a ladder, sat on the neck of the beast, and gave a little speech. He explained that dinosaurs were not his principal interest, they were just his largest commissions. He has created a two-ton elephant for the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago, where he lives in the winter, and a pair of one-ton fighting longhorns outside the Kansas Coliseum in Wichita. At the ground level of the tallest building in Dallas, beside a wide reflecting pool, his giant frogs are happy with the knowledge that they are loved in Texas.

He told the crowd about a group of first graders who visited him at his workshop in Chicago, making him wonder why they liked dinosaurs. They told him, "Because they're dead." Kearney realizes that the very material he uses to make his commemorative sculpture, bumpers from cars made in the '60s and '70s, is itself endangered, almost extinct. In the days when they still burned everything at the Provincetown dump, before sanitary landfill, bumpers were plentiful. To gather them, he had only to wait for the smoke to clear and the metal to cool. Now he is down to nine or 10 tons in storage and plans to work in moderate sizes in order to preserve his supply.

He climbed down from the ladder and picked up a stainless steel colander placed near

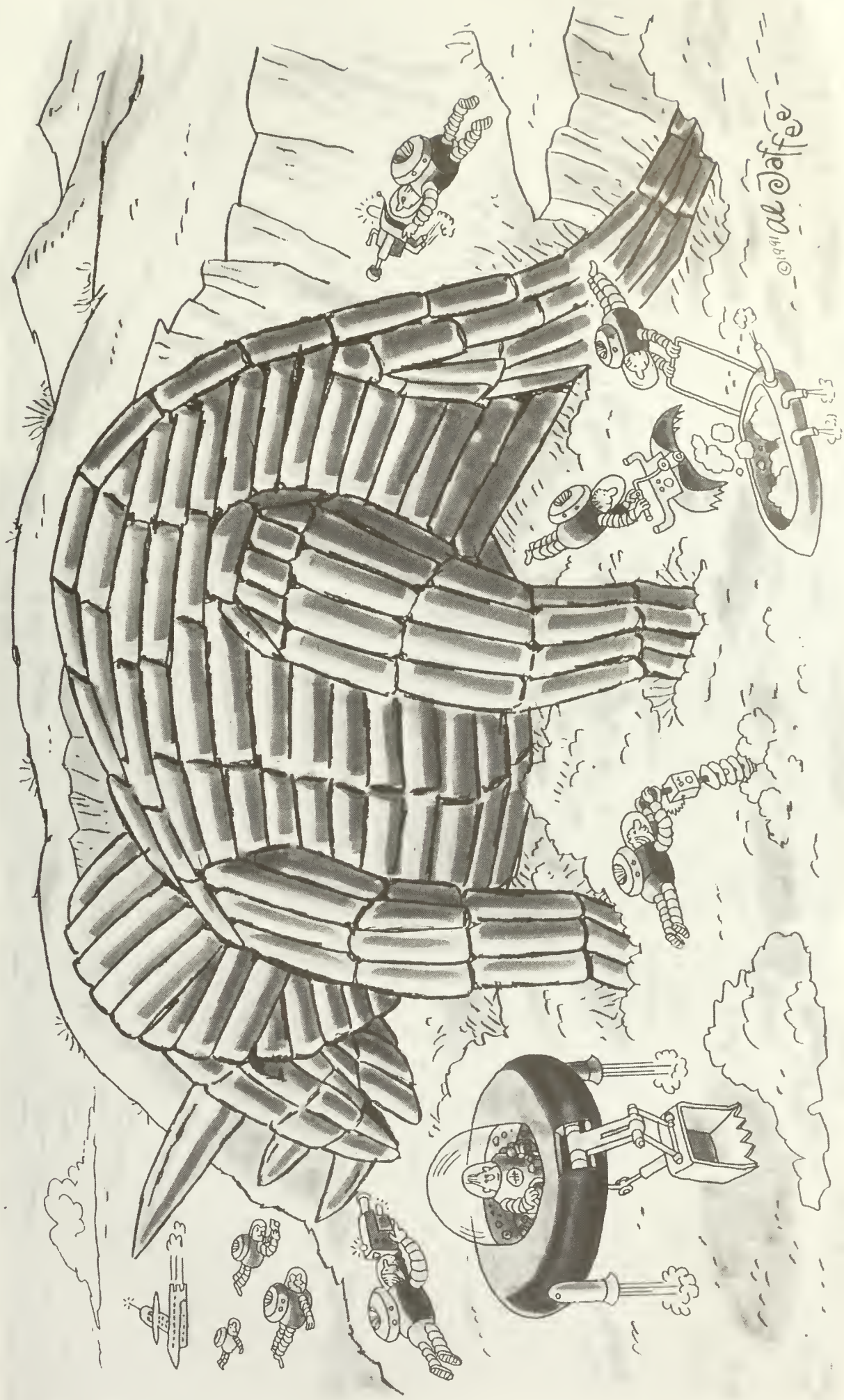


the dinosaur's foot. A tiny wind-up dinosaur emerged, as if from an egg, and started walking into the crowd. Kearney announced that they were witnessing the first live birth of a dinosaur in 65 million years. A little later at least one person was still entranced. Kearney noticed a three-year-old sitting in the shade under the big dinosaur holding the baby in his lap, upside down with the legs still running steadily as if it were trying to get away. ■

— C. B.

Photographs: top left, Lynn Kearney; above, Al Wasserman.

**INTERGALACTIC NEWS RELEASE: AUGUST, 5091. RARE KEARNYSAURUS AUTOBUMPERUS FOUND.**



The remains of this monstrous creature were unearthed this summer and carbon dated to the late twentieth century. After scrupulous and intensive examination, a team of eminent galactic scientists concluded that it is the EXOSKELETON of

an animal whose soft inner body was probably a food source for primitive local populations. Its immense size would seem to indicate that an entire town was fed throughout the harsh winter normally associated with the area in which it was found.

# BIG FISH small pond

Last November, Mrs. Bertha Coture, a guest at the Bull Ring Wharf Apartments, was standing on the deck with a pair of binoculars, scanning the still harbor waters. The high moon tide inched near its 12-foot peak. Paul Tasha was rowing his plywood pram from his fishing boat, moored inside the breakwater, to the shore, carrying empty gas cans in for refilling. Nearby, I was finishing up a coffee break with a work crew on a painting job. Then Bertha shouted, "I've been watching a shark, and it's coming in toward shore."

I looked and saw a bushel-basket-sized bulge moving just under the surface about a hundred feet from the beach. Out of the width of the bulge a fin rose like a black periscope. I knew right away that it was the fin of a tuna fish. Ahead of it the water was peppered with leaping tinker mackerel. The

paint crew. Someone dashed into my shed and tore it apart looking for the homemade harpoon I'd bought at a yard sale. It was constructed of galvanized pipe. Attached to a 50-foot ball of snarled yarn was my harpoon dart, or "lily." I fitted the lily to the end of the harpoon and waded back into the water while the crew held onto the beach end of the line, unscrambling the snarls.

Paul Tasha rowed near enough to shout, "What's the matter?"

"Turtle," I answered tersely, concentrating on the fish.

In the water up to my chest, holding the harpoon over my shoulder, I countered the fish's every move. Paul rowed over in his homemade pram. I confessed I was after a giant tuna. He offered to help. I climbed into the stern of the beamy pram in my soaked, flannel-lined jeans. At the beach they let



big fish was headed my way.

I ran to my storage shed on Bull Ring Wharf where I keep my bluefish gaff. Putting my watch in my shirt pocket, I tossed my wallet on the beach, kicked off my shoes, and waded into the water up to my waist. I could not see into the water, the light angle was wrong, but I saw the bulge of the fish moving at me from 20 feet away. Tinkers started hitting my legs. I took a good swipe with my gaff, hitting the fish, but the hook did not go in. It felt like I had hit a concrete post. A rush of water hit my legs, almost knocking me over. Then the fish turned and shot back toward deeper water, giving me a heart-stopping glimpse of a giant bluefin tuna.

Then the tuna turned again, rushing a school of tinkers back towards the beach.

"Get my harpoon!" I screamed to the

go of the line and Paul tied it off to the bow line of the pram.

I could see the fish clearly from the pram. It looked huge. The fish turned, first toward the boat, then away. My harpoon, never before tested in action, hovered ready. Three seconds later when I made my shot, I felt 50 feet of line burn through my hands. I was almost pulled overboard. Paul's gas cans flipped and crashed together. An oar flew overboard. Gripping the line, I got yanked forward and my knees slammed into the transom. Paul and I managed to switch seats so that the harpoon line would lead over the bow. By now the fish was heading toward Portugal at about a hundred miles an hour with us in tow.

I pulled the line toward the fish, bringing the pram close, but the fish charged the surface and smashed a white wall of water

by Gordon Peabody

over my head. Now it began swimming in fast circles, towing the spinning boat behind it. I was dizzy. Paul tried to slow us down with the remaining oar, to little avail.

While the shore and the harbor were passing rapidly in confusing circles, I thought I could try to hook the fish's tail to slow it down. I remembered my "sharkhook," a big hook with a chain leader attached to a coil of line. It was buried in the storage shed. I shouted to shore and the crew rowed it out. We had to pull the boat up close to the fish, and with each attempt to hook the fish an explosion of white water burst over us. I could see people on the beach taking pictures. The fish was swimming so fast, and the boat was so unstable, my accuracy was way off and I couldn't get the hook on the tail. I gave one more throw, further away, and held on as the fish completely spun the

boat around and then swam in range of the hook on the second pass. I yanked on the line. The hook sunk into the tuna's tail. More white water. Lots. Everywhere. The bow of the pram plunged into the water. I squatted down and could feel the powerful pulses of tailbeats coming through the line directly from the fish.

Finally the fish slowed down. With the help of the crew we brought it in to the beach and hauled it onto Paul's truck bed. We had a fat fish. As measured by myself, the fish-house at the wharf, and the buyer, the tuna was almost 80 inches long, went close to 300 pounds in the round, and weighed in at 211 pounds dressed.

Everyone asks about the money. The tuna was sold in Japan. Traditionally, the boat gets a third, so I gave a third to Paul. I kept a third. The last share was split between the

painting crew and a fund for the people who were burned out of their homes in the fire the previous week.

But nobody asks what it was like to kill something bigger than me. ■

GORDON PEABODY is a sailor, carpenter, fisherman, and writer who lives in Provincetown.

Photographs by Carlotta Junger and Tabitha Vevers.



photo: Walter Baron

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# PREMIUM

INAUGURAL ISSUE

JANUARY 1992 • \$5.00

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## THE PATCH

Cincinnati's new  
SUPER GROUP

**PREMIUM** is a magazine dedicated to profiling the absolute no-holds-barred best in everything to do with lifestyles, and the performing, visual and literary arts. We're democratic, we're multi-cultural, and we take no prisoners. We're thoroughly hip and as near as downtown. Our state of mind is NOW, with a vengeance.

If you're tired of the slick tinsel-town PR rags and payola-perfumed big glossies, we invite you to peruse **PREMIUM**, the mag whose nosehairs twitch to the creative funk of a million American small towns. Our first issue is already complete, but if you think your work in the arts merits inclusion in upcoming issues, we invite you to send a letter explaining why. In the meantime, look for us in any crowd. We're the ones in the berets!

- Latest High Art Craze: State Flags!
- Hot New Behaviors From Around the World: A bird's eye view.
- Cybernetic poetry? Please parse the microchip!
- Pas de doozy: Arls Kraystner, Denmark's high flying new danseur noble.
- Historic footwear: an idea whose time has come?
- Spa craziness: spas for the virile, the balding, the self-conscious and the poor.
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## WE NEED YOUR HELP!

We need your help in doing a survey among our readers to help improve our communications with you and achieve a better understanding of your interest in *PROVINCETOWN ARTS*.

YOUR ANSWERS ARE IMPORTANT. Please take a moment right now to complete this questionnaire and return it. Your answers will be kept strictly confidential and will be combined with the answers of other respondents.

Thank you for your cooperation.

1. Do you read the following publications all of the time, most of the time, some of the time, or never?  
(CIRCLE THE NUMBER UNDER THE ANSWER WHICH IS MOST APPROPRIATE FOR YOU.)

|                                                             | All<br>of the<br>Time | Most<br>of the<br>Time | Some<br>of the<br>Time | Never | COL. |
|-------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|------------------------|-------|------|
| Art New England                                             | 1                     | 2                      | 3                      | 4     |      |
| The New Yorker                                              | 1                     | 2                      | 3                      | 4     |      |
| Vanity Fair                                                 | 1                     | 2                      | 3                      | 4     |      |
| Boston Magazine                                             | 1                     | 2                      | 3                      | 4     |      |
| Christopher Street                                          | 1                     | 2                      | 3                      | 4     |      |
| The Cape Codder                                             | 1                     | 2                      | 3                      | 4     |      |
| The Cape Cod Times                                          | 1                     | 2                      | 3                      | 4     |      |
| The Provincetown Advocate                                   | 1                     | 2                      | 3                      | 4     |      |
| The Village Voice                                           | 1                     | 2                      | 3                      | 4     |      |
| The Sunday NEW YORK TIMES Arts and<br>Entertainment Section | 1                     | 2                      | 3                      | 4     |      |

2. Approximately how much time do you usually spend reading each issue of *PROVINCETOWN ARTS*?  
(CIRCLE NUMBER NEXT TO ANSWER WHICH IS MOST APPROPRIATE FOR YOU.)
- |   |                   |      |
|---|-------------------|------|
| 1 | Less than 1 hour  | COL. |
| 2 | 2 - 3 hours       |      |
| 3 | 4 - 5 hours       |      |
| 4 | More than 5 hours |      |

3. How many people in addition to yourself see your copy of *PROVINCETOWN ARTS*?
- |   |                |      |
|---|----------------|------|
| 1 | None           | COL. |
| 2 | 1 other person |      |
| 3 | 2 others       |      |
| 4 | 3 others       |      |
| 5 | 4 others       |      |
| 6 | 5 others       |      |
| 7 | 6 or more      |      |

4. What do you like most about *PROVINCETOWN ARTS*?
- |      |      |
|------|------|
| COL. | Col. |
| 1    | 1    |
| 2    | 2    |
| 3    | 3    |
| 4    | 4    |
| 5    | 5    |
| 6    | 6    |
| 7    | 7    |
| 8    | 8    |
| 9    | 9    |
| 0    | 0    |
| X    | X    |
| Y    | Y    |

5. What do you like least about *PROVINCETOWN ARTS*?
- |      |      |
|------|------|
| COL. | Col. |
| 1    | 1    |
| 2    | 2    |
| 3    | 3    |
| 4    | 4    |
| 5    | 5    |
| 6    | 6    |
| 7    | 7    |
| 8    | 8    |
| 9    | 9    |
| 0    | 0    |
| X    | X    |
| Y    | Y    |

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>6. Which of the following types of articles would you like to see more frequently in upcoming issues of <i>PROVINCETOWN ARTS</i>?<br/>(CIRCLE NUMBER NEXT TO ALL RESPONSES THAT ARE MOST APPROPRIATE FOR YOU).</p> | <p>1 Articles about local artists and writers COL.<br/> 2 Contemporary fiction<br/> 3 Poetry and essays<br/> 4 Interviews with personalities connected to the art world<br/> 5 Memoirs about the Cape by artists and writers<br/> 6 Articles about the history of Provincetown as an art colony<br/> 7 General articles about current art activity, ideas, and directions<br/> 8 Articles on Cape art galleries and museums<br/> 9 Information on where to eat, shop or stay</p>                  |
| <p>7. In which ways have you responded to an ad in <i>PROVINCETOWN ARTS</i> that you saw?<br/>(CIRCLE NUMBER NEXT TO ALL RESPONSES THAT ARE MOST APPROPRIATE FOR YOU.)</p>                                            | <p>1 Visited an art gallery you saw advertised COL.<br/> 2 Visited a store you saw advertised<br/> 3 Purchased a work of art or product you saw advertised<br/> 4 Contacted an artist whose work was advertised<br/> 5 Called for more information<br/> 6 Stayed at a hotel or guesthouse you saw advertised<br/> 7 Dined at a restaurant you saw listed<br/> 8 Told someone else about an ad you saw in <i>Provincetown Arts</i><br/> 9 Used a service you saw advertised<br/> 0 Other _____</p> |
| <p>8. Which of the following listings or categories of advertisements do you refer to in <i>PROVINCETOWN ARTS</i> when you plan a visit?</p>                                                                          | <p>1 Art Galleries COL.<br/> 2 Restaurants<br/> 3 Shops<br/> 4 Professional Services<br/> 5 Accommodations<br/> 6 Tourist attractions</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         |
| <p>9. How many times each week do you dine out, for business or pleasure, including breakfast, lunch and dinner?</p>                                                                                                  | <p>1 never COL.<br/> 2 1 - 2 times<br/> 3 3 - 4 times<br/> 4 5 - 6 times<br/> 5 7 - 8 times<br/> 6 9 - 10 times<br/> 7 More than 10 times</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
| <p>10. Please circle all the activities in which you have participated during the past 12 months.</p>                                                                                                                 | <p>1 Attended the theater COL.<br/> 2 Visited a health club<br/> 3 Visited an art gallery or museum<br/> 4 Attended symphony, ballet or opera<br/> 5 Played tennis<br/> 6 Gone boating, fishing or whalewatching</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              |
| <p>11. Which of these products or services have you purchased during the past 18 months?</p>                                                                                                                          | <p>1 Works of art COL.<br/> 2 Jewelry<br/> 3 Antiques<br/> 4 Crafts<br/> 5 Books<br/> 6 Camera/video equipment<br/> 7 Stereo/CD player<br/> 8 Automobile<br/> 9 Major appliances<br/> 0 Art supplies<br/> X Boutique clothing or "art-to-wear"<br/> Y Sporting goods<br/> Z Boat or boat equipment<br/> <br/> 1 Paintings, prints or sculpture COL.<br/> 2 None</p>                                                                                                                               |
| <p>12. Which of the following approximates the amount of money you spent during the last year on paintings, prints or sculptures?</p>                                                                                 | <p>1 Less than \$500 COL.<br/> 2 \$500 - \$999<br/> 3 \$1,000 - \$2,499<br/> 4 \$2,500 or more</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |
| <p>13. Do you currently own your place of residence, or do you rent?</p>                                                                                                                                              | <p>1 Own COL.<br/> 2 Rent</p>                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |

|                                                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                     |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|-----------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|---|---|-------------|---|------|-----------------------------|---|---|--------------------------------------|---|---|--------------------|---|---|------|
| 14. If you own, what is the present market value of your home and grounds?                                                                                                         | 1 Under \$99,999<br>2 \$100,000 - \$149,999<br>3 \$150,000 - \$249,999<br>4 \$250,000 - \$349,999<br>5 \$350,000 and over                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | COL.                |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| <hr/>                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                     |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| 15. Do you own a second home or vacation home?                                                                                                                                     | 1 Yes<br>2 No                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | COL.                |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| <hr/>                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                     |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| 16. Which of the following types of home renovation or home redecorating projects have you participated in during the the past year or plan on undertaking during the coming year? | <table border="0"> <tr> <td></td> <td>Past Year</td> <td>Coming Year</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Purchased new furniture</td> <td>1</td> <td>1</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Landscaping</td> <td>2</td> <td>2</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Hired an interior decorator</td> <td>3</td> <td>3</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Made structural additions or changes</td> <td>4</td> <td>4</td> </tr> <tr> <td>Hired an architect</td> <td>5</td> <td>5</td> </tr> </table> |                     | Past Year             | Coming Year         | Purchased new furniture | 1 | 1 | Landscaping | 2 | 2    | Hired an interior decorator | 3 | 3 | Made structural additions or changes | 4 | 4 | Hired an architect | 5 | 5 | COL. |
|                                                                                                                                                                                    | Past Year                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          | Coming Year         |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| Purchased new furniture                                                                                                                                                            | 1                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 1                   |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| Landscaping                                                                                                                                                                        | 2                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 2                   |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| Hired an interior decorator                                                                                                                                                        | 3                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 3                   |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| Made structural additions or changes                                                                                                                                               | 4                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 4                   |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| Hired an architect                                                                                                                                                                 | 5                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 5                   |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| <hr/>                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                     |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| 17. Where do you live full time?                                                                                                                                                   | 1 In Provincetown<br>2 Somewhere else on the Cape<br>3 Somewhere near Boston<br>4 Somewhere else in Massachusetts<br>5 Somewhere else in New England<br>6 Somewhere near New York<br>7 Somewhere near Washington, DC<br>8 Somewhere else in U.S.<br>9 Other _____ (specify)                                                                                                                                                        | COL.                |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| <hr/>                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                     |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| 18. How often do you visit Provincetown?                                                                                                                                           | 1 More than 10 times per year<br>2 7 to 10 times per year<br>3 3 to 6 times per year<br>4 1 or 2 times per year<br>5 Less than once a year<br>6 Never                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              | COL.                |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| <hr/>                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                     |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| 19. During the past year, approximately how much money have you spent on the Cape in galleries, boutiques, or other shops?                                                         | 1 Less than \$500<br>2 \$500 - \$999<br>3 \$1,000 - \$2,499<br>4 \$2,500 or more                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   | COL.                |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| <hr/>                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                     |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| 20. During the past year, approximately how much money have you spent on accommodations and restaurants on the Cape?                                                               | 1 Less than \$500<br>2 \$500-\$999<br>3 \$1,000-\$2,499<br>4 \$2,500 or more                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       | COL.                |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| <hr/>                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                     |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| 21. During the past year, have you recommended to anyone that they visit Provincetown?                                                                                             | 1 Yes<br>2 No                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | COL.                |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| <hr/>                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                     |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| 22. How interested would you be in seeing <i>PROVINCETOWN ARTS</i> available twice a year?                                                                                         | <table border="0"> <tr> <td>Very Interested</td> <td>Fairly Interested</td> <td>Not very Interested</td> <td>Not at all Interested</td> </tr> <tr> <td>1</td> <td>2</td> <td>3</td> <td>4</td> </tr> </table>                                                                                                                                                                                                                      | Very Interested     | Fairly Interested     | Not very Interested | Not at all Interested   | 1 | 2 | 3           | 4 | COL. |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| Very Interested                                                                                                                                                                    | Fairly Interested                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | Not very Interested | Not at all Interested |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| 1                                                                                                                                                                                  | 2                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | 3                   | 4                     |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| <hr/>                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                     |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| 23. What is your age?                                                                                                                                                              | 1 18 - 24<br>2 25 - 34<br>3 35 - 49<br>4 50 - 64<br>5 65 and over                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  | COL.                |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| <hr/>                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                     |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| 24. What is the level of your education?                                                                                                                                           | 1 High school<br>2 College<br>3 Advanced college degree                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            | COL.                |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| <hr/>                                                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |                     |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |
| 25. What is your annual household income?                                                                                                                                          | 1 Under \$25,000<br>2 \$25,000 - \$49,999<br>3 \$50,000 - \$74,999<br>4 \$75,000 - \$99,999<br>5 \$100,000 - \$149,999<br>6 \$150,000 and over                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     | COL.                |                       |                     |                         |   |   |             |   |      |                             |   |   |                                      |   |   |                    |   |   |      |

26. At which of the following financial institutions  
do you currently have an account?

- 1 Bank of Boston
- 2 Fleet/Norstar
- 3 BayBank
- 4 Citibank
- 5 Chase Manhattan Bank
- 6 Cape Cod Bank & Trust
- 7 Shawmut
- 8 Seamen's Savings Bank

COL.

27. Which of the following credit cards do you have?

- 1 MasterCard
- 2 Visa
- 3 Discover
- 4 American Express
- 5 AT&T

COL.

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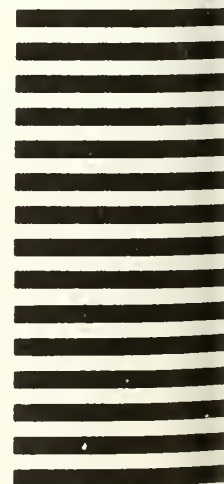
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## LONG POINT GALLERY

Continued from page 15

tend to treat money like a color whose hue is similarly irrelevant.



ACCORDING TO a previous director of Long Point, Elizabeth O'Donnell, Carmen Cicero is the gallery's "classic starving artist." In 1971 he suffered a catastrophic fire, losing

over 40 gigantic canvases, some 18 feet wide by 12 feet high. He can still see in his mind's eye a picture of two cowboys, shooting at each other, done in a freely brushed style that was on the forefront of neo-expressionism. He lost hundreds of drawings, 300 art books, hundreds of records, his musical instruments. The night of the fire, as he turned the corner walking home to see his New Jersey carriage house going up in flames, he stopped dead in his tracks, and after a moment reached for his wallet, knowing it was all the money he had in the world.

Soon after, when Cicero moved to a loft on the Bowery in New York, he did not have enough work to prove he was an artist. A talented jazz musician, attracting crowds to occasional jam sessions at nightclubs, he waited years before he could afford to buy new instruments. Meanwhile he painted and prospered, never forgetting the essential satisfaction of working, which he described so well: "In my case I start to work with all the familiar attitudes I bring to my work. Then I find these ideas are not working and I start to get frustrated. This frustration builds up high and intense

emotion. I become so intense with the frustration of not succeeding that I burst forth recklessly, and it is the energy build-up and the emotion gathered that is the force that carries me over into something new. Jazz musicians will get to a particular state. When they are finished playing, other musicians will say, 'He was burning,' meaning he went through all the clichés and got to the inspirational intensities. When I'm painting and I'm painting well, I feel a sense that I am glowing, a sense of being strongly in the present with high concentration."



AT MEETINGS, ideas flow from everybody. There is a civilized banter, a kind of storytelling by short anecdote, with brief disquisitions on a technical topic, punctuated by oblique, penetrating

remarks. The dozen artists sit around a long table with cheese and crackers and bottles of champagne cooling in rusting tin house-painter's paint buckets. They sit in white enamel chairs with their names printed on the back rest. Nobody pays any attention to whose chair they sit in. It is only by chance that they sit in their own. At a meeting in August, 1990, they discussed exhibition plans for the following summer, their 15th anniversary. Some ideas were silly, some provocative. Hopkins, the youngest member of the group who has the libido of a still younger man, suggested a focus on eroticism, and when no one seconded the idea, he suggested quickly that they focus on works that were "key" or "crucial" or "seminal origins of future work." Manso, with his keen interest in calligraphy, suggested they should "do something with the number 15, or perhaps show work from 15 years ago." Hopkins, demonstrating that a Budd Hopkins' joke is not always funny, cracked that Speyer, who does only figures and landscapes, might want a figure and landscape show.

Apropos of nothing, Simon, who has abundant white hair and often dresses in white, said that he did not like white walls in the gallery. In a commanding voice, he said they should change the color of their walls. This started another discussion in which they all agreed that white was the worst background by which to show art. Hopkins declared that white overhighlights the work. Motherwell, in slow deliberate speech, recalled an exhibition he had 10 years ago in Madrid. He had been appalled to be told that the walls of the exhibition hall, the Fundacion Juan March, were painted a rich



Nora Speyer "Adam & Eve With Snake," 1986

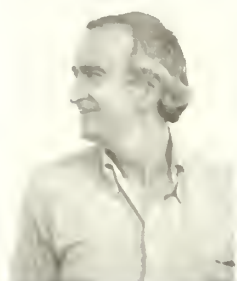


Fritz Bultman "The Lap," 1962



Leo Manso  
"From the Studio  
Wall," 1989

brown. Then he arrived, and found himself surprised at how good his paintings looked against the dark walls. The walls were "tobacco-colored," he remembered precisely. "That, or a neutral gray, is best. A dark color lets the light come from the work, while a white wall draws the strength out of the work."



OVER 15 YEARS OF exhibitions, Long Point has mixed its members in continually provocative pairings, such as Boghosian and Speyer, where an invisible connection between them is suddenly illuminated by the comparison of



Varujan Boghosian

Untitled

their work. In this manner, over the years, the artists have gotten to know each other and each other's work. The matter of influence is dynamic in the group. Manso, who loves the lettering in old Bibles, will give Motherwell the 17th century sheet music he finds when foraging in Roman antique stalls. Manso cannot any longer use music in his collages because Motherwell has "preempted music for his own."

Part of Boghosian's Duchampian impishness is precisely to inhabit what has already been preempted. He has absorbed one ancient myth so profoundly that it is a touchstone for all his work. This is the myth of Orpheus, whose wife Eurydice died from a snakebite. Orpheus gained entrance to the underworld by the power of his music. Eurydice was permitted to return with Orpheus to the world of the living, but he was not to look back at her during the journey. Hearing her cries for help, Orpheus turned, and lost her forever. Here we see the urgency of narrative, which tempts Orpheus from his visionary purpose. A work of Boghosian's from 1983, "Orpheus," presents a small bronze bird, with patina chipped as if it had been exposed atop a weather vane for countless years. The bird is mounted on the back of a wide-framed painting, which is presented backwards, with the blank side of the canvas torn as if the bird had burst through from one side to the other. We witness the dark side of the work of art. Boghosian's constructions and assemblages play upon the narratives that visual objects accumulate as they suffer time. He uses children's letter blocks from the turn of the century, small wooden dolls with the paint rubbed off the cheeks, and weathered window frames that become framing devices for reconstructed dramas about walls, word

elements, and his poignant effort to give voice to the past. Foraging in New England second-hand shops, or in exhumed attics for folk objects whose function has been forgotten as time passed in the life of the house downstairs, he infuses his work with a sharp edge of melancholy, as if the present is not life, but an afterlife.

The sharing which exists led the artists to an increased awareness of private revelations, and a feeling that it would be worthwhile to illuminate these in an appropriate context. This inclination, in turn, evolved into a series of "personal" shows which established intimacy itself as the subject between artist and audience. At first, when they became aware of the direction toward self-revelation which the shows were taking, they resisted it. The 1985 minutes show that "Judith was against sharing these personal things. Bob felt too much preparation was necessary. General opinion not to do it."

When the group exhibition "Sensibility" opened in 1987, the popular interest was so strong that the gallery held it over for two additional weeks. Each artist, alongside a painting, collage, drawing, or sculpture, displayed some item of personal significance. Speyer, for instance, presented a photograph of a nude woman entwined with a coiling snake, an image that had hung in her childhood bedroom and was evidently a source for her continuing series of epic paintings on the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise.

Prior to the "Sensibility" exhibition, the group presented a number of exhibitions exploring a technical theme. They have had four separate shows focused on colors: red, yellow, black, and blue. Two other shows, one called "Curves," the other "Squares," explored organic volumes and pure forms. Resika had never made a square painting until that show. He hated squares, but now he has done a number of them to his exacting satisfaction.

Other shows explored myth directly, particularly the Homeric myths which figure strongly in the work of Motherwell and Rothschild. Rothschild, reading Lattimore's translation of the *Iliad*, kept a diary of her thoughts as she produced a series of collages titled the *Shield of Achilles*. She found herself wondering about Briseis, in her tent, while Achilles, her lover, was at war. In her paintings and collages, Rothschild represents such disjunctions visually, contrasting calm color blocks with windows, sometimes in low relief, of expressionist landscapes or writhing organic forms.



Budd Hopkins

"Gate," 1989



LAST SUMMER THE group installed another show exploring personal sources, "From the Studio Wall." They tacked on the gallery walls postcards, reproductions of paintings, letters, photographs, pages from books, with some effort to represent the configuration as it appeared on their own studio walls. Remarkably, five of the artists displayed reproductions of paintings by Piero della Francesca. By coincidence, Hopkins had begun an essay six months earlier on "this widespread reverence among modern painters for a certain Renaissance artist and a particular work that he painted some 500 years ago." The painting was Piero's *The Flagellation*. Hopkins perceived a "strange split," modern in its ambiguity and uncertainty, between the whipping of Christ within a colonnaded room in deep space, in the left half of the painting, and the indifferent conversation of three dignified figures in the foreground of the right half of the painting. This disjunction of near and far, violence and calm, and architecture and passion, "forces two unrelated scenes into a single context." In describing Piero's painting, Hopkins also defines the impulse behind collage.

Each artist in Long Point, except Resika and the Frombolutis, has made numerous collages, constituting an essential aspect of his or her entire body of work. Motherwell made his first collages after Peggy Guggenheim asked him, along with Baziotes and Pollock, to show with Arp, Ernst, Picasso, Braque, and Schwitters. "Somehow," Motherwell said, "I took to collage like a duck to water. It was the first time I had ever felt that deeply, This is mine! I used to wonder about it for years. How did I ever find it myself?" He realized that he had been in Paris before World War II where he had sat alone in the Flore or Deux Magots, watching Picasso at a table surrounded by writers. While all the writers talked and smoked and drank, Picasso sat silent, sipping only coffee, and moving his ashtray and two napkins. "The spatial relations were perfect," Motherwell said. "Naturally I took to it like a duck to water. I had seen the inventor of collage do it for a whole winter."

The personal shows presented something of a collage of the artist's life, that is to say, the work of art in a context of the artist's life. Giobbi, who was unable to make his own selection in 1987, permitted the others to choose for him. They hung his painting,

"Story of a Martyr," an internal view showing the stomach and intestine of a male torso. Beside the painting, the artists affixed Giobbi's favorite recipe for Sicilian tripe, as well as a kidney-shaped bed pan.

Giobbi, whom Craig Claiborne once described as the best non-professional chef he had ever met, is the author of two cookbooks. Food, being a primary ingredient in the making of art, since it sustains the artist, has a potential ritualistic aspect which Giobbi recognizes. On five acres in rural Katonah, NY, where he lives yearround after having spent many summers in Provincetown, Giobbi, as if he lived on a farm in Tuscany, raises most of his own food. He has a huge garden. He cans a hundred quarts of tomatoes and bottles several hundred gallons of wine a year. He makes sausages and cures his own prosciutto for a year and a half. He cuts all the wood he burns. Every May or early June he invites about 25 people, mostly chefs from the cooking world, to come to his house. He roasts a whole lamb outside. Everybody eats and has a lot of fun. Usually he makes a pasta as a first course, sometimes pasta with tripe, the kind of food "chefs love to eat."

Giobbi invited Motherwell to come to one of these parties because he knows that Motherwell loves tripe and because he lived nearby in Greenwich. The two artists ended up talking about death. Motherwell's *Elegies* have explored this theme in well over a hundred major paintings dating back to the '40s. Giobbi told Motherwell about his recent trip to Italy where he had sketched his uncle just after he died. Giobbi too had been painting death themes for decades. When he arrived in Italy, his aunt asked him what he thought about having his uncle photographed, and

Giobbi said that he had never seen a good photograph of a dead man. For two days he sat there delighted to draw his dead uncle. He saw what happened to a human being after he dies, how the head sinks into the shoulders which appear to rise, how the color of the hands seems to flatten out, "all the subtle changes that take place immediately after death, surrounded by a tremendous amount of energy that seems to rise from his body like a spirit leaving him."

"How I envy you," Motherwell said to Giobbi when he heard the story. That summer Giobbi showed about 15 watercolors based on the experience. He went up in August to hang the show and Motherwell again complimented them, saying they were as good as Munch.



Sidney Simon

"Paul Resika"



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LIKE THE OTHERS in the group, Sideo Fromboluti and Nora Speyer have built their life around painting. "For years," Sideo said, "we only knew artists in New York. We began to

spend summers in Woodstock because there were artists up there. We left because there was no swimming, went to Martha's Vineyard and left there because there weren't enough artists. We ended up near Provincetown where there are a lot of artists. To be among people you understand is very important. Otherwise art can become very unimportant, isolated from society, and the individual becomes like a poor Russian artist who hides his paintings under his bed. We're lucky. I'm happy as hell to be on the Cape with the Long Point group."

When Sidney Simon talks about the artists at Long Point, he often sounds as if he were not part of the group himself. Perhaps this is not because he is the only member who is primarily a sculptor, but because, hard of hearing, he misses a lot of the conversation. His own speech is so clear and uncluttered, his handicap seems a blessing. "Let's talk about that group of overage geniuses at Long Point," he said provocatively. "They are the greatest tastemakers. They can hang a piece of my work and my wife won't recognize it. They make everything seem important. Sometimes it drives me crazy because I think of the gallery as a tryout place, like summer theater. You get the work out of the studio and you try it out. But the hanging committee, Leo, the Frombolutis, and Boghosian, they drive me crazy, Budd crazy. They're good, but they also make the gallery look like a museum, where everything is priceless and nothing is for sale. One time, for a drawing show, I put through a vote that we could hang our own work. I put 25 drawings on the wall, all over each other. I wanted them to look as if there was absolutely no sense to the arrangement. They made me take the back wall, out of view, but the funny thing is I sold three or four of them."

One summer Simon was in Maine running the art school he helped found at Skowhegan. He received a phone call to attend a very important meeting at Long Point. The group intended to produce another collaborative print, as they had done twice previously. This time it was to be a silkscreen and they chose to limit themselves to four colors. Each artist came to the meeting with little pieces of colored

paper. On the back of each they had written the name of the color, such as Windsor and Newton green or Bocour yellow. Fourteen artists stood around a big table swarming with little pieces of color. Simon, arriving late in the midst of much discussion, blundered into a bizzare situation which he thought no interior decorator would tolerate. Someone suggested that the first thing they should do is pick a good neutral. Simon said immediately, "What do you mean, pick the neutral! You pick the neutral last. You pick the star first! You get the color you want, then you get the others to go with it." They all said, "Oh, Sidney, shut up, you're just a sculptor!" They ended up choosing a warm gray, a pale peachy yellow, and mars black, after a long argument over the merits of ivory black.

That left one color to choose. At that point Motherwell reached into his pocket for a cigarette. Simon said, in a voice as penetrating as a loudspeaker, "You're not going to suggest that Gauloises blue, are you?" Motherwell dropped his cigarettes back in his pocket and picked out the reddest red that Simon had ever seen. Placing it with the three other colors, as casually as you would light a match, Motherwell said, "This might go with it." The combination sprang to life; the group was in agreement at last. ■

Photographs of individual artists  
by Joel Meyerowitz

Found image of blackbird on page 10  
signed by the artists for the exhibition  
"Thirteen Ways of Looking at a  
Blackbird," 1983.

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## Investment & Passion: Lower Cape Real Estate

Provincetown's real estate market continued to suffer through a healing process begun in 1990. A regular flow of distressed and must-sell properties worked its way through the system. Almost every month some properties were sold off by banks. Sales were irregular and generally slow. According to records at Town Hall, during June of last year sales of repossessed properties grossed more money than so-called arm's-length transactions (i.e., deals in which buyer and seller are unrelated and come to a free-market agreement). Many of the few arm's-length transactions were tainted as well by mortgage and other financial pressures that gave sellers little choice but to dispose of their properties.

Some sellers of properties with solid value succeeded in getting the prices they wanted. A local builder, who had been living for three years in an expensive house which he had built on the speculation of selling it, finally did. After the sale, he was able to buy a smaller, more affordable house.

There remain buyers who find Provincetown desirable, and who have the resources to pay the prices asked for prime properties. A commercial property in downtown Provincetown changed hands recently for nearly half a million dollars. The buyers already owned another major property downtown, as well as a residential house. Reached for comment at their home in New York, they said they were happy to own the property and they believed it was a good investment, pointing out that commercial property remained strong in Provincetown without any decrease in value. There was no distress factor in the price they paid. Indeed it was a \$100,000 more than the assessed value. Working with a local bank with whom they have good credit, they were able to bypass the general credit crunch.

Another buyer first visited Provincetown in 1969, and soon quit his position as an electronics technician with a New Jersey company contracting for NASA. He got himself fitted for a pair of sandals and found a job cutting sea clams on a party fishing boat. He and his bride, a local artist, decided they wanted to own their own home before getting married. They had been living in rented apartments in the winter; in the summer, on a seaworthy old sailboat. Deciding that lots with existing homes were all over-priced, they looked for property on

which they could build their own home, confining their search to property under \$100,000. They finally put a deposit on a lot in a meadow not far from Route 6 in one of the few areas of Provincetown not densely built. The owner, under pressure to sell, wanted to keep the property. He dreamed of a Monet-style French garden in the meadow and sold the lot, plus an adjacent hill, to the couple in an agreement whereby he would retain the right to plant a French garden.

In Truro, land has been selling fairly well, with prices reduced considerably from the superboom of the late '80s. A bank is selling off lots from a recent foreclosure, a large subdivision, at prices many people thought they would never see again on the Cape. In one small section along Route 6 in Truro, there is a bit of a building boomlet. Across from the Truro Central School, under renovation, a local auto mechanic has built a substantial new facility. Up the road a few hundred yards, a subdivision which had been sitting empty for several years is suddenly full of houses. Most of the lots were sold for far less than the original asking price—some to young families from Provincetown.

Truro now has a growing population of people, born and bred in Provincetown, who found that their best opportunity for home ownership was to build their own home in Truro. Through their influence as young families raising children, the decayed Truro Central School was renovated so completely that only a few walls from the old structure remain. The number of elementary children in Truro is growing; in Provincetown, it is declining. The demographics of the area has changed.

In Provincetown the market has recently become stronger due to reduced interest rates and increased consumer confidence. There is not much distressed real estate left. Problems that remain are mostly in bad condominium investments. The majority of sales are concentrated in the lower-end of the price scale: condominiums and lower-priced single family homes.

The banking industry's credit crunch has some bearing on local real estate activity, perhaps more than some brokers would like to admit. More buyers are out looking and making offers, but whether that activity will result in sales going through the bank is yet

to be seen. The credit crunch has given one broker trouble in completing sales of two guest houses. Still, he expressed confidence in the future, insisting, "Provincetown properties are unique. This market is unique, even compared to the Upper Cape where properties are more similar. If people find a good deal here, in comparison to elsewhere, they'll buy here. The area's real estate continues to react to reverberations from the '80s boom. It is not clear where prices and property values will settle in the coming year. But it is clear that there will always be people buying property here—some for investment, others, like the couple with the French garden, out of passion.

— David M. Colburn, III

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# poems out of the frame contemporary non-narratives



by Michael Klein

**F**or the past year while a fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown, I have been surrounded by a spectacular beauty that strikes me as excessive, and I have been content not to absorb it into a narrative of my own. I have let things remain only what they are. The mystery of a dune in moonlight is you, on the bicycle, who stopped there.

Tonight, on the edge of dusk under the approach of rain, two distant foghorns, barely audible, sound courageous in their muffled warnings. That faint sound emanates from a place I have never seen. Yet it is a sound hauntingly familiar, and I hear it as if I were re-living a part of the past I thought was forgotten. It is a sound of mystery vibrating,

empty of meaning, except for the narrative I imagine, the one my life gives to it.

There are days that are narrative, which may include sitting at the kitchen table talking to friends in my accustomed language. But that language feels inaccurate when I describe associations that seem so emblematic in the fog of sleep. Sleeping is about unworking, about falling into signs of life that my unconscious has created from the events of the day. That story, to be told, requires a restraint that leaves you conscious of all that has been sacrificed to achieve restraint.

Emotional states have something to do with what I am doing in my life, I know that. But they also feel guided by something I can't name, a spirit on the surface that

cooperates with an assurance of the future. I am using this English language with people who speak it, but language never fully conveys the fine, unseen shifts that exist as feeling. There are days when the meaning of life is explained to me only by what it turns into more life.

The poems I have selected are about this mystery of being alive, guided perhaps by a spirit that cooperates with naming by not naming. None of them tell stories in the linear sense. They do not recollect an experience so much as originate one. They tell for the first time. Narrative poetry, concerned with investing a story with emotional life, suddenly seems most alive when it forgets the narrative. The narrative recedes into memory, or rather into a way of thinking, the function of which is to keep the poem from leaking out of the frame.

The poems in this selection are made of life that does leak out of the frame. They have an innate capacity to utterly fail in describing the literal world. While they are witnesses to the spiritual renewal of the literal world, they are also poems that live on the edge of a coma.

For Daniel Simko, the poem's "you" becomes larger and less personal as it is hypnotically repeated in the sentences of his "Note Left on the Table." Gradually, the story disintegrates into clues that are distillations of the bigger drama unfolding behind the scene. The poem makes me think of Marguerite Duras' screenplay for *Hiroshima Mon Amour*, where what remains of the atrocity of bombing are fragments of language and lovemaking. The bombing is haunted by the aftermath of bombing. What was left of the world became the ways the lovers were able to forget they were still in it. Simko, too, tells us that we live to forget. The repetition of the few lines that form the core of the poem resist reduction by expanding into fragments of small bits of further meaning.

What is Bruce Smith's "Lavish" about? I know that parts of history are joined in some way to music, film, and fragrance, but crucial aspects of the "aboutness" are missing. The poem opens: "Whatever it is, it is/ its own distressed cloth." It proceeds to develop like a newsreel, where the images successively interrupt each other. As we grapple with elements of narrative, such as "Once in Bayonne, New Jersey," we learn that references to a time or place, now past, have left something of a residue that can be called lavish.

I read Sandra McPherson's "Aggregating Anemones: New Year's Poems" not as six short parables but as one poem. We meditate on dissociated events that are named in

order of proximity to the speaker. The objective world is imagined through the lens of a new year. By the final line, the world consists of seconds, which is all that remains of the future. The poem assures me that the untidiness of fragments makes a kind of sense in the end: what keeps things from falling apart is not achieved by holding on to the center, but by holding onto what flies from the center.

Jean Valentine has always explored dreams in a way that makes them external rather than internal processes of thought. What makes her poems so compelling to me is that I don't miss not having the whole story. Because they are largely essences, there doesn't seem to be anything missing. She calls upon herself as one of the many men and women who enter and leave a community, reaching for a moral dimension

that grounds the non-narrative poem in the same way that prayer grounds faith. She has referred to her own poems as prayers addressed to a power greater than themselves. That power, it seems to me, is an unfailing trust that her prayer is also the reader's dream.

Franz Wright is wary of prayer. He reveals an uncompromising version of despair that trundles under the reality of contemporary life. By elegantly contrasting the big meaning of life with strict and characteristically brief lines, he makes a world that emanates from, rather than stops at, grief. In Wright's poems, when we begin to live, we start as ghosts.

Narrative in poetry is sometimes hard to distinguish from prose. By including these poets, I wanted to present alternatives in which the narrative is hard to pin down,

especially as its devices appear fleetingly in the poem's background rather than foreground. This shift of focus confronts an abyss, then seeks to be liberated through the very effort to imagine it. ■

MICHAEL KLEIN just finished a fellowship period at the Fine Arts Work Center and has decided to stay on in Provincetown. His poems have appeared in *New England Review*, *Kenyon Review* and many other journals. He is the editor of the highly praised anthology *Poets for Life: 76 Poets Respond to AIDS* (Crown, 1989).

Photograph by K. C. Myers

## Daniel Simko

Daniel Simko is the author of a book of translations by Georg Trakl, *Autumn Sonata*. It won the 1988 *Poet's House* translation award. In 1989-90 he won a fellowship from the New York Foundation for the Arts, and was a fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center in 1986-87.

### Note Left On The Table

I spoke of anger, and anger came to me.  
I ran away from you, and you ignored me.  
Between your legs I kissed the place I kissed before.  
I spoke of anger, and anger came to me.  
I kept asking, but you asked it too.  
You wandered about the Jardin du Luxembourg.  
Between your legs I kissed the place I kissed before.  
I spoke of anger, and anger came to me.  
You wandered about the Jardin du Luxembourg.  
I spoke of anger and ran away from you.  
You wondered about the falling water.  
I kept asking, but you asked it too.  
You wondered about the Jardin du Luxembourg.  
You wondered about the falling water.

— Daniel Simko

## Bruce Smith

Bruce Smith is the author of two books: *The Common Wages* (1983), from Sheep Meadow Press, and *Silver and Information*, which won the National Poetry Series' prize in 1985 and was published in 1985 by the University of Georgia Press. He was a fellow at the Fine Arts Work Center in 1981-82.

## Lavish

Whatever it is, it is  
its own distressed cloth

and revisionist history,  
presence and absence,

charged and absolved  
like thought, like dust

lit in the human  
afternoon, or in the film noir

of her perfume, jasmine, that storms  
a man as in the tragedies.

Once in Bayonne, New Jersey  
the metaphysical flavors—cracked

catalytic oils, sachets of death, essence  
of the century, the riverbed

I come from, my distance, my dread,  
my incubus, my little lung-filled nation.

Here between the dated grey  
newsreels of The Fuhrer

and the cooler blues of the future,  
there's this red giant's fleshy atmosphere

a lavish of it, too much  
to speak of so we must

speak through the reed,  
around the crook and our fingering

and out the bell of the tenor  
sax, this disturbed

and endowed nothing  
that surrounds like a mother.

— Bruce Smith

## Sandra McPherson

Sandra McPherson's last book was *Streamers*, published by Ecco Press. She lives and teaches in Davis, California, and was a visiting writer at the Fine Arts Work Center in 1981.

### Aggregating Anemones:

#### New Year's Poems

The head of a goose axed off in the cellar—  
I ask for down  
to warm the slide under the microscope.

•

Beneath the kitchen window  
a father's glasses,  
left on today's newspaper, ignite it.

•

New Year's and sunglasses—  
fair vision out;  
dark vision in.

•

Landlady, cleaning deposit,  
a year of hunger  
yet "the burners aren't clean enough."

•

An event, an object, and a person  
keep me awake each night:  
the plot, setting, character  
of insomnia.

•

We're lucky  
seconds are  
as long as they are.

— Sandra McPherson

## Jean Valentine

Jean Valentine's most recent book is *Home. Deep. Blue.* (Alice James, 1989). She publishes poems regularly in *The New Yorker* and other magazines and teaches at Sarah Lawrence College. This year she was a visiting writer at the Fine Arts Work Center.

### The Missouri Speaks

*for Jonathan Dunn, 1954-1988*

Jonathan,  
I am the pearl  
The pearl at the node of the net  
    of all the worlds

The jewel at the crown of your head  
Turquoise

Ivory embryo  
Spiral I bide

Sow and reap  
Bale and step

Sow bread  
Reap bread

Powerless I promise  
Fire and bones and flesh

All I give I will sheave.

### In This Egg

My mother as a child  
under her father's sexual hand  
ticking over her like an electric train.  
The household scissors to her hair.

Scissors cut paper  
Paper covers rock  
Rock crushes scissors

Sticks and fluttering paper notes  
gravestones    river stones  
scissors    holocaust.

My mother and her father, in this blue egg.  
This egg, our young, gone before us:  
who will brood over them?  
Who will make a good roof over them.

### Everyone Was Drunk

South Dakota, August 1989. The buffalos' deep red brown  
hinged shoulders and beards, their old hinged humps . . .  
These are the old males, separated out from the herd.  
You can get a state license to shoot them.

"So who saved me? And for what purpose?"

The rich WASP suburb, 1946. The fight  
about the Jews on Wall Street. My uncle said,  
I thought that's what we fought the war about.  
My uncle was right, everyone was drunk, my mother  
was peeling shivers of scotch tape off the counter, peeling off  
her good hope. Or was it I who was losing my hope? in the violent  
lightning white on the white lawn.  
So why was I handed out of the burning window?  
For joy. Journalism. Stories.

— Jean Valentine

## Franz Wright

Franz Wright's latest collection of poems is *Entry in an Unknown Hand* which was published by Carnegie-Mellon in 1989. He lives in Everett, Mass. and was a 1983-84 Fine Arts Work Center Fellow.

### Gone

I dreamed you came and sat beside me  
on the bed

It was something that you had  
to tell me

I dreamed you came and sat beside me

Like a drowning at a baptism

Like an embittered shopper returning

The sad misspelled obscenities on men's room walls

Snow on dark water . . . something

### Ghosts

The ghosts like to get you alone.  
And to write  
*is* to be alone . . .  
And I go on

writing, writing  
with one eye in tears  
and one that never weeps—

the dream in which you see yourself asleep—

myself one,  
speaking  
from an earlier life

the instant that I speak.

### Untitled

I basked in you;  
I loved you, helplessly, with a boundless tongue-tied love.  
And death doesn't prevent me from loving you.  
Besides,  
in my opinion you aren't dead.  
(I know dead people, and you are not dead.)

— Franz Wright

# KHYBER PASS 1990

Photographs by Terry Pitzner

Poems by Cyrus Cassells

"During my year as a medical photographer and administrative coordinator in an Afghan refugee camp, my lifelong obsession with Afghanistan was transformed into a personal mission to document the Afghan plight and to demystify Afghan culture. Part of my aim is to promote international kinship by providing viewers with a visual acquaintance with one sector of the Muslim world.

My camera shows the faces of refugees (over half the world's refugees are Afghans), faces that reflect the harshness of a long war, of the makeshift community they must now call home. The Afghan people, rich in devotion to family, friends, faith, and country, welcomed and embraced me. Their trust enabled me to photograph, intimately, the grim realities of war: pain, misery, and death—not yellow ribbons and glory.

In general I strive to photograph glimpses of life we might miss if they were not preserved in a slightly off-balanced way. I dismiss a photograph as 'another picture' if it does not contain artistic forethought and a meaty content. I attempt to get the viewer to stop and try to understand what is happening in an image, not just what they see. Perhaps process a new thought."

"In recent years much of my poetry has been rooted in issues related to war, exile, and oppression. My poems in this exhibit represent the culmination of a cycle of work linked to the theme of spiritual endurance and resistance.

Before Terry left for Afghanistan, I rather naively agreed to help provide words for the photographs he might bring back as documentation, not fully comprehending the daunting task ahead. When I first encountered some of the medical photographs in this exhibit, randomly scattered among Terry's landscape photos, my hands trembled. It has been both a painful and annealing process to imagine Terry's courageous and impossibly stoic work in the Afghan refugee camps, and to absorb the harsh, unflinching testimony of his photographs.

The aim of the poems is to help viewers negotiate the unsettling images of the war-injured, and to penetrate, beyond the explicit suffering, into dimensions of spirit and humanity. These photographs urgently demand that we leave, for a time, our protected world, and dare to travel 'the distance between privilege and carnage,' between plenty and catastrophe, in order to seek whatever knowledge and healing, whatever wholeness we can cull from Terry's witness to the terror, brokenness, and resilient strength that permeate our world."



## Homage

Beside the pleasurable blue, the bay view,  
He has stoically enshrined,  
On a desk rich with eucalyptus,  
Adjacent to the bed,  
The photograph of an injured  
*Mujahidin*,  
Beside the gull's sweep  
The dory in the wave—

A man whose gaze is interrupted  
By a bloodied chrysanthemum  
Seared to his cheek, a bloom  
He must go on bearing and bearing  
Through the roughhouse world—

I ask the photographer, how can he rest  
With the desecrated man  
So close?  
And he answers  
That now he perceives, above all,  
The undiminished eye;  
*Look at it*, he dares.  
And yes, there is something there,  
something  
Even truer than the wound:  
Vibrance, intelligence reclaimed  
From dust, from agony.

And now I understand:  
This is not penitence but homage.



## The Weight of Brothers

At noon's ochre moment,  
A man bows down  
To pray beside the clinic wall,

A man who has lived a long time  
On a violet hatful of mulberries—

Now the May wind  
Ruffles the reverent banners  
On the graves of martyrs—

The days are wreathed in a smoke  
Of pell-mell horror and frailty—  
Afghan wheelbarrows always filling  
With the injured, the unmoored.

Yet sometimes a boy will proffer  
His supper scrap  
To a whip-thin child,

Or a man will lift on his back  
The maimed weight of another:

Brotherhood is portage,  
Miraculous portage  
Through the bombs, the guns' bluster.

Brotherhood is an eye,  
Unflinching, unable to stop  
Cradling the defiled:

The match burst  
At the shutter's gasp,  
As the endangered man in the frame,  
Face tattooed with debris,  
Becomes sheer family.



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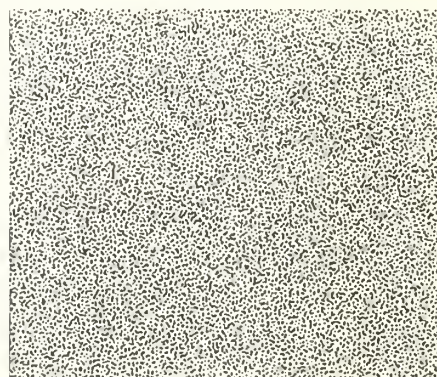
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## The Afghan Medical Photographer

*Peshawar, Pakistan*

As a woman fills  
The soft prison of her *chador*,  
Raw, sinuous, will-o-the-wisp—  
So each strafed heart of half  
The round earth's refugees  
Brims with the toppled kingdom:

*We are the Afghans;  
From tents, mud huts,  
Hunkered in dust, hot wind,  
We dream back the land,  
The ancient prize  
Of many armies, ambitions,  
Now the roaring of a million mines—*

To survive a Goliath is grace,  
A gleanable myrrh,  
Cast by the still-alive,  
Consigned to you  
Who must bathe the injured  
In a calm, invisible anodyne,  
As you negotiate  
The janitor's work of war,  
As you kneel down  
In a mosque of suffering:  
A cinderblock room,  
Redolent of green tea and Fanta,  
Crowded with damaged men  
Whose staunchest prayer  
Is the bread and salt  
Of sheer brotherhood—

With blunt portraits,  
You return from the Khyber,  
Begging us to see:

The distance between privilege  
and carnage  
Vanishes—  
Extinguished by whatever tenderness  
The stanching eye,  
The soul in its entirety  
Can muster;

To see at all is grace:

This child offers the camera  
His blighted gaze.  
This man peers through a mask of fire;

It has come to this:  
Hen feathers, rubble, shards of  
broken dolls,  
Rubbish from the pockets  
Of a Russian soldier's corpse,  
Culled from the dust  
Of his gutted shelter;  
A tourniquet of turban cloth:  
His blood and shock  
Carried on a ragged mule  
Through the winter-toothed mountains,  
Over the poisoned ground,  
Under hoary stars, grenades  
Strapped to kites,  
Over the border,  
A cusp of iced trees,  
To the camp—

For years his people have lived,  
Weaving the pterodactyl arcs  
Of helicopters,  
The glare of baleful tanks,  
Into garish and defiant rugs—

And although this warrior-from-  
a-hailstorm's  
Hand is ruined,  
He has placed behind his shrapneled ear  
Rich petals:

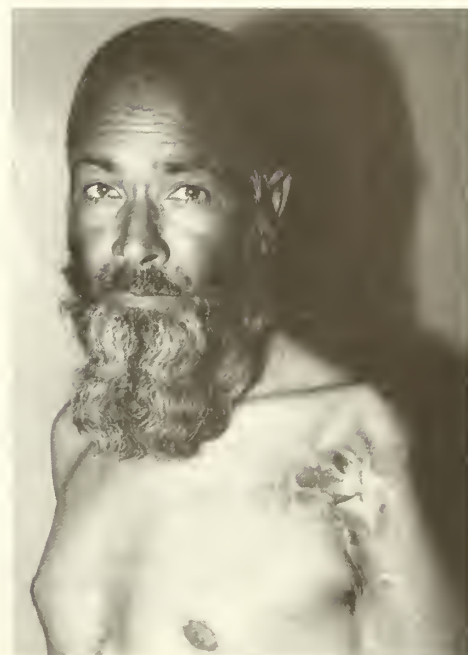
Here on the lens, one human flourish  
Against the wounding,  
The carrion and conflagration:

Rose of the singed and hungry world,  
Ever-cooling rose. ■

TERRY PITZNER, Provincetown photographer, spent 1989-90 documenting Afghan refugee life. Social, political and cultural areas dominate his work.

CYRUS CASSELLS is the author of two books, *The Mud Actor* (Holt), a 1982 National Poetry Series winner, and the forthcoming *Down From The Houses of Magic*. He is on the writing committee of the Fine Arts Work Center in Provincetown.

These photographs and poems were part of a recent exhibition at the Cortland Jessup Gallery, Provincetown.



# PROVINCETOWN GALLERY GUILD

## BERTA WALKER GALLERY

212 Commercial St. • 487-6411 • Daily 11 am–4 pm; 7 pm–10 pm

or by appointment • Director: Berta Walker

Provincetown-affiliated contemporary and modern masters including S. Avery, Beauchamp, Critchley, DiMestico, Dunigan, Fried, Henry, Hines, Kahn, MacAdam, Mangan, Margo, McCannel, Nolin, Pepitone, Peters, Resika, Trieff & Whorf. Modern masters: Farnaggio, Hartley, Hawthorne, Knaths, Lazzell, Maril, Moffett & Weinrich.

## CLIBBON GALLERY

120 Commercial St. 487-3563 • Daily 10 am – 5 pm

Directors: Robert Clibbon & Melyssa Bearse

A summer gallery specializing in color etchings of marine and animal life, romantic themes and dune landscapes, Robert Clibbon and Melyssa Bearse, husband and wife, sell their work directly to the public. Meet the artists!

## CORTLUND JESSUP GALLERY

234 Commercial St. • 487-4479 • Daily 11 am–11 pm • Director: Cortlund Jessup

New painting, sculpture & photography—an oasis of fine art in three off-street courtyard galleries next to the Universalist Church in the heart of Provincetown. Representing established and emerging artists with regional, national and international reputations working in a variety of media and including a Summer Festival of Clay Artists.

## DESIGN CONCEPTS GALLERIES

432 Commercial St. • 487-1052 • Daily 11 am – 11 pm

Directors: Marla Freedman & Richard Polack

Representing over 100 contemporary American Artists specializing in art glass. The gallery collection features paintings, graphics and sculpture as well as one-of-a-kind works in clay, wood, fiber and jewelry. Also representing Provincetown artist Lois Griffel.

## ELLEN HARRIS GALLERY

355 Commercial St. • 487-1414 or 487-0065 • Daily 11 am – 11 pm

Directors: Ellen Harris Winans & Elsbeth Hino

23rd season. A gallery of fine arts and fine crafts by some of America's foremost artists and artisans in all media. Special exhibitions of oils, watercolors, mixed media and sculpture by Peter Barger, Albert Davis, Michael Davis, Melissa Greene, Scott Hayward, Ellen Jaffe, Michael Joseph, Jane Kogan, Hilda Neily, Susan Tilton Pecora, Eugene Sparks and Carol Whorf Westcott.

## EVA DE NAGY ART GALLERY

427 Commercial St. • 487-9669 • Daily 10 am – 2 pm; 7 – 10 pm

Off-season by appointment • Director: Eva De Nagy

Established in 1960. Paintings, pastels and drawings by Eva De Nagy; 17th century Philippine Santos; ivory and semi-precious stone carvings; bronzes from Nepal; African and Asiatic art; jewelry designed by Eva De Nagy. Also paintings by Erno De Nagy, 1881-1952, American-Hungarian artist.

## HALCYON GALLERY

371 Commercial St. • 487-9415 • Daily • Director: Suzanne Larsen

A gallery of Art to Wear. Specializing in handmade clothing and jewelry by American artists. Also featuring a discriminating collection of hand blown glass and decorative items. Open year round.

## HARVEY DODD GALLERY

437 Commercial St. • 487-3329 • Daily 11 am–11 pm • Director: Harvey Dodd

A gallery of Dodd's expressive artwork in various media, subject matter and approach. The 33rd season.

## HELL'S KITCHEN GALLERY

439 Commercial St. • 487-3570 • Daily 11 am–11 pm • Director: Steve Fitzgerald

An intimate fine arts gallery representing renowned Provincetown artists Bill Behnken, Alice Brock, John Dowd, John Gregory, Dan Larkin, Wendy Mark, Joel Meyerowitz and Kathi Smith.

## IMPULSE

188 Commercial St. • 487-1154 • Daily 10 am–11 pm • Director: Frederick D. Bayer

Contemporary American crafts including a nationally-acclaimed selection of kaleidoscopes, fine gold and silver 'Art to Wear' jewelry, and an autograph gallery with signed celebrity photographs, letters and historical documents.

## JULIE HELLER GALLERY

2 Gosnold St. • 487-2169 • Town Landing—on the beach, parking

Daily 11 am – 11 pm • Director: Julie Heller

Contemporary and early art including a fine collection of early Provincetown art: Avery, Zorach, L'Engle, Marantz, Bailey, Clymer, De Groot, Hofmann, Nordfeldt, Lazzell, Moffett, Browne, W. M. Chase, Chaffee, Knaths, Diehl, Weinrich, Hawthorne, Walkowitz, Grant, Henschel, Sterne and others. Framing, restorations and appraisals.

## LLAMA GALLERY

382 Commercial St. • 487-2921 • Daily

Directors: Joann Eismann, Elizabeth Flynn & Phil Gavern

A gallery of fine international folk art, oriental rugs and Kilims, tapestries, African tribal art and jewelry.

## LONG POINT GALLERY

492 Commercial St. • 487-1795 • Daily 11 am – 3 pm, 8 pm – 10 pm,

or by appointment • Director: Mary Abell

Featuring works by: Varujan Boghosian, Fritz Bultman, Carmen Cicero, Sideo Fromboluti, Ed Giobbi, Budd Hopkins, Leo Manso, Robert Motherwell, Paul Resika, Judith Rothschild, Sidney Simon, Nora Speyer and Tony Vevers

## MASSIMO

416 Commercial St. • 487-0265 • Daily 11 am–2 pm; 8 pm–10 pm

Directors: Thomas Antonelli & Jerry Giardelli

Featuring paintings and drawings by local artist Thomas Antonelli. Designed showings of art, jewelry and objects.

## NEW EAST END GALLERY

432 Commercial Street • 487-4745 • Daily 12 n – 4 pm; 7 – 11 pm

or by appointment • Director: Bunny Pearlman

Representing established contemporary artists from New York, Boston and Provincetown in a variety of media and style including Arthur Cohen, Michael Costello, Mimi Gross, Buzz Masters, Lee Wayne Mills, Jill Pottle, Kurt Ruff, Jean Vallon, Tabitha Vevers, Judy Zeichner and others.

## PACKARD GALLERY

418 Commercial St. • 487-4690 • Daily 11 am–4 pm; 7 pm–11 pm

Off-season: weekends by appointment • Director: Leslie Packard

A family gallery operating in an elegant old church featuring well-known landscape artist Anne Packard and contemporary artist Cynthia Packard. Parking available.

## PILGRIM MONUMENT & PROVINCETOWN MUSEUM

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am–4 pm • Rest of year: 9 am–5 pm • Director: Clive E. Driver

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## PROVINCETOWN ART ASSOCIATION & MUSEUM

460 Commercial St. • 487-1750 • Daily in July & August 12 n–4 pm; 7–10 pm

One of the foremost art museums in the country with a permanent collection of regional art from the past 80 years. Organized in 1914. Special exhibitions, juried shows, concerts, slide shows, and other events throughout the year. Call for times.

## PROVINCETOWN GROUP GALLERY

286 Bradford St. 487-0275

Daily 11 am – 4 pm; 11 am – 9 pm weekends • Director: Dyan Rey

Representing: Richard Baker, Brian Bomeisler, Polly Burnell, Pat DeGroot, Breon Dunigan, Salvatore DelDeo, Mona Dukess, Jim Forsberg, Brenda Horowitz, Eun-Ju Kang, Joan McD. Miller, Mark Oliver, Douglas Padgett, Nancy Webb, Bert Yarrowrough.

## RISEING TIDE GALLERY

494 Commercial St. 487-4037

Daily 12 noon – 5 pm; 8 pm – 10 pm • Director: Susan Jennings

Openings Sundays: 6–8 p.m. Featuring the following artists: Ethel Edwards, Bruce Gagnier, Fred Garbers, Elspeth Halvorsen, Sidney Hurwitz, Peter Macara, Vita Petersen, Jack Phillips, Jane Piper, Michael Rogovsky, Michael Seccareccia, David Shainberg, Peter Sims, Ellen Sinclair & Peter Watts..

## SOLA GALLERY

167 Commercial St., No. 5 • 487-6552 • Daily 11 am–5 pm; 7–10 pm

Directors: C. Barry Hills & Cristina Sola Hills

A collection of oil paintings and watercolors by Cape Cod artists, contemporary international graphics, modern masters, 19th & 20th century Japanese woodblock prints, woven rugs, hand-painted ceramics, hand-turned wooden vessels, and other fine gifts.

## TENNYSON GALLERY

237 Commercial St. • 487-3518 • Daily 10 am–11 pm • Director: Linda Tennyson

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## UFO—UNIVERSAL FINE OBJECTS GALLERY

424 Commercial St. • 487-4424 • Daily 12 n–4; 7–11 or by appointment

Directors: Albert Merola and Jim Balla

A gallery dedicated to representing some of Provincetown's best working contemporary artists, as well as other established artists from around New England and New York. Featuring works in various media by: Robert Bailey, James Balla, Mark Bell, Ann Chernow, James Hansen, Jacqueline Humphries, Rick Klauber, Irene Lipton, Susan Lyman, Thoym McCanna, Bill Mead, Garry Mitchell, Dyan Rey, Nathan Wilson, and others. 20th century print exhibitions.

## PROVINCETOWN GALLERY GUILD

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# JOHN VON WICHT

1888–1970



Untitled, c. 1945, mixed media on paper, 11½ x 17¼

## The estate of John Von Wicht

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Philadelphia Museum; Yale Art Gallery; Chrysler Museum;  
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Please call for an appointment to view the estate of John Von Wicht.

Billingsgate Gallery is participating in compiling a catalogue raisonne of the oil paintings and watercolors by John Von Wicht.

We would appreciate any information on paintings held in public and private collections. Please contact James J. Coyle, Jr.

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| <b>July 30 — August 17</b>     | <b>Paul Bowen</b>                            |
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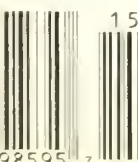
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